

## Falling Off A Log

Tracey Thorn

Woke up this morning to the smell of rain  
Tears running down your window pane  
Little pictures on your telephone  
To remind you that you're not alone  
Through the curtains see the breaking sun  
Let you know you're not the only one

With your eyes closed  
You can count the fingers on one hand  
You've been sleeping with the wrong man  
Couldn't see through the thick fog  
And now you're falling off a log

Looked at your diamond it was just a fake  
Your heart was sleeping now it's wide awake  
And all your girlfriends in the living room  
Sit and tell you it was never you  
Trailing scoubidous and pokemon  
Taxi's here now so come on, come on

Let's get out there  
No looking back, it's just history  
You've been barking up the wrong tree  
Now just follow your own nose  
You can do it with your eyes closed  
Count the fingers on one hand  
You've been sleeping with the wrong man  
Teaching tricks to an old dog  
And now you're falling off a log  
Falling off a log  
You can do it with your eyes closed