

Paper Lungs

Flood Of Red

If only my lungs could let me breathe,
Say hello to oxygen before it has to leave me.

Just one more push to feel alive,
It's Monday night it's closing time,
See now I'm closing tight.

And it feels like I'm running out, it feels like I'm out.

Maybe I won't be sleeping tonight, sleeping tonight.
These paper lungs are so fragile and sore.
Maybe I won't be sleeping tonight, sleeping tonight.
These paper lungs are so fragile and sore.

Now it feels like I'm running out of air, I'm running out.
Now it feels like I'm running out of air, I'm running out.
I'm running out.

Maybe I won't be sleeping tonight, sleeping tonight.
These paper lungs are so fragile and sore.
Maybe I won't be sleeping tonight, sleeping tonight.
These paper lungs are so fragile and sore.

And it feels like I'm running out, it feels like I'm out.

My lungs are closing tighter harder now and it hurts,
My lungs are closing in.
My lungs are closing tighter harder now and it hurts,
My lungs are closing in.
(I can't even breathe.)