

# The Fall, Vixen

It had taken her a long time  
Suddenly back on its own  
To sit, friendless & alone  
She is friendless and alone  
I'm a vixen on its own

The triple gang & the throng  
Did not feel helpless or alone

The vixen got no friends  
She needs a poison pen  
Even in Switzerland  
The people cry "vixen"

Silver cross, all alone  
The bird had flown  
With their omen they'll fly  
Had flown, silver cross  
All alone  
(So millions were broken hearted)  
All alone, with no home  
It's all alone

And some night, wind moves the leaves  
They pick themselves up & run  
Perhaps all that night possessed no way of telling time

It had taken her a long time  
Suddenly back on its own  
To sit, friendless & alone  
She is friendless and alone  
A man's trust, (appalling/a pole in) debt  
To sit friendless and alone  
With no home, with no home  
Vixen's got no home  
She is friendless and alone  
A long time on its own  
It shone around her  
Triple gang