

Barcelona "Falling Out Of Trees"

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Fall, fall out of trees
Into the street
On my own

I finally found out how long I can hang on
Iâ€™ve got this all wrong
My heart is scared, my heart is gone

Now, looking around, thereâ€™s no one here to hear my
fall
White, white as a sheet
I saw a ghost, I think it was me

Iâ€™ve got to get out
Out of this town
Itâ€™s scary
Sometimes when I sleep
I miss my home, I miss my tree
And now itâ€™s up to them to carry me back up to the top

Iâ€™ve got this now
My legs are steady now
The angels warned me never to fall down

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