

The Clientele

"Breathing Soft And Low"

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41 & 20

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I've got so much hate in my heart tonight

but tonight we have no time
so come closer close your eyes
& my fingertips
reaching out touch your lips
flood my heart with nothing else but light

calling from this payphone
tired & blind
spinning like a coin through an unlit mind

have I wasted all my time
chasing ghosts & butterflies
but my fingertips
reaching out to touch your lips
flood my heart with nothing else but light

if the garden stirs with wind
a train is passing by
if there is no railway here
there is one in my mind
I've got so much hate inside my heart tonight

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