

# Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Learning (how to fa

In your world of admirers, lovers, hangers-on,  
Bathroom mirrors, ghosts and fleeting friends  
Your SOSs, your emotional messes  
And your dramas without end  
You're victories, wardrobe full of clothes you never wear  
A vase of daffodils in your window  
It's here I met the graveyard of my dreams  
The ones I didn't want to know  
Were learning, learning how to fall  
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Buried in the darkness, sitting naked in your chair  
You're statue, indifferent to my stare  
I came of beginning at your bed,  
After a while, I forgot I was there  
So I lost my body, lost Time but not my mind  
Just like life after a death  
Washed away in a raging river  
And the coldness took away my breath  
Were learning, learning how to fall x4  
Down a corridor of endless doors in a building of endless floors  
We run, hand in hand  
Searching for stupid things said in a clever way  
Afraid we might not understand  
We've forgotten the beating heart, breathing in and breathing out  
How to see, touch and feel  
We never want to come back down  
When we've got to the top of the hill