

# Teenage Fanclub & De La Soul "Fallin'"

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Traveling at the speed of love

Hey kids, what's up  
Remember when I used to be dope, yeah  
I owned a pocket full of fame  
But look what you're doing now, well, I know, I know

I lost touch with reality, now, my personality  
Is an unwanted commodity  
(Ooh yeah)  
Can't believe I used to be Mr. Steve Austin on the mike

(Six million ways)  
I used to run it  
I guess Oscar Goldman got mad  
'Cause I got loose circuits  
(So loose)  
I seen the mother goose with the eggs that seemed to  
be

Fallin' fallin' fallin'  
You played yourself  
You played yourself  
You played yourself  
You played yourself

Yo, pack my bags 'cause I'm out of here  
My momma don't love me and my momma don't care  
Read the papers the headlines say  
Washed up rapper got a song  
(Rock on)

Lingo's busting while the guitar swings  
B-Side copies for the radio plays  
(Or something)  
I knew I blew the whole fandango  
When the drum crew never wore a Kangol

Never could be like fake, fish won't bite bait  
Realize that I'm over like clover  
No good lucking so Maze hit the fucking beat  
While the teenage fans are here

I bring it to the blues, I pay all my dues  
So what's gone dead? Let me use my forehead  
Easy, pack it up, man, let me stop stalling  
'Cause everything I do is like fallin'

Fallin' fallin'  
You played yourself  
You played yourself  
You played yourself

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