

Silversun Pickups "Out of Breath"

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Forgive me, Forgive me,
If I seem alarmed.
I had emotion in this moment,
But no harm's done.
You see, I've read through a million
Words that I have wrote,
And built up mountains from shrapnel.
I've made my mind up, my mind up.
Because the line drawn in the sand's wrong.

And, when all the pioneers are gone,
All that's left are unresolved,
Out-of-step opinions.
Then you, say the word and I will come,
With overbearing clouds of war.
Out of breath but not alone.

Forgive me, forgive me,
If I'm straightforward.
I'm here to poison this process,
That is getting old.
I always wind up, with botched up,
Overcritical, the motive, motives.
I've made my mind up, my mind up.
And I could care less who's turned up.

And, when all the pioneers are gone,
All that's left are unresolved,
Out-of-step opinions.
Then you, say the word and I will come,
With overbearing clouds of war.
Out of breath but not alone.

Could care less who's turned up.

They always say how great,
It is to leave us for it.
You will never know when,
We have been stretched too thin.

And, when all the pioneers are gone,
And all that's left are unresolved,

Out-of-step opinions.
It's life or death once more for you.
Say the word and I will come,
With overbearing clouds of war.
Out of breath but not alone.

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