Pulling Punches

David Sylvian

If heaven watches over me
Sowing seeds back in the soil
With eyes that see, hands that feel
Why am I the last to know?Sheltered lives spent partially breathing
Gathered together under new religionPulling punches, moving, sleeping on our feet
Pulling punches, I needed someone to comfort me
Raised in summer days of splendour
Would've dreamed of love never endingBetter world lies in front of me
Sketch of life in the books I read
Then as I walk where heaven leads
Why am I the last to know?Simple lives spent partially breathing
Gathered together under new religionPulling punches, moving, sleeping on our feet
Pulling punches, I needed someone to comfort me
Raised in summer days of splendour
Would've dreamed of love never endingNature feeds this nausea
Deep inside the heart of meSheltered lives spent partially breathing
Are gathered together under new religionPulling punches, moving, sleeping on our feet
Pulling punches, I needed someone to comfort me
Raised in summer days of splendour
Would've dreamed of love never ending

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