

Fragile Thing (with Kirsten Adamson)

Big Country

Thank you ma'am for asking
Yes I'm on my own
I guess it's kind of obvious
I'm eating here alone I'm grateful for the company
Tired of talking to myself
Don't you look into my eyes
You might see someone else I've been to see a movie
About a man who saved the world
Had the same old happy ending
Where the hero gets the girl And all I ever wanted
Was to be that hero too
Then I might still be with her
Instead of here with you
Love is a small and fragile thing
I spend a lot of cold nights missing you
Keep it in your hands or let it take wing
I spend a lot of cold nights missing you Thank you for your time ma'am
I'm gonna go and walk
I might as well do that
Because I'm running out of talk I could walk a thousand miles tonight
And never find my place
At least until it gets too light
To hide my tearful face Love is a small and fragile thing
I spend a lot of cold nights missing you
Keep it in your hands or let it take wing
I spend a lot of cold nights missing you I spend a lot of cold nights missing you There's a low ballet on the
highway
Brief faces in the light
I catch them for a second
Heading somewhere in the night And we have no connection
But the darkness and the road
I better find a place tonight
I better call it home Love is a small and fragile thing
I spend a lot of cold nights missing you
Keep it in your hands or let it take wing
I spend a lot of cold nights missing you I spend a lot of cold nights missing you

Songwriters

Adamson, Stuart / Brzezicki, Mark / Butler, Tony / Watson, Bruce William Published by

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