

Gordon Downie, Boy Bruised By Butterfly Chase

Someone was laughing at me without shoes
But the grass felt so good and the day was so blue
Must have tripped, I don't know
Do I remember falling away, nothing that I hold on to,
And not being afraid?

Down, down, down
Falling down, down, down
It's like I was born never touching the ground

Someone was crying while I lay in the dirt
I could hear their hearts breakin' but I wasn't even hurt

Down, down, down
Falling, down, down, down
Was like I was born never touching the ground
Ground, ground
Was like I was born never touching the ground