

## Before It Fell

Blake Mills

Waves of fallen hair  
Down over my eyes layin' there  
In the dust of memory  
What am I coming here to see?

Once I was taken and once I was held  
In a world of your making before it fell

Nights running wild  
Shot from the bottle to the skies  
I had a song, I had a band  
The sweetest plan, the softest hands

Then I was taken and there I was held  
In a world of our making before it fell  
In a world of our making

The ashtrays are full and the bacon is fried  
A place where I'm welcome every kiss is goodbye

And the space in between  
Nothing and something is everything  
What is shown and what is seen  
Where I've lived and where I've been

Where I was taken and where I was held  
In a world of your making before it fell  
In a world of your making before it fell  
In a world of your making