

Breathe

David Gray

Wake, wake and the moments gone
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Then the door bell rings
Somebody asks you could
You spare a little time
To feel the weight that's mine
To lower down your guard
Get out your heart get snagged
Caught in the wheels in dust tracks
Angle on the edge
Breathe...

You feel your in too deep
So offer up some chrome
And drop it in the tin
Slither back within
Your crenulated wealth
Your educated self
Your family in rude health
And all the joy it brings
Aren't we forgetting something?
Feet out on the ledge
Feet out on the ledge
Breathe, Breathe, Breathe, Breathe...

And in the heat of noon
Finds you like some dog
You're propped up in a field
Medically sealed
Scratching at the wind shield

And howling at the glass
At anyone might walk past
Were you not aware?
Were you not aware?
Were you not aware?
Breathe...

The sea of broken lives
Mechanics, doctors, house wives
Feet out on the ledge
Feet out on the ledge
Feet out on the ledge
Breathe
Breathe...