

Theresa Green

Barry Adamson

Can't get out of bed
There's a whirring in my head
And my skills have disappeared
There's an aching in my limbs
Don't know where it quite begins
But the truth is what I feel
Here she comes
Dancing through my mind
Leading me, the blind, to see
That there's another point of view
You can hear it pushing through
Just try and see
That I wish that I could press rewind
To a different time
'Cause I had to learn to push a feeling of joy way beyond me
[unknown]
Trees are green
Can't find her anywhere
The Berlin spy machine
[unknown]
Wait a while for something to happen
For no reason
My lover from afar
I'm praying five in the morning
And I wish that I'd have payed the price
To a different way of life
Where I [unknown]
I lay down, before you
When you haven't got a lot, all that you got is a lot
Tender in the garden, with the culture of bruises
Now I pull my skin off
Bring it as a gift to you
And even though it's cold outside, you'll be wrapped up in me
Being raptured in me
Being captured by me
I wish I was