

# Falling Slowly

Ronan Keating

I don't know you  
But I want you  
All the more for that  
Words fall through me  
And always fool me  
And I can't react  
Games that never amount  
To more than they're meant  
Will lay themselves down

Take this sinking boat  
And point it home  
We've still got time  
Raise your hopeful voice  
You have a choice  
You've made it now

Falling slowly, eyes that know me  
And I can't go back  
Moods that take me and erase me  
And I'm painted black  
You have suffered enough  
And warred with yourself  
It's time that you won

Take this sinking boat  
And point it home  
We've still got time  
Raise your hopeful voice  
You have a choice  
You've made it now