

# Silje Nergaard, When Judy Falls

When Judy falls  
The word goes out to  
One and all  
When Judy falls  
The whole world seems  
To heed her haunting call

And when she falls  
It marks the start  
Of Spring  
The air is filled with bird-song  
And Nature sings along  
When Judy falls

When Judy falls  
Her hopes are oh so high  
She's walking tall  
And when she falls  
She's hoping she's the apple of some eye

But if she falls... in vain  
We'll surely hear... the sound  
Of hopes that start to crumble  
And silent birds that tumble  
To the ground

Love is always new  
When Judy makes the rules and breaks them too  
Love is never old  
She doesn't wait around till hearts grow cold  
She believes in weaving dreams  
And nothings ever what it seems  
When Judy falls  
Oh when Judy falls

But if she falls... in vain  
We'll surely hear... the sound  
Of hopes that start to crumble  
And silent birds that tumble  
To the ground