

Sleep Like Breathing

[Alison Moyet](#)

Every word's so, every word's so fragile
Inside passion that feels like chasing rain
When the slowness of the day is gone
Leaving shadow like feelings to depend upon
Every word's so, every word's so fragile
Inside passion that feels like chasing rain You sleep like breathing
You sleep like breath, gently And the tease cries, weeping listless laughter
Always thirsty like an attractive flower
When the danger in the touch is gone
Changing delicate evenings to reflecting ones
And the tease cries weeping listless laughter
Always thirsty like an attractive flower You sleep like breathing
You sleep like breath, gently

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