

The Hollies, Falling Calling

(Clarke / Sylvester)

Didn't believe in The Bible

Didn't believe the Good Book

Lord, Lord please help me, help me take a look

These chains that I'm wearing really ain't my style

Lord, Lord please help me, help me think awhile

I know that I did something wrong

I got into bad ways

Well the judge, yes he put me down, for five thousand days

Falling, falling, falling over you

Calling, calling, I don't know what to do

Falling, falling, falling over you

Calling, calling, I don't know what to do

The cell I am in is only six feet wide

And six feet to the roof

There's a window that's strung with only three bars

Singing me the truth

Fifty and seventy don't seem right

Seventy ain't my age

When I leave this place with a new face

It's to turn another a new page

Falling, falling, falling over you

Calling, calling, I don't know what to do

Falling, falling, falling over you

Calling, calling, I don't know what to do

Didn't believe in The Bible

Didn't believe the Good Book

Well now Lord, Lord please help me, help me take a look

These chains that I'm wearing well they really ain't my style

Well now Lord, Lord please help me, help me think awhile

Falling, falling, falling over you

Calling, calling, I don't know what to do

Falling, falling, falling over you

Calling, calling, I don't know what to do