

# Sleep Like Breathing

Alison Moyet

Every words so...  
Every word's so fragile  
Inside passion that feels like chasing rain  
When the slowness of the day has gone  
Leaving shadow like feelings to depend upon

Every words so...  
Every word's so fragile  
Inside passion that feels like chasing rain

You sleep like breathing  
You sleep like breath... gently

And the tease cries  
Weeping listless laughter  
Always thirsty like an attractive flower

When the danger in the touch is gone  
Changing delicate evenings to reflective ones

And the tease cries  
Weeping listless laughter  
Always thirsty like an attractive flower

You sleep like breathing  
You sleep like breath... gently