

# Sunday's Best, Instead, He Falls

On your own without sound advice.  
Break, allowed to fall.  
It gets back to you.  
I stand alone here for you.  
Instead, he falls...

It's coming back to me,  
like ancient history,  
each town with little factories.

Climb with all your might.  
Take the stride laid leaps.  
Tease fate's outcome: I'm here for you.

And he runs because he knows...  
(we'll cut it in)