

Depeche Mode, Damaged People

We're damaged people
Drawn together
By subtleties that we are not aware of
Disturbed souls
Playing out forever
These games that we once thought we would be scared of

When you're in my arms
The world makes sense
There is no pretense
And you're crying
When you're by my side
There is no defense
I forget to sense
I'm dying

We're damaged people
Praying for something
That doesn't come from somewhere deep inside us
Depraved souls
Trusting in the one thing
The one thing that this life has not denied us

When I feel the warmth
Of your very soul
I forget I'm cold
And crying
When your lips touch mine
And I lose control
I forget I'm old
And dying