

# Stephen Duffy, Charlotte's Conversations

A fall from the sky  
A fall from the sky  
Why does it feel like winter  
When you&#039;re not with me  
When I&#039;m alone  
Let the young man sing  
Let the young man sing  
The grown man will stay silent  
For he has wandered  
He&#039;s lost and alone  
Of women I&#039;ll die  
Of women I&#039;ll die  
When did I ever know them  
Where did they go?  
Now I&#039;m alone  
A happy thing falls  
A happy thing falls  
The rising of a motion  
When you&#039;re not with me  
A happy thing falls