

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