

Thieves And Villains "Atlantic Lungs"

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So we'll crawl across our options sneaking
Peeks at nights out
Drinking with our
Hopes up in the stars.
I've got \$3 bucks and so much more to start on

A novel of experience
Way up where we can feel again.
And I hope you make me real again
Cause Jesus Christ I need to breathe again.
Well, you're goddamn right
I've got a little more to prove tonight
To everything and everyone
Atlantic air's done something to my lungs

Well we're virgins with a heartbeat searching
For a lasting vein of inspiration from this town
Who'd of thought that white blood cells had drowned it
out

You're goddamn right
I've got a little more to prove tonight
To everything and everyone
Atlantic air's done something to my
Lungs have been collapsing
Under weight of change and traveling
God I'm hitting bottom now
These words are the only hope I have to be dragged
out
Here
Now

Someone please
Pull me out

Well I'm aware of what I've come from
When pen hits paper like electric
I'd illuminate the sky
And make you stare with open eyes

Well you're goddamn right
I've got a little more to prove tonight

To everything and everyone
Atlantic air's done something to my
Lungs have been collapsing under weight
Of change and traveling
God I'm hitting bottom now
These words are the only hope I have
To be dragged out

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