

This Respirator

The Flatliners

These four wheels feel like home to me
Enough with living broke at home and bank robberies
These faces I see and these fumes I breathe...
It's proof enough this is where I want to be
These photographs tell a story of their own
Two fists, white knuckles on a microphone
These highway lines, these miles and miles
They breathe

It's just begun and our broken backs are so cold
These four wheels feel like home to me

These doors close and we're chasing the sky
This chaos brews and keeps us alive
Why trade the world when the world is mine?
Why give up now when all we've got is time?

Looking through this broken glass, these dreams invade the ceiling
They could fall so fast but now we're knee-deep in this shit
Oh make it last

A lifetime of wanting and waiting and deadly persuading
The volume's too quiet now
These tires' tread mark a special occasion
And my ears haven't stopped ringing out
As these notes are bellowed they'll rip you apart
So let these flat chords just break your heart
And who the fuck said we were giving up?
Cause it's just begun

It's just begun and our broken backs are so cold
These four wheels feel like home to me
And I feel like I never want to go home
We could stop the world and we could tear it apart
These four wheels feel like home to me
They breathe