

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