**Falling**

**Words and music by Malcolm Lucard © 2017**

**Intro: G / D / G / D / G / D / G / D / C6 /// //// X2**

**G D G D**

Help me I’m falling Into a drawing

**C**

of a man with a mandolin

**G D G D**

she’s a cubist and a part-time nudist

**C**

in love with her job

he tells stories, she thinks he’s boring

but she loves how he moves his hands

so he’s singing louder, she’s running out of colors

he picks his songs with care

*Chorus*

**F7b5**

Sound and colors separate no longer,

lines and angles, emotions tangled

**G**

in melodies and broken chords

**F7b5**

rhythms and lines pauses and words,

accents of darkness and light come apart

**G**

before her eyes

He’s a schemer and a full-time dreamer,

he picks his words with care:

‘Your strokes of genius they come between us,

your work is your life.’

she says, ‘I like you Pablo but I’m in love with colors

and I’m not your fuckin’ wife!’

Passing fancies, imagined conversations,

help me I’m falling in a state of abstraction

I’m lost within these lines.

Standing naked I stare at the canvas,

it’s time to move on there’s lots to see in Paris

and so little time

Help me I’ve fallen into a drawing

of a man with a mandolin.