

# Out of Breath

Frank Turner

One, two, three, four  
Oh, somewhere down the road, there's a ditch where there's a hole  
Which marks the spot where you will lie when you are cold  
And you can run, you can hide, you can bitch and you can whine  
But you will never save your life

When you meet death  
Be out of breath  
And say you're pleased to see him 'cos you're tired

Now you can go down with the wreck or you can scurry from the deck  
But there's no way to save your skinny little neck  
And you can pray to who you please, and you can fall down on your knees  
But your feet will still get wet

When you meet death  
Be out of breath  
And say you're pleased to see him 'cos you're tired

Of wondering how much time you've got left  
Of worrying that you're no good at chess  
It's your funeral anyway  
Choose your game  
Then let's play

When you meet death  
Be out of breath  
And say you're pleased to see him  
In fact you're waiting for this meeting  
And quite frankly his timekeeping leaves a lot to be desired  
So tell that bastard that he's fired