Sarah Brightman, T

You, with no reason at all You kiss me You got me feeding A broken part of your skin

You, as the lime Which, when wet, is mortal You whiten my senses Soaking to the matress

You, you, you, you You, you, you, you

You, you, you, riding on me Me, hostile rider You hold me with your feet And I lick the harness

You, and without you not me You, and without you no more You've made me resign and today by me you say:

You, you, you, (26x)