

# Damien Rice, Delicate

We might kiss when we are alone  
When nobody's watching  
We might take it home  
We might make out when nobody's there  
It's not that we're scared  
It's just that it's delicate

So why do you fill my sorrow  
With the words you've borrowed  
From the only place you've known  
And why do you sing Hallelujah  
If it means nothing to you  
Why do you sing with me at all?

We might live like never before  
When there's nothing to give  
Well how can we ask for more  
We might make love in some sacred place  
The look on your face is delicate

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