

Depeche Mode "Question Of Lust"

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Fragile

Like a baby in your arms

Be gentle with me

I'd never willingly

Do you harm

Apologies

Are all you seem to get from me

But just like a child

You make me smile

When you care for me

And you know...

It's a question of lust

It's a question of trust

It's a question of not letting

What we've built up

Crumble to dust

It is all of these things and more

That keep up together

Independence

Is still important for us though (we realise)

It's easy to make

The stupid mistake

Of letting go (do you know what I mean)

My weaknesses

You know each and every one (it frightens me)

But I need to drink

More than you seem to think

Before I'm anyone's

And you know...

Kiss me goodbye

When I'm on my own

But you know that I'd

Rather be home

Words by Martin L. Gore

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