

# 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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