

Lambchop

"Because You Are The Very Air He Breathes"

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Dust moves off his arms and chest
As the vent window opens in his Volkswagen
Hundreds of Impalas and station wagons
Idle at the train crossing

The puddles that surround him
Are always made from sweat
The open sore on his face reminds him
That his blood is simply temporary

The gas is blowing in the trees
One whiff has brought me to my knees
At first you practice, practice to yourself
You are the very air, you are the very air
You are the very air he breathes

His head throbs and fills
With a big machine bag
I must be the richest man
To ever stand in line at the bank

The gas is blowing in the trees
One whiff has brought me to my knees
At first you practice, practice to yourself
You are the very air, you are the very air
You are the very air he breathes

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