

# 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