

The Air That I Breathe

Judy Collins

If I could make a wish I think I'd pass
Can't think of anything I need
No cigarettes, no sleep, no light, no sound
Nothing to eat, no books to read
Making love with you
Has left me peaceful warm and tired
What more could I ask
There's nothing left to be desired
Peace came upon me and it leaves me weak
Sleep, silent angel go to sleep

Sometimes all I need
Is the air that I breathe
And to love you

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