Precious

Depeche Mode

Precious and fragile things
Need special handling
My God what have we done to you?We always tried to share
The tenderest of care
Now look what we have put you throughThings get damaged, things get broken
I thought we'd manage, but words left unspoken
Left us so brittle
There was so little left to giveAngels with silver wings
Shouldn't know suffering
I wish I could take the pain for youIf God has a master plan
That only He understands
I hope it's your eyes He's seeing throughThings get damaged, things get broken
I thought we'd manage, but words left unspoken
Left us so brittle
There was so little left to giveI pray you learn to trust
Have faith in both of us
And keep room in your hearts for twoThings get damaged, things get broken
I thought we'd manage, but words left unspoken
Left us so brittle
There was so little left to give

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