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Title: Fear of falling

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Last Night I Dreamt of Flying

Over Hillsides in the Snow

And I Dove Down Through the Clouds
Last Night I Dreamt of Flying
Into the Valley There Below
Over Hillsides in the Snow
When the Fields Turned Into Parking Lots
And I Dove Down Through the Clouds
My Freedom Turned to Dread
Into the Valley There Below
The Ground Rose Up to Greet Me
When the Fields Turned Into Parking Lots
And I Jumped Up Out of Bed
My Freedom Turned to Dread

The Ground Rose Up to Greet Me
You Can Fly, Fly, Fly
And I Jumped Up Out of Bed
Off to Anywhere You Choose

You Can Try, Try, Try
You Can Fly, Fly, Fly
But Eventually You'll Lose
Off to Anywhere You Choose
It Seems There's Always Something
You Can Try, Try, Try
Tryin' to Bring a Good Man Down
But Eventually You'll Lose
I Have no Fear of Falling
It Seems There's Always Something
But I Hate Hitting the Ground
Tryin' to Bring a Good Man Down

I Have no Fear of Falling
Searchin' Through My Sofa
But I Hate Hitting the Ground
Tryin' to Find Some Extra Change

I Thought That I Knew Everything
Searchin' Through My Sofa
'til Everything Changed
Tryin' to Find Some Extra Change
Now I'm Standing On An Island
I Thought That I Knew Everything
That Is Sinking Into the Sea
'til Everything Changed
And All That I Can Do
Now I'm Standing On An Island
Is Just Enjoy the Scenery
That Is Sinking Into the Sea

And All That I Can Do
Well You Can Fly, Fly, Fly
Is Just Enjoy the Scenery
Off to Anywhere You Choose

You Can Try, Try, Try
Well, You Can Fly, Fly, Fly
But Eventually You'll Lose
Off to Anywhere You Choose
They Say a Man Hears Sweet, Soft Music
You Can Try, Try, Try
Just Before He Drowns
But Eventually You'll Lose
I Have no Fear of Falling
They Say a Man Hears Sweet, Soft Music
But I Hate Hitting the Ground
Just Before He Drowns

I Have no Fear of Falling
You and I Have Politics
But I Hate Hitting the Ground
There's Lines That We Don't Cross

And We Live Happily Ever After

Inside This Little Box
You and I Have Politics
But You Just Can't Take a Lion
There's Lines That We Don't Cross
And Throw Him Into a Cage
And We Live Happily Ever After

And Expect Him to Be Thankful
Inside This Little Box
For the Shelter That You Gave
But You Just Can't Take a Lion

And Throw Him Into a Cage
Well You Can Fly, Fly, Fly
And Expect Him to Be Thankful
Off to Anywhere You Choose
For the Shelter That You Gave
You Can Try, Try, Try

But Eventually You'll Lose
You Can Fly, Fly, Fly
The More You Try to Cling to Me
Off to Anywhere You Choose
The Less I'll Stick Around
You Can Try, Try, Try
I Have no Fear of Falling
But Eventually You'll Lose
But I Hate Hitting the Ground
The More You Try to Cling to Me
The Less I'll Stick Around
I Have no Fear of Falling
But I Hate Hitting the Ground