

MELANCHOLY MOOD

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PUBLISHER; BICYCLE MUSIC, LLC**

**I FALL INTO, A MELANCHOLY MOOD,
WHEN YOU'RE NOT HERE TO TALK TO ME
I'M AS HELPLESS AS A BATTLESHIP, WITHOUT A CREW,
I'D SAY NO, IF ASKED IS FOUR, THE SUM OF TWO AND TWO,
AND SHOULD I COME ONTO A CROSSROAD, I WOULD TAKE THE TURN,
THAT LEADS ME DOWN A NARROW LANE, WHERE NO STREET LIGHTS BURN**

**I FALL INTO, A MELANCHOLY MOOD,
WHEN YOU'RE NOT WITHIN THE SIGHT OF ME
I'M AS USELESS AS AN HOUR GLASS, WITHOUT ITS SAND,
I CANNOT ENJOY THE FRAGRANT FLOWERS OF THE LAND,
AND SHOULD I STEP ONTO A TRAIN, TO COME BACK HOME TO YOU,
I'D FORGET TO ASK THE MAN, TO WAKE ME WHEN I'M DUE**

**I FALL INTO, A MELANCHOLY MOOD,
WHEN YOU'RE NOT WITHIN THE REACH OF ME
I'M EMTY AS A WATER WELL WHEN, DRY AS A BONE,
I RECEIVE NO CONSOLATION TALKING TO YOU ON THE PHONE,
I FALL INTO SUCH A STATE, THE ONLY HOPE FOR ME,
IS TO HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS, AND NEVER SET YOU FREE**

