

## This Respirator

The Flatliners

These four wheels feel like home to me  
Enough with living broke at home and bank robberies  
These faces I see and these fumes I breathe...  
It's proof enough this is where I want to be  
These photographs tell a story of their own  
Two fists, white knuckles on a microphone  
These highway lines, these miles and miles  
They breathe

It's just begun and our broken backs are so cold  
These four wheels feel like home to me

These doors close and we're chasing the sky  
This chaos brews and keeps us alive  
Why trade the world when the world is mine?  
Why give up now when all we've got is time?

Looking through this broken glass, these dreams invade the ceiling  
They could fall so fast but now we're knee-deep in this shit  
Oh make it last

A lifetime of wanting and waiting and deadly persuading  
The volume's too quiet now  
These tires' tread mark a special occasion  
And my ears haven't stopped ringing out  
As these notes are bellowed they'll rip you apart  
So let these flat chords just break your heart  
And who the fuck said we were giving up?  
Cause it's just begun

It's just begun and our broken backs are so cold  
These four wheels feel like home to me  
And I feel like I never want to go home  
We could stop the world and we could tear it apart  
These four wheels feel like home to me  
They breathe