

Mollys Yes, Fall Down

Under an emerald moon
'neath the sun's furious light
The center of a storm
Or the stillness of night
A million miles away
Or as close as your breath
Before you were born
Or mere seconds from death

When you fall down
I will pick you up
And when you call out
I will come to you I will come to you

On your wedding day
Or a funeral procession
A fleeting notion
Or a moody obsession
A shriek of a devil
Or the laugh of a child
A saint's fervent prayer
Or the call of the wild

When you fall down
I will pick you up
And when you call out
I will come to you I will come to you

And nothing you can do
Will drive me away
Will push me away
Will drive me away, away, away

When you fall down
I will pick you up
And when you call out
I will come to you I will come to you