

# Glen Phillips, Falling

Oh my enigma, I'll never forgive ya  
You have confirmed my suspicions as if they had mattered  
You're so removed, I can't approach  
With an attitude beyond reproach  
The constitution of a roach  
With skin of satin

Oh you tease, you taunt,  
You don't you know what you want  
You're too cool, too hot; I'm wishing I'd forgotten  
But there is no bottom, no there is no bottom  
And I just keep on falling

Oh my nemesis, I always knew you were the best  
The high priestess of bitterness, queen of the morning  
You fight me 'til the bitter end  
No white flags, no chance to make amends  
With enemies like you, well, who needs friends?  
They all just seem boring

Oh you tease, you taunt,  
You don't you know what you want

You're too cool, too hot; I'm wishing I'd forgotten  
But there is no bottom, no there is no bottom  
I just keep on falling

Oh, I just keep on falling

Are we alright?  
Are we still here?  
Are we alive?  
Does anybody still care?

Oh you tease, you taunt  
You're everything I want  
You're too cool, too hot, I'm wishing I forgotten  
But there is no bottom  
No there is no bottom  
Oh there is no bottom, and I just keep on falling  
Oh I just keep on falling  
And I just keep on falling  
I just keep on falling