

Bordeaux

The Durutti Column

In France you are sleeping
I wish I could see you
It's always this way
Love sent from Bordeaux
Love sent from Bordeaux
Just in odd moments
I wish you could see me
The truth that I am
It's always this way
Love sent from Bordeaux
I try to say something
My words they grow fainter
And you're slipping away
Love sent from Bordeaux
I hear you breathing
You're moving beneath me
I can't see your face
Love sent from Bordeaux
In France you are sleeping
I wish I could see you
It's always this way
Love sent from Bordeaux
Love sent from Bordeaux