

# James Reyne, Fall Of Rome

Every morning when I wake from my bed  
I find I'm yawning just a'scratchin' my head  
I face the dawning and I feel like I'm dead  
I been sleeping all alone  
Well every daybreak as I wake from my sleep  
I find I'm aching as I drag from the deep  
If I were a Mustang I'd be a junk yard heap  
Mirror don't lie mirror don't lie  
Talk about a rolling stone

Chorus ~

Everybody said what's that sound  
Put it in a skillet and a'slap it all around  
And everybody said I can't stay home  
Still thinking 'bout the Fall of Rome  
Still thinking 'bout the Fall of Rome

Well all these dragons are just a'draggin' me down  
I've been picking things up from the underground  
Like a trackless tram I'm Bondi bound  
Sitting in the depot all alone  
No purity no clear white walls  
Just a big stampede when the Warragul calls  
Times a'menacing just gnashes and mauls  
Where'm I gonna buy it where'm I gonna buy it  
Gotta give a dog a bone

Chorus +

I've been thinking 'bout the Fall of Rome

Well I've been living a catagorical lie  
Each last thrill the penultimate high  
Just one more hit before I can die  
Yellow teeth are snappin' all around  
Well every daybreak as I wake from my bed  
I find I'm aching just a'scratchin' my head  
If I were a Mustang I think it's gone to my head  
Mirror don't lie mirror don't lie  
Talk about a rolling stone

Everybody said what's that sound  
Put it in a skillet and a'slap it all around  
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Still thinking 'bout the Fall of Rome  
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Still thinking 'bout the Fall of Rome  
Still thinking 'bout the Fall of Rome  
Still thinking 'bout the Fall of Rome  
Still thinking 'bout the Fall of Rome  
I've been thinking 'bout the Fall of Rome