

# Falling Out Of Trees

Barcelona

Fall, fall out of trees  
Into the street  
On my own

I finally found out how long I can hang on  
I've got this all wrong  
My heart is scared, my heart is gone

Now, looking around, there's no one here to hear my fall  
White, white as a sheet  
I saw a ghost, I think it was me  
I've got to get out  
Out of this town  
It's scary  
Sometimes when I sleep  
I miss my home, I miss my tree  
And now it's up to them to carry me back up to the top

I've got this now  
My legs are steady now  
The angels warned me never to fall down