

Tracey Thorn, Falling Off A Log

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