

## Bordeaux

## The Durutti Column

In France you are sleeping  
I wish I could see you  
It's always this way  
Love sent from Bordeaux  
Love sent from Bordeaux  
Just in odd moments  
I wish you could see me  
The truth that I am  
It's always this way  
Love sent from Bordeaux  
I try to say something  
My words they grow fainter  
And you're slipping away  
Love sent from Bordeaux  
I hear you breathing  
You're moving beneath me  
I can't see your face  
Love sent from Bordeaux  
In France you are sleeping  
I wish I could see you  
It's always this way  
Love sent from Bordeaux  
Love sent from Bordeaux