

## **Cajun Dance Party "The Parachute"**

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I'm falling, I'm falling I'm falling tight,  
I'm a dreamy, dreamy kite,  
My parachute has hit the ground and I am left falling  
down,  
So I look up at the sky, to try and see what I'll leave  
behind,  
But all I see is clouds of school,  
And all I see is clouds of fools,

Please remember my voice.  
Please remember my words,

I sing a song I know very well inside my falling head,  
As long as I am living now, I can still follow my dream  
somehow,  
Then I look right up at the sky, just to see what I'll leave  
behind,  
And all I see is clouds of hate,  
They form into the shape of hate.

Please remember my voice.  
Please remember my words.

I'll hold my head high, until I touch the ground,  
This word is chilling; well at least I made a sound,  
The city seemed so beautiful to me,  
No I know that's because I can't entirely see,

I'm about to hit the ground

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