

# Falling Out Of Love With You

The 6ths

In an old silverline  
I was yours, you were mine  
I was hoarse, you were mean  
We designed drum machines

But every day in every way  
Im falling out of love with you  
Every kiss means less and less  
Im falling out of love with you  
Every hour kills a flower  
Im falling out of love with you  
You just bore me more and more  
Im falling out of love with you

They made sounds much like drums  
I was young you were dumb  
Now youre older and im wiser  
We design synthesizers

But every day in every way  
Im falling out of love with you  
Every kiss means less and less  
Im falling out of love with you  
Every hour kills a flower  
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