

# Cool Cool Breeze

Peter Murphy

Cool cool breeze, rivers flow below  
The darkened room is closing down  
A light emblazoned within a breast  
Extracting from the sun  
My hand is reaching for the stars  
Your hand is swooping low A long long journey, withering heights  
A goal dead center clear, A lamp is here  
To guide the way, far away yet so close  
These words I know are bound and stuck These words I know are bound and stuck  
But use them much I know we must  
To paint a collage blue and gold  
To touch each others touch I clasp invisible motion waves  
Of stories from your house  
Your eyes look like emeralds  
With you, Im in no danger  
Your eyes look like emeralds  
With you, Im in no danger And if I die before you go  
And if I cannot reach youll know  
A bird of feathers white as snow  
I'll send beyond the breach My message will endow it strong  
This journey's one way ticket long  
Ill tell you in the silent zone  
The story of The Moor

Songwriters

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