

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