

# Taking Punches From The Breeze

Olive Klug

Restless conversation  
I don't wanna talk  
About what brought you to LA are you gonna stay are you getting  
what you want  
See I got a back catalogue of questions to assess the likes of  
you  
But the problem is I keep on asking questions I don't know the  
answer to

But I got some quarters in my pocket  
I got some bruises on my knees  
They can't remember how they got there  
They're just like me  
Oh I been takin punches from the breeze

I live in a daydream of future escape plans  
I been watching videos online of converted sprinter vans  
I told my friends in Brooklyn I might move out to New York  
If the world is my oyster I've been poking at it with a plastic  
fork

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Oh I been takin punches from the breeze  
Oh I been takin punches from the breeze

I got some quarters in my pocket  
I got some bruises on my knees  
They can't remember how they got there  
They're just like me  
Oh I've been taking punches from the breeze