Wiktor Dyduła, Falling (Przesłuchania w ciemno -

i am n my bed
and you're not there
and there's no one to blame
but the drink and my wandering hands

forget what I said
it's not what I meant
now I can't take it back
I can't unpack the baggage you left

what am I now?
what am I now?
what if I am someone I don't want around?
I am falling again
I am falling again
I am falling

What if I'm down?
What if I'm out?
what if I am someone won't talk about?
I am falling again
I am falling again
I am falling

you said you care
and you missed me too

and I am well aware I write too many songs about you

and the coffee's out
at the Beachwood Café
and it kills me
cause I know we've run out of things we can say

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and I get the feeling thet you'll never need me again

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