

Breathe

Rick Astley

Paper towers of vogue and vanity fair
They are still standing
And the spaces in the bathroom are incredibly bare
And it's better this way

And I don't miss the sunrise
On the colors of your hair
And I don't mind the mornings
No, not much any more

But it hurts to breathe
When your perfume's everywhere
And it hurts to breathe
When the memories are hanging in the air

There will be dust on the spice rack in no time at all
Tell me, who's around to notice?
I won't run from the shower whenever you call
And it's better this way

And I won't miss the starlight
And the clothes you used to wear
And I don't mind the moonlight
No, not much anymore, no, not much anymore

But it hurts to breathe
When your perfume's everywhere
And it hurts to breathe
When the memories are hanging in the air

I can handle it, I can handle it
I'm getting out more
And you know I'm over it
I'm so over it, until I close the door

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When the memories are hanging

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