Tim Christensen, Falling To Pieces

Falling to pieces, all alone Waiting for nothing and it's got me dying Longing to see clear but I can't find My own true mind anymore

Falling to pieces, now you know You're not the only one who cries with sorrow Something surrounds me now, I don't know Which way to go anymore

Falling to pieces
And I knew you couldn't reach me
Turning back the clock
Falling to pieces
Though you only tried to please me
Nothing could reach me at all

Falling to pieces, here I am Walking in circles yeah you got me waiting Waiting for something that I can't find Inside my mind anymore

Falling to pieces
And I knew you couldn't reach me
Turning back the clock
Falling to pieces
Though you only tried to please me
Nothing could reach me at all

Hang down the pretty face
That you used to know
Cause we're heading for new horizonts
Hang down the pretty face
That you used to know
And in time, when you'll find out why
You'll hang down your pretty face and cry