

# Billy Talent, Falling Leaves

In a crooked little town, they were lost and never found  
Fallen leaves, fallen leaves, fallen leaves... on the ground

I hitched a ride, until the coast  
To leave behind, all of my ghosts  
Searching for something, I couldn't find at home

Can't get no job, can you spare a dime?  
Just one more hit, and I'll be fine  
I swear to God, this'll be my one last time!

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Run away before you drown, or the streets will beat you down  
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When it gets dark, in Pigeon Park  
Voice in my head, will soon be fed  
By the vultures, that circle round the dead!

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I never once thought, I'd ever be caught!  
Staring at sidewalks, hiding my track marks!  
I left my best friends, or did they just leave me?

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