

First Breath

Richard Thompson

Let's love
what's left
Last Dance
First Breath

New friends
Hard won
Old hearts
Shine on

The frost is cruel
And fades the sign
On that little place
That I call mine

Let's love
what's left
Like new born
First breath

Old stars
New shine
Old cup
New wine

Sun rise
Moon glow
Someday
We'll know

Inch by inch
Word by word
The lock is sprung
That caged the bird

Let's love
What's left
Last dance
First breath