

Stephen Duffy, Charlotte's Conversations

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