

# Glen Hansard and Marketa Irglova, Falling Slowly

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 the choice  
You've made 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  
Well 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 the choice  
You've made it now

Take this sinking boat and point it home  
We've still got time  
Raise your hopeful voice, you have the choice  
You've made it now  
Falling slowly sing your melody  
I'll sing along