

# Nick Cave, Breathless

It's up in the morning and on the downs  
Little white clouds like gambolling lambs  
And I am breathless over you  
And the red-breasted robin beats his wings  
His throat it trembles when he sings  
For he is helpless before you  
The happy hooded bluebells bow  
And bend their heads all a-down  
Heavied by the early morning dew  
At the whispering stream, at the bubbling brook  
The fishes leap up to take a look  
For they are breathless over you  
Still your hands  
And still your heart  
For still your face comes shining through  
And all the morning glows anew  
Still your mind  
Still your soul  
For still, the fire of love is true  
And I am breathless without you

The wind circles among the trees  
And it bangs about the new-made leaves  
For it is breathless without you  
The fox chases the rabbit round  
The rabbit hides beneath the ground  
For he is defenceless without you  
The sky of daytime dies away  
And all earthly things they stop to play  
For we are all breathless without you  
I listen to my juddering bones  
The blood in my veins and the wind in my lungs  
And I am breathless without you  
Still your hands  
And still your heart  
For still your face comes shining through  
And all the morning glows anew  
Still your soul  
Still your mind  
Still, the fire of love is true  
And I am breathless without you