

Proxima "Out Of Breath"

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I ain't feeling
Any meaning
And it's real
You know I fly much higher much higher
Have no fear
No R&B
Will twist my mean
You know I'm a pop singer pop singer

I'm dying
Getting out of breath
I'm frightening
I'm crying

I'm not here
I disappear
Drink too much beer
And swear I don't have a gum bubble gum
I'm a creepy
Lonely baby
Singing Mother Hubbard's tune forever and over

I'm running
Each day closer to death
I'm joking
To escape

Don't wake up the birdy child he's gently dreaming
Don't make up your mind can't you feel time is
faking

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