

# Richard Thompson, First Breath

(Richard Thompson)

Let's love  
What's left  
Last Dance  
First Breath

New friends  
Hard won  
Old hearts  
Shine on

The frost is cruel  
And fades the sign  
On that little place  
That I call mine

Let's love  
What's left  
Like new born  
First breath

Old stars  
New shine  
Old cup  
New wine

Sun rise  
Moon glow  
Someday  
We'll know

Inch by inch  
Word by word  
The lock is sprung  
That caged the bird

Let's love  
What's left  
Last dance  
First breath