

## Hilltop Hoods "Breathe"

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Verse One "Pressure"  
In life, we struggle as individuals,  
A fine line between a cliché saying and  
something original,  
As if in death we left something residual,  
Behind to mark our time up in this pitiful,  
Existence and I'm a man of many issues,  
If I ever dissed you, no disrespect I never wished to,  
Hold a grudge the stress makes me act like this,  
The day I get it off my chest I won't write tracks like  
this,  
But I'll be bitter on them when all is done and is  
forgotten,  
Cos it's easier to sit and complain than fix the problem,  
But the power of speech empowers our beliefs,  
With sour defeats, man nothing is out of reach,  
Got plenty to answer for, all do is answered back,  
Done a thousand things I regret, apologize for none of  
that,  
So you get back what you put in no regrets,  
And keep on until they know your sweat, you only get.

Chorus  
One chance, so I live for the moment,  
I'm just one man what I wouldn't give for this moment,  
We got one world; still we take it in stride,  
In this one life we stand still waiting to die,  
One chance, so I live for the moment,  
I'm just one man what I wouldn't give for this moment,  
We got one world; still we take it in stride,  
In this one life we stand still waiting to die.

Verse 2 "Pressure"  
Now if life is what you make it it's time to build,  
Man I'm for real aint no telling what this life will yield,

I'm a career man, cos I career off any path,  
That would lead me to a start of financial gains I'm  
scarred,  
We learn from our mistakes, that makes me a scholar  
on,  
Being a walking talking fuck up and a better man for

being wrong,  
I'm humble and loyal, my friendships are honored,  
A mans success aint measured by the depths of his  
pocket,  
I give good advice but never follow it, what's left for  
me?  
I'm a hypocrite and if I weren't I'd be a success story,  
View this wide world through a narrow gaze, these  
harrowed days,  
Seen to many men end in a shallow grave,  
I guess it's better to have loved and to lost, than never  
stumbled across,  
The gift of knowing you what ever the fucking cost,  
To put it in perspective and under my vision,  
This world is superficial; I'm done with others opinions.

Chorus

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