

# Moby, Sleep Alone

as the sun was set  
and the pieces of light touch your hair  
perfect love come softly  
with the dawn, the dawn  
city once full of people  
desolate, is desolate  
we look back in  
to the ruins where we played

at least we were together  
holding hands  
flying through the sky  
at least we were together  
holding hands  
flying through the sky  
sky

touch your hand  
you touch the back of my hand  
so many empty nights  
just waiting for this, for this  
standing there  
all heading downsteam  
unsteady island  
we hear nothing, nothing

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