

# Jimmy Somerville, Lovers And Friends

All night you'd lay asleep  
enfolded in my arms,  
breathing slow and sweet.  
I never understood  
how it would prove to be  
such a luxury to feel  
your hand, warm in my hand  
your kiss on my cheek.

Lovers and friends  
are all that matter.  
You'll never know how much it  
came to mean to me  
to have you by my side  
in battles lost and won.

And now I understand  
these things can never be  
guaranteed.  
I wish I could recall  
each mundane tenderness,  
remember every look, each word,  
preserve every breath,  
each kiss, each caress.

Lovers and friends  
are all that matter.  
I never thought that I would  
watch you drowning  
far from any sea, on crumpled sheets,  
white sand in your eyes.

Lovers and friends  
are all that matter.  
And now when all I have of you  
is a memory,  
I raise my hand to touch my cheek,  
imprinted with your love.