Damaged People

Depeche Mode

We're damaged people, drawn together
By subtleties that we are not aware of
Disturbed souls, playing out forever
These games that we once thought we would be scared ofWhen you're in my arms, the world makes sense
There is no pretense and you're crying
When you're by my side, there is no defense
I forget to sense, I'm dyingWe're damaged people, praying for something
That doesn't come from somewhere deep inside us
Depraved souls trusting in the one thing
The one thing that this life has not denied usWhen I feel the warmth of your very soul
I forget, I'm cold and crying
When your lips touch mine and I lose control
I forget, I'm old and dying

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