## Patrick Watson, Falling Man

Im getting far from where I woke up this morning

Today Im drifting

Today I'm going

I'm getting far from my life

I'm getting far from where I started today

I'm getting far from where I woke up, this morning

Seems what I had was drifting away

I'm getting far from where I woke up this morning

And it seems, I could've tried, city has been turning me blind

'Cause I'm getting closer everyday

I'm getting far from where I woke up today

And I wake up

And go to bed

The gift is made of gold

And I could've tried to hope

The river's closing and closing

It makes no sense

I'm going down and down, the river calling back up again

Back up again

If a man, falls in the city, nobody hears

If a man, falls in the city, nobody knows

This morning

This morning

That I'm looking for myself

This morning...

Drifted by this morning

I'm getting far from where I woke up today

It seems what I had was drifting away

Away, my body leaked to a cloak of shame

And as the time is passing, many many disappear

Disappear

If a man falls in the city, nobody hears

If a man falls in the city, nobody knows