

We started talking about the ocean
Talking about the waves
The way it feels to drop and to see
The falling she said is like a calling feeling that
Stomach in my cheek.

Slap in the face as opened my eyes staring at my face
And there's no stomach in my cheek
Standing on the street
Where did that girl go?
Did you go back home to Mexico?
I have a chance to go but now I'm standing in the
Snow
Yes now I'm standing in the snow

One-way ticket in a bus drive to California
And they all the same between my toe
The wind blowing off to show
Got a sixel from the kid next door
And I got no time because I'm next in line
And I've almost done my thing
?Now falling that women just yet?
Feel my stomach in my cheek
Feeling my stomach in my cheek

So I'm Falling
I'm Falling
Falling
That girl she said it's like a calling
But I don't think I recognize them
Anymore the faces stretches that she had before
I though I came for the girl I need but instead I
Found that stomach in my cheek.