

# Funker Vogt, Fallen Man

It started like a normal day  
Shower, breakfast and then out  
The sun shone on a winter morning  
As he caught the bus to work

Thoughts about the next hours  
Some trouble was ahead  
He left the bus and it hit him  
It's much too late to change your fate

He left behind his family  
A child at the age of five  
It's crying in her mother's arms  
Too young to understand

Dead on the street  
I saw the man fall  
His heart stopped to beat  
For no reason at all

Dead on the street  
His life was too short  
Now a note on a sheet  
Dangles on his toe

He lived his life much too fast  
So he died before his time  
All the warnings he ignored  
Until it was too late