

Irving

"I Can't Fall In Love"

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It's a cold and foggy morning in the hills of silverlake
outside the window helicopters circle in the air
the birds are calling loudly to make up for all the noise
but the morning traffic's stronger as it drowns out all
their cries

here inside, my darling sleeps
the clock ticks on, I lie awake
the grey turns white and shadows grow
and all I think is

I can't fall in love

it's a monday in december, all the people go to work
try to make some money just to buy a better car
they'll see her in a magazine they'll buy on their way
home

and think of her on beaches as the snow comes down
outside

here inside my darling sleeps
the clock ticks on, I lie awake
the grey turns white and shadows grow
and all I think is

I can't fall in love

here inside, my darling sleeps
the clock ticks on, I lie awake
the grey turns white and shadows grow
the birds go quiet, an alarm goes off

now take the shower, still half asleep
mind slips away, the morning shave
the coffee cup, the kiss goodbye
I go to work and all I think is

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