

## Lover, Go

Alison Moyet

Do I seem to you  
A thirsty flower  
That supposes it is  
Ripe to bloom  
I'd take solace in such  
A sorry shower  
Yes, wash me please  
Of this dust  
Will you

I might sleep for all these fragrant tales  
Blink belief at every  
Twist as true  
Make it end where I fill  
Empty sails  
And I'm applauding  
You, and your song as new

Go lover go  
I already know  
Until you gift a word unheard  
Go, lover go  
Go  
Go

Not all that breaks is to mend  
Some things made strong by their bend  
Not all that's broken we seek to  
Throw away only for wanting again

Go, lover  
Go