

Sarah Brightman, T

You, with no reason at all
You kiss me
You got me feeding
A broken part of your skin

You, as the lime
Which, when wet, is mortal
You whiten my senses
Soaking to the mattress

You, you, you, you
You, you, you, you

You, you, you, riding on me
Me, hostile rider
You hold me with your feet
And I lick the harness

You, and without you not me
You, and without you no more
You've made me resign
and today by me you say:

You, you, you, (26x)