

Damien Rice, Delicate (Live In Dublin)

"(Thanks for coming out on the thirtieth of December. The night before the night. This is Delicate.)"

We might kiss
When we are alone
When nobody's watchin'
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'd ya fill my sorrow
With the words you've borrowed
From the only place that you've known
And why'd ya sing hallelujah
If it means nothin' to ya
Why'd ya sing with me at all?

We might live
Like never before
When there's nothin' to give
How can we ask for more?
We might make love
In some sacred place
That look on your face
Is delicate

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