

Fall Down

The Boomtown Rats

Put your head between your knees and breathe real deep
Let it in
Let it out
Until it's over.

I might scribble, I might scrawl
I might claw at the wall
I might storm and rage and thunder
Oh Christ but then later
In the incinerator
Something inside seems to fall asunder.

I need to scream every now and again
Try to understand it's only me
Not only cripples have a need for crutches
And if they
Ever take
You away
From me.....I'd

Fall down....fall down and lie still
Fall down....moving in for the kill
Fall down....putting several boots in
Lie helpless
God help us
Our heads up
We'd scream.

Put your head between your knees and breathe real deep
Let it in
Let it out
Until it's over.