

Fragile

Midge Ure

You might as well have asked me not to breathe
A damaged soul I had no choice
I see you walk through fields of golden corn
I don't belong, just fragile

With every step you raise your grand design
You build your temple to your king
Your shoes fill every step that brought me down
A weeping clown, just fragile

And when respect turns into sympathy
And pure concern turns into fear
You choose to live your life in Babylon
I can't belong just fragile

And I thought it made me better
And I thought it would make me strong
And I thought in answered everything
But I knew that I was wrong

You choose to live your life in Babylon
I can't belong just fragile