

# Without You

Henry Green

Parallel to the sea  
To a stream of blues and greens  
You go to drip slow into me  
Even at 40k feet

I see this glow, ooh  
Around you  
The light feels too low  
Without you  
I'll keep you close, you know  
It's all that I can do  
'Cause I can't keep a hold, ooh  
Without you

I knew from the start  
When I'd look out on asleep one March  
Spikes hung up through the street of France  
France is second to be apart from you

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