

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