

The Fall

Gregory Alan Isakov

The fall, the fall, the fall
I keep stumbling back

Ivory bone opera glass
Angles of attack
You heard blood was thick, brothers and sisters
But ya don't know where anybody's at
Time was a bust
You thought you'd better be tough
Nobody gets past
The trembling wire

And all eyes on you now, on you
We're all holding our breath
All eyes on you now, on you (The fall)
We're still holding our breath

We all break a little
We all break a little
We all break a little when we fall
And everybody keeps saying, "Get up, get up"

The fall, the fall, the fall
"Go on, get up"
The fall, the fall, the fall