

Under the tongue*

Damien Rice

What are we doing here?
Why have we come?
Did we come for communion
Under the tongue? There's a lot, there's a lot
There's a lot to unfold
In the dark, in the dark
There's a lot we don't show Your love leaves me cold
Your love leaves me cold What are you doing here?
Have you lost your way?
Have you come to move close, dear?
Have something to say? 'Cause there's a lot, there's a lot
There's a lot that's untold
This is not, this is not
This is not yours to hold 'Cause your love leaves me cold
'Cause your love leaves me cold
'Cause your love leaves me cold
'Cause your love What am I doing here?
Is it something I've done?
If it's time for confession
Then bring out the nun There's a lot, there's a lot
There's a lot I don't know
I forgot, I forgot
I forgot to let go of your love Don't leave me cold
Your love leaves me cold
Your love leaves me cold
Your love leaves me Your love leaves me cold
Your love leaves me cold
Your love leaves me cold
Your love leaves me cold

Songwriters

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