

Falling Calling

The Hollies

Didn't believe in The Bible
Didn't believe the Good Book
Lord, Lord please help me, help me take a look
These chains that I'm wearing really ain't my style
Lord, Lord please help me, help me think awhile
I know that I did something wrong
I got into bad ways
Well the judge, yes he put me down, for five thousand days

Falling, falling, falling over you
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do
Falling, falling, falling over you
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do

The cell I am in is only six feet wide
And six feet to the roof
There's a window that's strung with only three bars
Singing me the truth
Fifty and seventy don't seem right
Seventy ain't my age
When I leave this place with a new face
It's to turn another a new page

Falling, falling, falling over you
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do
Falling, falling, falling over you
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do

Didn't believe in The Bible
Didn't believe the Good Book
Well now Lord, Lord please help me, help me take a look
These chains that I'm wearing well they really ain't my style
Well now Lord, Lord please help me, help me think awhile

Falling, falling, falling over you
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do
Falling, falling, falling over you
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do