

A Flock Of Seagulls, The Fall

I've seen your face before
In shadows on the wall;
Splinters of broken light,
Echos that spear the night.

Is this the fall
Or is this the fall?
Is this the fall
Or is this the fall?

I've passed this way before
Walked through the open door;
Walked through the darkest night
Throughout the brightest light.

Is this the fall
Or is this the fall?
Is this the fall
Or is this the fall?

Is this the fall
Or is this the fall?
Is this the fall
Or is this the fall?
Is this the fall
Or is this the fall?
Is this the fall...

Typed by John Manfreda