

Lover, Go

Alison Moyet

Do I seem to you
A thirsty flower
That supposes it is
Ripe to bloom
I'd take solace in such
A sorry shower
Yes, wash me please
Of this dust
Will you

I might sleep for all these fragrant tales
Blink belief at every
Twist as true
Make it end where I fill
Empty sails
And I'm applauding
You, and your song as new

Go lover go
I already know
Until you gift a word unheard
Go, lover go
Go
Go

Not all that breaks is to mend
Some things made strong by their bend
Not all that's broken we seek to
Throw away only for wanting again

Go, lover
Go