Breathe

Born Ruffians

Breathe
Breathe

I was lying on the side of the road
Not so different from a pile of trash
Irritated as a heat rash
Plucking hairs out of my mustache
One by one
Thought my upper lip needed some sun
And I was looking for the secret code
Wandering around American roads
Oh, it was an inspiration payload
Pretty good grease for frying memories

Strike a bolt of lightning into me
Surfing on a sea of ecstasy
Wonder how this all could come to be

Breathe

Do it again, do it again
Take a deep breath and hold it, hold it in
Wait around all night to strike the match
But all the fumes have wandered home
So what should've been an inferno
Is a faint nostalgic glow
Pretty good grease for frying memories

Strike a bolt of lightning into me
Surfing on a sea of ecstasy
Wonder how this all could come to be

I had a dream love and light were winning
I woke up laughing, I woke up singing

And now these memories
Strike a bolt of lightning into me
Surfing on a sea of ecstasy
Wonder how this all could come to be

Breathe
Breathe

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