

# Fallin' Down

Men at Work

It's a well known situation  
Telling harder to avoid  
And it's constantly frustrating  
Like a mid paranoid

It's when you think you're a winner  
Your head it hits the ground  
Stare into the faces  
You hear no sound

Oh, oh, oh, falling down  
I'm tumbling, tumbling

I wake up into the sunlight  
Feels warm upon my face  
My head feels like a furnace  
I don't recognise this place

Oh but what's this strange sensation  
I must be in New York  
It builds to anillation  
Ooh don't stop, ooh don't stop

Oh, oh, oh, falling down  
I'm tumbling, tumbling

Start to think that you're a winner  
Your head it hits the ground  
Stare out into the faces  
You hear no sound

Oh, oh, oh, falling down  
I'm tumbling, tumbling