

Keep Breathing

Toadies

Most days are real
And it's hard not to feel something
Some days are static
And you can hear nothing and nothing at all

Once in a while
Staring at life, unblinking
I need a line
And I feel like I am sinking

Keep breathing
Keep breathing
Keep breathing

I miss the tourist
That I was before November
That was the purest
Confidence I remember

Keep breathing
Keep breathing
Keep breathing

Take me back
Back inside
Back to the bubble
I'll feel fine

Take me back
Where I can hide
Let me back inside

Keep breathing
Keep breathing
Keep breathing

Keep breathing
Keep breathing
Keep breathing