

The Cult "Breathe (you Bastard)"

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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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