

Falling Down

Rare Americans

My heart's a pawn broker babe
Buy, sell and trade
You're an arms dealer, darling
Bombs, guns and grenades

Our car's started sweetheart our
Garage is closed
I'm skipping the party you're
Picking out clothes

You're hell an honey
Like an animal trapped
I make a livin' betting dog fights, darling
This is just a little scrap

I think we're falling down
Falling down
Yeah, we're falling down
Fall, fall, fall, fall, falling down

What happened to you? What happened to me? What happened to us?
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You said it was off in the distance a
Minor threat
No cause for concern
Candy cigarette
I took your word for it
'Cause you are so well-read
You said it was a little shit, sweetie
Eating crackers in bed

You treat you like a temple
I treat me like a slave
You're an eye battin' nun
I'm a trained knave

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