

# The Cult "Breathe"

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I don't wanna be myself  
Yeah, baby I just wanna run  
You gotta breathe you bastard, breathe  
Whoa yea, breathe you bastard, breathe  
Straight into the sun, ohh

Fifty five thousand flowers for the hero  
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego  
Fifty five thousand flowers for the hero  
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

I shot the sun  
This tear of God  
I shot the sun, baby

I don't wanna be myself  
Well, baby I just wanna run, ohh  
You gotta breathe you bastard, breathe  
Whoa yea, breathe, you bastard, breathe  
Straight into the sun

Fifty five thousand flowers for the hero  
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego  
Fifty five thousand flowers for the hero  
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

I shot the sun, ohh, yea yea yea yea  
This tear of God, this tear of God  
I shot the sun baby, ohh  
This tear of God

A fact of life for all to see  
That every heart's a part of me  
A fact of life for all to see  
That every heart's a part of me

Whoa whoa yea yea whoa yea

Fifty five thousand flowers for the hero  
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego  
Fifty five thousand flowers for the hero  
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

Fifty five thousand flowers for the hero  
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego  
Fifty five thousand flowers for the hero  
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

And I shot the sun  
And I shot the sun  
And I shot the sun, baby  
And I shot the sun, ohh yea

Ohh yea, I shot the sun, whoa  
Breathe you bastard, breathe  
Fifty five thousand flowers for the hero  
Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

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