

The Parachute

Cajun Dance Party

I'm falling, I'm falling I'm falling tight,
I'm a dreamy, dreamy kite,
My parachute has hit the ground and I am left falling down,
So I look up at the sky, to try and see what I'll leave behind,

But all I see is clouds of school,
And all I see is clouds of fools,

Please remember my voice.
Please remember my words,

I sing a song I know very well inside my falling head,
As long as I am living now, I can still follow my dream somehow
,
Then I look right up at the sky, just to see what I'll leave behind,
And all I see is clouds of hate,
They form into the shape of hate.

Please remember my voice.
Please remember my words.

I'll hold my head high, until I touch the ground,
This word is chilling; well at least I made a sound,
The city seemed so beautiful to me,
No I know that's because I can't entirely see,

I'm about to hit the ground