

Butt Trumpet

"Breathe"

Visit "[Breathe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

There's a gun on the table and it's pointing at me
Come out Mr. Rebel take a walk and see
Out in the fields brothers crying from the crowd
Inside the walls the man is calling them down

Take the word of your savior, see him crouching at the
door
Beaten up and kicked around a hundred times before
So sick of listening to the voices in his head
Fingers feel the trigger but inside he's feeling dead

There's a reason why we're breathing
But we just can't seem to see
The things we do come back on you
All we need to do is breathe

There's a choice on the table but she can't see
Alone with no soul, with no family
Out in the streets people screaming from the crowd
Inside the walls the woman's calling them down

There's a reason why we're breathing
But we just can't seem to see
The things we do come back on you
All we need to do is breathe

There's a reason why we're breathing
But we just can't seem to see
The things we do come back on you
All we need to do is breathe

There's a reason why we're breathing
Just breathe
The things we do come back on you
Just breathe
There's a reason why we're breathing
Just breathe
The things we do come back on you
Just breathe

