

# The Air That I Breathe

Cilla Black

Sometimes all I need is the air  
That I breathe and to love you  
All I need is the air that I breathe, yes, to love you  
All I need is the air that I breathe

If I could make a wish, I think I'd pass  
Can't think of anything I need  
No cigarettes, no sleep, no light, no sound  
Nothing to eat, no books to read

Making love with you has left me peaceful, warm and tired  
What more could I ask, there's nothing left to be desired

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Peace came upon me and it leaves me weak  
Sleep, silent angel, go to sleep