

## Kevin Tellie

# "The Theory Of Fall"

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The TV's on way too bright and everything's passing  
me bye

All these gold's falling to the ground and I just  
noticed you down there

When my four months feel like four days  
My mind fades to them and fades away

Throw me back on the drawing board  
And paint me in again

All these old photographs  
Play me so cold, but keep me so warm  
Living in my own photographs  
And breathing only this black and white

This road is one way and it's heading down  
I'll kiss your mouth when I return  
The warmth is so silent that this draining summer is all  
I hear  
Will you whisper in my ear..... Something meaningless

All these old photographs  
Play me so cold, but keep me so warm  
Living in my own photographs  
And breathing only this black and white

I can't find a thing again today  
But only you see into my eyes and through my face  
I wish now not to erase my memory  
Cause I just opened my eyes to all that's passed me

All these old photographs  
Play me so cold, but keep me so warm  
Living in my own photographs  
And breathing only this black and white

I just opened my eyes to all that's passed me

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