

Alison Moyet, Sleep Like Breathing

Every words so
Every word's so fragile
Inside passion that feels like chasing rain
When the slowness of the day has gone
Leaving shadowlike feelings to depend upon

Every words so
Every word's so fragile
Inside passion that feels like chasing rain

You sleep like breathing
You sleep like breath gently

And the tease cries
Weeping listless laughter
Always thirsty like an attractive flower

When the danger in the touch is gone
Changing delicate evenings to reflective ones

And the tease cries
Weeping listless laughter
Always thirsty like an attractive flower

You sleep like breathing
You sleep like breath gently