

# The Currents

Bastille

Roll up another cigarette  
Using a minute that it takes  
To think about the power of your words  
We're living in the currents you create  
We're sinking in the pool of your mistakes  
So stub it out, your podium awaits

Oh my God, my God  
I can't quite believe my ears

I'm swimming to the surface  
I'm coming up for air  
Cause you're making me feel nervous  
I need to clear my head  
I can't believe my ears  
I don't wanna believe my ears  
I'm swimming to the surface  
I'm coming up for air

How can you think you're serious?  
Do you even know what year it is?  
I can't believe the scary points you make  
Still living in the currents you create  
Still sinking in the pool of your mistakes  
Oh, would you stop firing up the crazies?

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Oh, I need a breath  
I need a breath  
Fill my lungs  
Won't you fill my lungs?

Oh, I need a breath  
I need a breath  
Fill my lungs  
Let me fill my lungs

Oh, I need a breath  
I need a breath  
Fill my lungs  
Let me fill my lungs

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