

Elvis Costello, Fallen

All the leaves are turning yellow, red and brown
Soon they'll be scattered as they tumble down
Although they may be swept up so invitingly

I never did what I was told
I trampled though the amber and the burnished gold
But now I clearly see how cruel the young can be

You can convince yourself of anything
If you wish both hard and long
And I believed that life was wonderful
Right up to the moment when love went wrong
I gaze up at the tree-tops and laugh
I need somebody to shake me loose
I want to know what happens next
'Til I don't care at all
There I go
Beginning to fall