Hollies
"Falling Calling"

Didn't believe in the Bible
Didn't believe the good book
Lord, Lord, please help me
Help me take a look

These chains that I'm wearing
Really ain't my style
Lord, Lord, please help me
Help me think awhile

I know that I did something wrong
I got into bad ways
Well, the judge, yes, he put me down
For five thousand days

Fallin', fallin', fallin' over you
Callin', callin', I don't know what to do
Fallin', fallin', fallin' over you
Callin', callin', I don't know what to do

The cell I am in is only six feet wide
And six feet to the roof
There's a window that's strung with only three bars
Singing me the truth

Fifty and seventy don't seem right
Seventy ain't my age
When I leave this place with a new face
It's to turn another new page

Fallin', fallin', fallin' over you
Callin', callin', I don't know what to do
Fallin', fallin', fallin' over you
Callin', callin', I don't know what to do

Didn't believe in the Bible
Didn't believe the good book
Well now Lord, Lord, please help me
Help me take a look

These chains that I'm wearing
Well, they really ain't my style

Well, now Lord, Lord, please help me
Help me think awhile

Fallin', fallin', fallin' over you
Callin', callin', I don't know what to do
Fallin', fallin', fallin' over you
Callin', callin', I don't know what to do