

# Falling Calling

The Hollies

Didn't believe in The Bible  
Didn't believe the Good Book  
Lord, Lord please help me, help me take a look  
These chains that I'm wearing really ain't my style  
Lord, Lord please help me, help me think awhile  
I know that I did something wrong  
I got into bad ways  
Well the judge, yes he put me down, for five thousand days

Falling, falling, falling over you  
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do  
Falling, falling, falling over you  
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do

The cell I am in is only six feet wide  
And six feet to the roof  
There's a window that's strung with only three bars  
Singing me the truth  
Fifty and seventy don't seem right  
Seventy ain't my age  
When I leave this place with a new face  
It's to turn another a new page

Falling, falling, falling over you  
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do  
Falling, falling, falling over you  
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do

Didn't believe in The Bible  
Didn't believe the Good Book  
Well now Lord, Lord please help me, help me take a look  
These chains that I'm wearing well they really ain't my style  
Well now Lord, Lord please help me, help me think awhile

Falling, falling, falling over you  
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do  
Falling, falling, falling over you  
Calling, calling, I don't know what to do