

Sleep Alone

Moby

as the sun was set
and the pieces of light touch your hair
perfect love come softly
with the dawn, the dawn
city once full of people
desolate, is desolate
we look back in
to the ruins where we played

at least we were together
holding hands
flying through the sky
at least we were together
holding hands
flying through the sky
sky

touch your hand
you touch the back of my hand
so many empty nights
just waiting for this, for this
standing there
all heading downstream
unsteady island
we hear nothing, nothing

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