

Mode Depeche

"A Question Of Lust Black Celebration"

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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 us 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.....
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 us together
Kiss me goodbye
When I'm on my own
But you know that I'd
Rather be home
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 us together

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