

Glen Hansard Ft. Marketa Irglova "You Must Have Fallen From The Sky"

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You must have fallen from the sky
You must have shattered on the wrong way
You brought so many to the light
And now you're by yourself
There comes a point in every fight
Where giving up seems the only way
When everyone has said goodbye
And now you're on your own

And if you need somewhere to fall apart
Somewhere to fall apart.

When the rules of Cain
The rights you made
The hours did crawl
For those to blame
The broken glass
The fool that asked
The moving arrow to stop

You must have fallen from the sky
You must have come here in the pouring rain
You took so many through the light
And now you're on your own

And if you need somewhere to fall apart
Somewhere to fall apart.

Well the ruins of man
The bloody rag
Be the fool the bull
The powdered hag
The nights that make
The rattle rag
The wolves that follow the ousted man
The falling star
The way we are
Divine
The rules that never ever multiply

You must have fallen from the sky
You must have come here on the wrong way

You came among us every time
But now you're on your own

And if you need somewhere to fall apart
Somewhere to fall apart

Well they call you saint
The basket case
The rules of thumb
You have to break
The raging skull
The rag to the bull
The nails that drag
In either hand
Well I will make
My work of that
I know this place
I know this task

You must have fallen from the sky

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