

# Fleming And John, I Fall For You

A sleight of hand,  
With fingers full of grace,  
Work the magic that you do.  
Disappear without a single trace,  
And every time I fall for you.

I fall for you, and when I do,  
I can't seem to pick myself up off the ground.

I think I've come to the conclusion,  
That it's all a bunch of bull.  
Love is an optical illusion,  
And once again I've played the fool.

I fall for you, and when I do,  
I can't seem to pick myself up off the ground.

Last night I had a dream,  
I was your assistant it seems,  
I was dressed in ostrich feathers.  
You did that trick where you sawed me in half,  
But you laughed and then you left,  
Without putting me back together.

Je tombe pour toi.  
Je tombe pour toi.  
Je tombe pour toi.  
E quand c'est fait je ne peux plus me relever du sol