

Barcelona, Falling Out Of Trees

Fall, fall out of trees into the street on my own
I finally found out how long I can hang on
Oh, I got this all wrong, my heart is scared, my heart is gone
Now looking around, there's no one here to hear my fall
White, white as a sheet, I saw a ghost, I think it was me
I've got to get out out of this town, it's scary
Sometimes when I sleep I miss my home, I miss my tree
But now it's up to them to carry me back up to the top
I've got this now, my legs are steady now
The angles warned me never to fall down
I've got this now, my legs are steady now
The angles warned me never to fall down