

Marianne Faithfull, Falling From Grace

Falling from grace, falling from grace,
Lord, you have a pretty face.
Take it away and pack it in a suitcase
Then forget about falling from grace.

Don't look at me like that, I never said a word.
Don't ask me where I've been, I'll pretend I never heard.
Don't put it in the paper? please, don't!
I never said I will, I never said I won't.

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It's looking bad I know, I'm an outlaw
Don't pity me, I never felt like this before.
Please tell me you believe me, please say
I'll get along without you? anyway.

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Feeling hunted, I'm lying low.

Don't tell me who it is, I never said so.
Put yourself in my place, please try.
I never told the truth? I never told a lie.

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