

Breathe

The Cult

I don't wanna be myself
Yeah, baby, I just wanna run
You gotta breathe, you bastard, breathe
Whoa yeah, breathe, you bastard, breathe
Straight into the sun, oh

Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego
Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

I shot the sun
This tear of God
I shot the sun, baby

I don't wanna be myself
Well, baby, I just wanna run, oh
You gotta breathe, you bastard, breathe
Whoa yeah, breathe, you bastard, breathe
Straight into the sun

Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego
Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

I shot the sun, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
This tear of God, this tear of God
I shot the sun, baby, oh
This tear of God

A fact of life for all to see
That every heart's a part of me
A fact of life for all to see
That every heart's a part of me

Whoa, whoa yeah, yeah, whoa yeah

Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego
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Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero
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Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

And I shot the sun
And I shot the sun
And I shot the sun, baby
And I shot the sun, oh yeah

Breathe you bastard, breathe
Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego
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