

Waking up again another sleepless night  
Climbing taller buildings more dreams of flight  
In a pool of sweat not knowing what to do  
No more earth-bound feelings a diff'rent point of view

Moment of truth he heads towards the building  
His glazed eyes stare vacantly following his feelings  
No turning back the door's already shutting  
Standing on his tiptoes to reach the nineteenth button

To miss a grasping hand  
(I'm falling again)  
And squash a passer-by  
(I'm falling again)  
He wanted to see some evidence  
(I'm falling again)  
That he could really fly

Balanced on the edge only time could tell  
Some say he was pushed, others say he fell  
Standing on that rooftop his brain told him 'no'  
But all the dreams in nights before told him he must go

To miss a grasping hand  
(I'm falling again)  
And squash a passer-by  
(I'm falling again)  
He wanted to see some evidence  
(I'm falling again)  
That he could really fly

His questions and himself  
Nearly fell on stony ground  
He could've embarrassed his family  
Who watched him from the crowd

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He wanted to see some evidence  
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That he could really fly  
(I'm falling ...)