

## Mighty

Manchester Orchestra

Feet slipping on the porch to my house  
Iced easy, you can track in the snow  
Duel gunning, it happened the last time  
Stop talking, watch your head on the car

Cat's cradles and hail to the Rat King  
Teeth sharpened on our broken bones  
Looked straight in the eyes of the hopeless  
You can't swing if you don't use your arms

It's not like I was lost for a purpose  
I lost purpose and purposefully froze  
So be good if you think it can save you  
Yeah, be good if you're comfortably numb  
And I will do my best to breathe with

I was happy, I thought I'd escaped you  
Pearl gates and a street made of gold  
My memory, it serves like a beat boy  
I'm too stubborn and scared to be home

I'm finding out that there's actually a purpose  
I'm caught cabbin' on the way to your home  
Your body's asleep in a wheelchair  
I'll start rolling you down toward the cars  
And I will do my best to plead with you

So let go of the sorrowful groaning  
Let go of the ones you admire  
It's not like I was devious or boastful  
My arms waving, I'm saying goodbye  
And I will do my best to breathe for you