

Breathing Soft and Low

The Clientele

41 & 20

55

I've got so much hate in my heart tonight

but tonight we have no time
so come closer close your eyes
& my fingertips
reaching out touch your lips
flood my heart with nothing else but light

calling from this payphone
tired & blind
spinning like a coin through an unlit mind

have I wasted all my time
chasing ghosts & butterflies
but my fingertips
reaching out to touch your lips
flood my heart with nothing else but light

if the garden stirs with wind
a train is passing by
if there is no railway here
there is one in my mind
I've got so much hate inside my heart tonight