

Breathe Slow

Allday

Yep

She cries like a lost toddler, said don't judge me, I said I'm not gonna
Said you don't have to call me your honour, she laughed, said I keep getting
in hot water

I said we'll have a bath, it's only right, you know who to call on a lonely
night

You know when you fall to show some fight, but I'm not the Doctor Phil or Oprah
type

I don't have much advice for you, I'm just for you I support you when you
And I hope one of these days I can call you

When you pick up, girl we hang out and I tell why I adore you when you smile
And take a whiff of all the flowers that I bought you

And you don't need to be a perfect angel or a saint for me

I know all about you, I heard all the stories they warned me

But if you say boy just wait for me, swear the writings on the wall like a cave
drawing

Go

Well I don't have an answer

For these questions maybe we will never know

But you, you, you, gotta breathe slow

Yeah

So she tells me her little stories, all the rich boys that she thinks are boring

And I don't really listen fully, I just stare at her in a biggy hoody

I tell her things and I know they don't get through

She looks for love, and a reason to live too

I wish I had those things to give you, but those things you've gotta find in
you

And she plays the cool chick living in the Tumblr

Smoking weed in a alleyway right next to the dumpster

The boys they wanna fuck her so they text her and they bug her

She likes the attention but she can't give them an answer

Cause' she's looking for an answer of her own, can you blame her?

Underneath the fake her these people aggravate her

But really I just wanna save her if she calls up bustin' down the door like
Kramer

Well I don't have an answer

For these questions maybe we will never know

But you, you, you, gotta breathe slow

Yeah

Yeah

She says girl things, I say boy things, she likes to make things, I destroy
things

She does drawing so I get the blue tack, she doesn't like em' there, I say too
bad

We hang out and I show her all my new raps, I see the real her, not the cute
act

She dropped the 'L' bomb, and said wow Tom you know I'm just joking around that
hat came out wrong

But I know she loves me I can see it, it's so obvious

We hang and talk for hours doesn't matter what the topic is

She is far from perfect but her demons make her what she is

And she never smiles unless I'm in her like a floppy disk

Uh Windows 95', party like its 99'
Every day she's getting older time is always flying by
Never know how to trust, but I would try
I always liked a bit of trouble in this life of mine

Go

Well I don't have an answer
For these questions maybe we will never know
But you, you, yeah you, you, yeah you, gotta breathe slow, just breathe slow
, just breathe slow

Well I don't have an answer
For these questions maybe we will never know
But you, yeah you, you, yeah you, you, gotta breathe slow, just breathe slow
Just breathe slow