

After The Fall "Concrete Boots"

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Have you ever got that downwards sinking feeling?
And just a touch of human hands make for healing?
He's watered down,
Amongst the crowd,
Always lost and searching for his own sound.

These concrete boots he wears,
Make it hard to reach the air.
These concrete boots he wears. (x3)

And now all the eyes are facing towards the south.

Just as narrow words try to escape his mouth.
The plastered faces,
Are painted white,
Just to keep the inside out of his sight.

These concrete boots he wears,
Make it hard to reach the air.
These concrete boots he wears. (x6)

He wears ...
He wears ...

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