

## Ed Motta "The Sky Is Falling"

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Nothing left to do  
Only lies are true  
They laughing at me  
Burning money cold  
To keep us warmer  
(Caught up in his throat)  
Caught up in his throat  
A quote to change it all  
Gotta leave the bar  
Shouting louder

Reason and the sun  
Waiting till it's done  
Oh, no  
Don't, don't do

Take the morning road  
To the nearest point  
And hold on  
Two of you won't be  
Won't be enough  
The sky is falling  
To the nearest one  
Now that they can't see  
No beauty  
Beautifully quiet  
They think it's gone  
Think beauty has gone  
All gone

Costermonger cares  
Need a crossroads train  
Don't matter where to try  
To sell my soul  
Although it's lazy  
(Space there on my back)  
Space there on my back  
Monkeys on it's way  
Wooden horse of Troy  
Is in the car park

Reason and the sun

Waiting till it's done

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