

Coretta Scott

"Strength In A Breath"

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Death be a liar
Say that the morning will come soon
And this dreary black cloud will soon be brushed away
You sound shaky on the phone
Where is he staying?
No, that's fine mom
I love you and I'll call you when I get there

With my own discretion this drive will be peaceful
Not a thought of the looming fact that rolls over and
over again
And I'll feed denial, 'till it eats my insides
With each exhale the hand grips tighter around my
neck

Breathe deep
This could be the last chance you get to say what you
mean

These buildings are blurry
And my vision is tunneled
These sterile white hallways tell stories of people that
will never be the same again
Please I need assistance
Where's room 107?
Down the hallway, past the stairwell, on your left

Breathe deep
This could be the last chance you get to say what you
mean

Please don't forget the good times that we spent
together
And don't regret a wasted chance to say "I'm sorry"
And after all where do you think I got this temper
There's only love

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