

Lullaby

New Model Army

So where do we begin? It must be thirty-five years . . .
You've the breath of my mother, the life of a stranger;
and there's so much to tell - so much I need to know.
All of the stories, and reasons
But your face I remember and your breath I remember
Take me in your arms, take me in your arms
So go out tonight and look up at the stars,
the light that you see is as old as I am.
And that's what I see, when I gaze in your eyes
Loving a ghost lost in confusion of time - but our love remains
through these brightest hours.
And my secret world
And your face I remember - and your breath I remember
Take me in your arms, take me in your arms

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