

# Glorious

The Breeders

Da-da...

Ahhh...

Hold my breath for three more year  
Yeah, three years  
On my own on Saturdays

It's glorious  
We were tired from the tea  
Scrabbled and we slept  
Through the window came the rain

It's glorious  
Being tired from the tea  
Hold my breath for three more year  
Yeah, three years  
On my own on Saturdays

It's glorious [x3]