

Falling Down

Real Estate

I like it when the future's lost and found
Breaks free and floods this town

And when the evening starts
To smell like smoke
It feels like falling down

Wake up cold, the moon still gold
The kitchen floor is freezing

The radiators aren't even warm
But you are and you're upstairs sleeping

The streets are blocked by leaves and fallen trees
And roofs punctured by branches

The wind's the only thing that's fully free
But we'll still take our chances

Back on the fourth floor
No we don't live there anymore

Back at the side door
Wearing colors that I once wore