

Hard To Breathe

Christopher Dallman

First the party was in moonlight
Then it bled into the day
Then the party went and swallowed
each 24 hours of the day

When it gets hard to breathe
don't breathe too hard
when those ghosts line up
in your own backyard
each one an old regret
you can't disregard
It gets hard to breathe
so don't breathe too hard

Then there is the matter of the telephone
I just let it ring and ring
I guess somewhere along the line
in fantasy and fancy wine
I forgot the simplest thing

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First the party was in moonlight
Then it bled into the day
I guess if I'm going to find
something close to peace of mind
I better be changing my ways

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