

Lene Lovich, Too Tender (To Touch)

Too tender to touch, too fragile to lust;
These misty eyes are just enough
A little sign to guide the way;
We don't need so very much

You and I together now, forever after only, yes;
A staring smile, a frozen face, a photograph of lasting love
That never knew a nicer place than tucked inside my pillowcase

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My desire, all I need; romance until the end of time
The taste of love is bittersweet; my hungry heart is satisfied
To give myself to only you, and be nobody else's fool

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