

Silje Nergaard, When Judy Falls

When Judy falls
The word goes out to
One and all
When Judy falls
The whole world seems
To heed her haunting call

And when she falls
It marks the start
Of Spring
The air is filled with bird-song
And Nature sings along
When Judy falls

When Judy falls
Her hopes are oh so high
She's walking tall
And when she falls
She's hoping she's the apple of some eye

But if she falls... in vain
We'll surely hear... the sound
Of hopes that start to crumble
And silent birds that tumble
To the ground

Love is always new
When Judy makes the rules and breaks them too
Love is never old
She doesn't wait around till hearts grow cold
She believes in weaving dreams
And nothings ever what it seems
When Judy falls
Oh when Judy falls

But if she falls... in vain
We'll surely hear... the sound
Of hopes that start to crumble
And silent birds that tumble
To the ground