

Alison Moyet

"All Signs Of Life"

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The skyline is fading
Planets rearranging
For one man collecting his distance
His lungs are a bellow
Such a mechanical fellow
He's breathing in circles
(All signs of life)

On the rolling hills
Like the curve of a hip dipping
Oh, he can see her face
So he picks up his pace
Don't hurry here

All signs of life
All signs of life, here

His bodys a blister
Scowling, solitary mister
No tail wind to borrow
No rest tomorrow
His lungs are a bellow
Dress him in sunflower yellow
He's breathing in circles

And he spits his pain
And he sucks in the air like ether
And he breathes it again
Now his chest is a mine exploding
And the bitumen sticks
Like the catch in his throat
He's going down
And he sleeps in the dust
On a blanket she laid out for him, here

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