

Alison Moyet, Dorothy

I'm running up the stairs
I can hardly breath again
Into your arms and a perfect day
From the garden where we lay
With the roses all aflame
You called my name and I meant to say
It's been too long, so long

I looked for your face watching down from the window
Wave me till I'm gone
I remember the dress you wore
And you're still here with me, but maybe
Dorothy it's been too long, so long

Now I'm waiting in the dark
In the strangeness of your bed
To hide my face where you lay your head
As I listen to the room
And it speaks about a distance never met
You were there and yet
Dorothy it's been too long, so long

You left without saying goodbye
And I was so impatient then
Always one to cynical to pray
But I talked to you today
D'you hear me?
Dorothy it's been too long, so long