

# Dada, Crumble

Every night I give myself to you, I crumble  
A little more each time  
Every time I tell you how I feel, I crumble  
A little more each time

I'm falling apart  
I'm falling apart  
I'm falling apart  
In front of my eyes

When your silence crashes down on me, I crumble  
A little more each time  
Every night I sleep alone two three, I crumble  
A little more each time

I'm falling apart  
I'm falling apart  
I'm falling apart  
In front of my eyes, eyes

And Big Sur Saturdays tear me apart  
(aah-ha-ah)  
The fog don't lift for days, floats through my arms  
(aah-ha-ah)  
No feeling at all

(solo)

I'm falling apart  
I'm falling apart  
I'm falling apart  
In front of my eyes

Every time I see the way we live, I crumble  
A little more each time  
Every time I take what you can't give, I crumble  
A little more each time

Every time I give myself to you, I crumble  
A little more each time  
A little more each time (I crumble)  
A little more each time (I crumble)  
A little more each time (I crumble)  
A little more each time (I crumble)  
A little more each time