

Matthew Sweet, Falling

The further you go
The farther you've gone
It doesn't mean you were made to hang on
And you're falling falling falling
But you can't let go

Whether you're cold, hot, bottled or not
This is the day for which you have fought
And you're calling calling calling
But you can't get home

And every day takes something away
Until there's nothing left to say
No single world can deliver you love
No understanding no sound from above
And nothing to do
It's nothing to you

You picture a time that's other than yours
As soon as you have said it's hers
And you act like you believe it
But you're not so sure

And every day takes something away
Until there's nothing left to say
No single world can deliver you love
No understanding

And every day takes something away
Until there's nothing left to say
No single world can deliver you love
No understanding no sound from above
And nothing to do - it's nothing to you

The further you go
The farther you've gone
It doesn't mean you were made to hang on
And you're falling falling falling
But you can't let go

And every day takes something away
Until there's nothing left to say
No single world can deliver you love
No understanding no sound from above
No one to watch you rising up from below
Telling you secrets you don't want to know
And nothing to do - it's nothing to you

Nothing to you
It's nothing to you - nothing to you
Nothing to do - nothing to do
(fade out)