

Fill in the gaps

| Our lips forget to throb |
|---|
| (1) engrossed in our talk over coffe |
| Across the table, sipping our drinks |
| Pausing and pointing to our fate |
| Mingled smell pervades our talking |
| Untroubled about who will dominate whom |
| The way it should |
| If (2) were to endure |
| Let's not waste hard (3) tonight |
| We both (4) vent to our feelings, uh |
| In the peace of our (5) talk is dead |
| Why not here as us |
| In the quivering smell |
| In the quivering smell |
| In the quivering smell |
| We find |
| As your throat savours the lips |
| Of my cup as if they yours |
| I no longer pine for your kisses |
| Or the perfume of your skin |
| Or the (6) of your desire |
| And though your dreams remain disguised |
| In the advancing evening darkness |

| I see through your open mouth |
|--|
| A memory of your nakedness |
| Let's not waste (7) words tonight |
| We both gave vent to our feelings, yeah |
| In the peace of our (8) talk is dead |
| Why not here as us |
| In the quivering smell |
| In the (9) smell |
| In the quivering smell we find |
| We find |
| Let's linger here and squeeze the night |
| Into this tiny little span |
| Our bodies just begun, they love talking |
| Let's not waste hard words tonight |
| We (10) gave vent to our feelings, uh |
| In the peace of our coffe talk is blind |
| Why not here as us |
| In the quivering smell |
| In the quivering smell |
| In the quivering smell we find |
| We find |



- 1. Sitting
- 2. love
- 3. words
- 4. gave
- 5. coffe
- 6. lees
- 7. hard
- 8. coffe
- 9. quivering
- 10. both

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