

Black Market Farts

"Out Of Breath"

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[CHORUS]

Pitchers pitching
Sometimes miss
And then is when I score my kiss
Batters batting
May get hit
He's out of breath, by the catcher's mitt

Gasp, sigh
Sometimes I wish
Sometimes I cry
Sometimes I say his name a billion times
Sometimes I try to run and hide
Is only God on my side?

Smile, frown
Looking down
Averting eyes
Then staring back, try as i might
To keep his beautiful face in sight
Does only God aid my fight?

[CHORUS]

Gather strength
To do the plain
Then with courage
I cheer his name
Looks up at bat, and with a smile
Returns my favor by a mile

Turns back to the pitcher
And gets ready to hit

Yells, pain
Terror, strain
No fans from the stands to aid
CPR, I know, I can try
There's no one to do it but I
Entire team counting on me
To kiss this boy and let him breath

[CHORUS]

Later date,
Hospital wait
He's alright, he's OK
My kiss saved him, and the day
I now have fans of my own
Never again will I be alone

Calls me in...is it.....?
Yes, a private visit....
"Come closer" he whispers
Our 2nd kiss occurred
But this time he was awake in this world

[CHORUS]

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