

Lungs

Ryan Caraveo

Maybe I just need to feed my vices, yeah
Who am I? I haven't realized it yet
I need to ignite this light inside my flare
'Cause I do not enjoy holding on by a thread
Try again every morning, it's exhausting, ooh-oh-oh
Somewhere in there, I still have a heart of gold-old-old
Trouble, trouble, dripping, dripping down my cheeks
Had to count my blessings, then I found some peace

One, two, three
Going 'round and 'round again
You're set free by the time I count to ten
Seven, eight, nine
Ready, ready: here it comes
Breathin' out your worries, then just drown 'em out your lungs
I go-go get 'em, I go-go get 'em, I go-go get 'em
Just let 'em out your lungs
Go-go get 'em, go-go get 'em, I go-go get 'em
Just let 'em out your lungs

The air isn't toxic, so don't hold your breathe
See you doing it anyway
But no one's impressed
You hope someone contests your decision
Think you've been taking too much pride in the prison
That you built 'cause you feel like it's safer in here
'Cause you don't have to face anything that you fear
Yeah, I know what it's like to feel cold every night
But you just gotta breathe
Come along, follow me
Like this

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I race so fast that I can't sit
My mood change quicker than the second hand ticks
Pulse keep rising while I race against the clock
So terrified of failing, I don't think I'll ever stop
Killing roses just to build a staircase
By the time I climb it, wanna be a different place
They tell me increased, then they tell me upgrade
Build it bigger, build it better
Don't get upstaged
What's the point, though
When every day is preparation?
Always next in line, I'm forever stuck here waiting
This time I tell 'em all to hush, hush
Before my bones turn to dust

Together like this

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