

## Already Falling

Puma Blue

Well this dream, this dream could be the death of me  
Struggle in these sheets, oh I feel I can't breathe  
This smoke, it fills my head  
I'm spun over a thread

Sideways stuck into your stare, but I'm filled with dread  
Well I'm sure it's not what you meant to say, but you said it anyway  
The sweet subtlety of your perfume  
But it escapes the room, it escapes the room

And I'm never gonna hear your tones bleed through  
And I'm already falling in love  
With the shape of you, with the shape of you

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Oh, this dream could be the death of me  
(In my worst dreams I paid a cost)  
As I struggle to see what's left of me  
(Sweet subtlest prisoner)  
These colours you left, all over the bed  
They turn me in my grave

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