

Glen Hansard feat. Marketa Irglova, Fallen From

You must have fallen from the sky,
You must have shattered on the wrong way.
You brought so many to the light,
And now you're by yourself.
There comes a point in every fight,
Where giving up seems the only way.
When everyone has said goodbye,
And now you're on your own.
And if you need somewhere to fall apart,
Somewhere to fall apart.
When the rules of Cain,
The rights you made.
The hours did crawl,
For those to blame.
The broken glass,
The fool that asked,
The moving arrow to stop.
You must have fallen from the sky,
You must have come here in the pouring rain.
You took so many through the light
And now you're on your own
And if you need somewhere to fall apart,
Somewhere to fall apart.
Well the ruins of man
The bloody rag
Be the fool the bull
The powdered hag
The nights that make
The rattle rag
The wolves that follow the ousted man
The falling star
The way we are
Divine
The rules that never ever multiply
You must have fallen from the sky
You must have come here on the wrong way
You came among us every time
But now you're on your own
And if you need somewhere to fall apart,
Somewhere to fall apart.
Well they call you saint,
The basket case.
The rules of thumb,
You have to break.
The raging skull,
The rag to the bull.
The nails that drag,
In either hand.
Well I will make,
My work of that.
I know this place,
I know this task.
You must have fallen from the sky