

Heavens To Betsy

Vanna

Let's run like kids at play and hold our breath
Until our hearts stop beating, hearts stop beating.

Let my last breath be something I hold dear.
Let my last thought, last breath, be something I hold...

God damn!

Something I hold to myself
Kept locked away inside
I tried my best
But is it enough

I tried my best, is it enough
I tried my best

Hold your breath, is it enough?