

# Falling Out Of Love

Mary Gauthier

It's a cheap hotel, the heat pipes hiss  
The bathroom's down the hall and it smells like piss  
It's another night in another town  
And I'm another blues traveler headed down

Falling out of love is a dangerous thing  
With its slippery slopes and its weighted wings  
With its birds of prey circling overhead  
Casting vulture shadows on barren beds

Let me out, set me free  
Let me out, set me free

The clock inside the church bell tower  
Rings your name every hour  
I see your face, I touch your hair  
Then the ringing fades and nobody's there

Falling out of love is a treacherous thing  
With its crucible kiss and its ravaged ring  
With its holy whispers and labyrinth lies  
Sacrilegious hungry sighs

Let me out, set me free  
Let me out, set me free

I walk the streets, I taste the dirt  
I'm flesh and blood and my body hurts  
I search your silence looking for a crack  
For a passageway, where I can pull you back

Falling out of love is a tedious thing  
With its jailhouse smirk and its chain gang swing  
It's time to serve and its sentence set  
With its warm blood and cold sweat

Let me out, set me free  
Let me out, set me free