

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 through Things 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 Angels with silver wings
Shouldn't know suffering
I wish I could take the pain for you If God has a master plan
That only He understands
I hope it's your eyes He's seeing through Things 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 I pray you learn to trust
Have faith in both of us
And keep room in your hearts for two Things 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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