## Ryan Bingham "Beg For Broken Legs"

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Nothing's in the air I'm breathing
Got me underneath the floor
On the ground there's something whispering
Nothing's locking all the doors
Well I ain't gonna stand in line
Beg for bread and mop the floor
I ain't gonna bite my tongue
Beg for broken legs no more

Something's growing like suspicions
Nothing's shouting everywhere
Something hears and now it listens
Nothing's now becoming scared
Well I ain't gonna stand in line
Beg for bread and mop the floor
I ain't gonna bite my tongue
Beg for broken legs no more

Nothing's sorry when it's sitting
All the children á¹—osing tears
... delay and not attention
Something grows, but nothing kills
Well I ain't gonna stand in line
Beg for bread and mop the floor
I ain't gonna bite my tongue
Beg for broken legs no more
I ain't gonna stand in line
Beg for bread and mop the floor
I ain't gonna bite my tongue
Beg for broken legs no more
Beg for broken legs no more

Well I ain't gonna stand in line
Beg for bread above the floor
Well I ain't gonna stand in line
Beg for bread and mop the floor
I ain't gonna bite my tongue
Beg for broken legs no more

Nothing's in the air I'm breathing Got me underneath the floor On the ground the something whispering Nothing is now locking doors
Well I ain't gonna stand in line
Beg for bread and mop the floor
I ain't gonna bite my tongue
Beg for broken legs no more
I ain't gonna stand in line
Beg for bread and mop the floor
I ain't gonna bite my tongue
Beg for broken legs no more

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