

Everything But The Girl, Gabriel

gabriel, wherever you roam,
you know the longest way round is the shortest way home.
gabriel, wherever you go,
you know the longest way round is the shortest way home.

when you were here there was a beating of wings
in your heart doing senseless things.
when you were here there was a forest fire
raging in you like a wild desire.

gabriel, wherever you roam,
you know the longest way round is the shortest way home.

and everything you did only skimmed the surface of the day.
and deep inside there was an emptiness that would not go away.

gabriel, gabriel.