

## Breathing Soft and Low

The Clientele

41 & 20

55

I've got so much hate in my heart tonight

but tonight we have no time  
so come closer close your eyes  
& my fingertips  
reaching out touch your lips  
flood my heart with nothing else but light

calling from this payphone  
tired & blind  
spinning like a coin through an unlit mind

have I wasted all my time  
chasing ghosts & butterflies  
but my fingertips  
reaching out to touch your lips  
flood my heart with nothing else but light

if the garden stirs with wind  
a train is passing by  
if there is no railway here  
there is one in my mind  
I've got so much hate inside my heart tonight