

But Breathing

Defeater

Unwanted, but breathing
In the next room, sleeping
My mother, she's crying
And my father's been drinking
In our run-down apartment
Where the roof is still leaking
He's cursing and cussing
It's just the whiskey talking

And I've got lots of memories like this one
Of empty days and nights spent tired and lonesome
When I think back... to all of it
It's all too much
Oh it's all too much when you're just a little kid

My little brother, just a newborn baby
In the image of my mother, says he's a blessing
But not to my father, oh how he hates him
"An undeserving mistake," He calls him a burden

And I've got lots of memories like this one
Of picking sides and picking fights between them
When I think back... to all of it
Well, it's all too much
Well, it's all too much when you're just a little kid

And when I wake up in the morning it all feels like a bad dream
One that follows you and haunts you endlessly
Yeah, haunts me endlessly

Well, broken and beaten from the abuse and the cheating
The addiction, and the lying and the promise of leaving
While my old man was a bastard, I admired and loved him
And us two kids, we were born in to a family, not a fortune, no