

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Learning (how to fall)

In your world of admirers, lovers, hangers-on,
Bathroom mirrors, ghosts and fleeting friends
Your SOSs, your emotional messes
And your dramas without end
Your 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
Your 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