

Trip "Breath"

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Breathe

He thinks there's too many Christmases and not
enough Grinches
As he studies the back of the Alcha Seltzer pack while
watching his drink fizz
His cold fingers turn the radio down a bit 'cos he's sick
of Dusty Springfield
A drunken Santa Claus stumbles past
And then spits onto his windshield
He hates driving ambulances, the truth is he should've
been scuba-diver
Today he even took the
Batteries out his walkie-talkie to avoid his supervisor
But he's pretty good at his job and over the years has
saved a bunch of
people
Only last week he persuaded some crazy guy not to
jump off St. Pauls cathedral

I will breathe for you
I can resuscitate you
But who breathes for me? I think IÂ'm suffocating
I will breathe for you
I can resuscitate you
But who breathes for me?
Who breathes for me?
But ever since AngelaÂ's funeral his uniform got a few
more creases in it
And his ambulance is too warm after his shift so he
usually
Falls asleep in it
And when he does go back to his flat there's a freezer
packed full of TV dinners
And he may collapse with a tad
Of indigestion but least he never has to clean the
dishes
I will breathe for you
I can resuscitate you
but who breathes for me? I think IÂ'm suffocating
I will breathe for you
I can

Resuscitate you
But who breathes for me?
Who breathes for me?

Recently his uniform's got more creases in it
He's been sleeping in it
Recently his uniforms got more creases in it
He's been
Sleeping in it

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