

## Window Wide Open

Scritti Politti

She slept with her window wide open  
And longed for the touch of a breeze  
Stroking her skin with true lovers fingers  
From Parliament Hill down to Greenwich it lingers

For seconds in a small moonlit room  
She remembers how love feels for you

The days of the Crow Valley sweetheart

They mean something to someone I'm sure  
Long, long ago in fairwater nowhere  
He told her so much that it hurts him to go there

For fear that his future is sealed  
Back there where the first breeze was born