

## Precious - 1/1

**Interprété par Depeche Mode.**

Precious and fragile things  
Need special handling  
My God what have we done to you  
We always tried to share  
The tenderest of care  
Now look what we have put you through

Things get damaged  
Things get broken  
I thought we'd manage  
But words left unspoken  
Left us so brittle  
There was so little left to give

Angels with silver wings  
Shouldn't know suffering  
I wish I could take the pain for you  
If God has a master plan  
That only He understands  
I hope it's your eyes He's seeing through

Things get damaged  
Things get broken  
I thought we'd manage  
But words left unspoken  
Left us so brittle  
There was so little left to give

I pray you learn to trust  
Have faith in both of us  
And keep room in your hearts for two

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Things get broken  
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But words left unspoken  
Left us so brittle  
There was so little left to give