

All Signs of Life

[Alison Moyet](#)

The skyline is fading
Planets rearranging
For one man collecting his distance
His lungs are a bellow
Such a mechanical fellow
He's breathing in circles
(All signs of life) On the rolling hills
Like the curve of a hip dipping
Oh, he can see her face
So he picks up his pace
Don't hurry here All signs of life
All signs of life, here His body's a blister
Scowling, solitary mister
No tail wind to borrow
No rest tomorrow
His lungs are a bellow
Dress him in sunflower yellow
He's breathing in circles

Songwriters

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