

# Albert Hammond, The Air That I Breathe

If I could make a wish  
I think, I pass  
Can't think of anything I need  
No cigarettes, no sleep,  
No lights, no sound  
Nothing to eat, no books to read

Making love with you  
Has left me peaceful, warm and tired  
What more can I ask  
There's nothing left to be desired

Peace came upon me  
And it leaves me weak  
Sleep, silent angel, go to sleep

Sometimes all I need is the air that I breathe  
And to love you  
All I need is the air that I breathe  
Yes, to love you  
All I need is the air that I breathe,  
Ahh, ahh

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And it leaves me weak  
Sleep, silent angel, go to sleep

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