

# Stop Breathing

Augie March

The pillar, peak and palm that makes you dream  
O the sun is your alarm, the church that's leaving  
Come to Bahamas, to 1971  
When you weren't even the grain of an idea

Carpentaria, the midnight seeming longer than we are  
Carp are dreaming of sunsets in the casbah  
And the world is repeating phrases in a broken down car  
In your film noir, on a highway to a star

Waking in the dusty gate  
Of men who never arrive, and never really seem to be  
Though I can fix the car, and I can drive a thousand miles to find out where  
you are  
And ask you "Have I really arrived?"

Cast me down a glance at the top, close my eyes  
And I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop breathing  
Pretty face, human race  
Oh yeah, I know

Say, how much for those words?  
That's a fifty cent novel on the ecstasy of surds  
Seems such a horrible waste when you could buy grass for the yard  
Pottery wheels and broken heels are not gonna get very far into these words

That's a fifty cent novel on the ecstasy of surds  
Seems such a horrible waste when you could buy grass for the yard  
Pottery wheels and broken heels are not gonna get very far into these words

Waking in the dusty gate  
Of men who never arrive, and never really seem to be  
Though I can fix the car, and I can drive a thousand miles to find out where  
you are  
And ask you "Have I really arrived?"

Cast me down a glance at the top, close my eyes  
And I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop breathing  
Pretty face, human race  
Oh yeah, I know

You met for your mortar traces, your fifty cent shoelaces  
I'm high on your pulitzer now...  
Oh you can never ever be, no you can never ever be  
The one that got us through the burning sun like you thought you would

Ask me "Have I really arrived?"  
Cast me down a glance at the top, close my eyes  
And I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop  
To stop breathing

I'll kiss you when I know I should not  
Close your eyes and I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop  
To stop...

O cast me down a glance at the top, close my eyes  
And I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop

To stop breathing

And I'll kiss you when I know I should not  
Close your eyes and I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop  
To stop

Stop breathing  
Stop breathing  
Pretty face, human race  
Oh yeah, I know...