

I Still Want You

Richard Hawley

Sorry I've been away so long,
I needed just a little more time
If you stare through the glass from moment to moment,
It's funny what you find

Now I think I'm almost ready to
Step back into your frame
And we can move our bodies like a twist of smoke,
Come let us shake like the flames

Now I don't want to lower the tone,
But you know there's still a little spare meat on the bone

Oh, I still want you...
Oh, I still want you...
Oh, I still want you...
Until the sun goes cold,
No need to breathe all alone

Under the stars is a sweet hollow meadow
Where the lost things are found,
Under the stars is a sweet hollow meadow
Where all of us are bound

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But you know there's still a little spare meat on the bone

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