Sixpence None the Richer, Within A Room Some

I breathe the mist Floating about the stars I can caress With velvet hands I breathe the mist Floating within, without this pen This pen between my fingers Messiah I know you are there Within, without me Holding me Messiah I know you are there Catching, carrying This beautiful mess Escape the pain Within a room somewhere Escape the pain So deep inside the soul I have no key No map to find