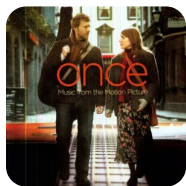


Falling slowly – Glen Hansard

I don't know you
But I want you
All the more for that
Words fall through me
And always fool me
And I can't react
And games that never amount
To more than they're meant
Will play themselves out
Take this sinking boat and point it home
We've still got time
Raise your hopeful voice, you have a choice
You'll make it now
Falling slowly, eyes that know me
And I can't go back
And moods that take me and erase me
And I'm painted black
You have suffered enough
And warred with yourself
It's time that you won
Take this sinking boat and point it home
We've still got time
Raise your hopeful voice, you have a choice
You've made it now
Falling slowly, sing your melody
I'll sing it loud



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych