

## The Air I Breathe

### "It Doesn't Mean A Thing"

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Well I never knew my mother  
But I can't say that that's so bad.  
She was still a girl of seventeen  
The night she met my dad.  
He was just six months out of chino  
Trying his hardest to stay clean.  
When they'd sing, and they'd sing, and they'd sing  
Like doves sleepin with broken wings  
With a bed fit for a king  
"It didn't mean a thing"

It was a shotgun forest wedding  
They forgot to bring the guns.  
They were too busy counting promises  
To children not yet born.  
No one could afford the ride  
They just hitched up the 101  
And they'd sing, and they'd sing, and they'd sing  
Like doves dancin with broken wings  
With a view fit for a king  
"I should have been sleeping in the sun"

And there was a loneliness, they would confess

Like the world had just gone bad I guess.  
And they'd hold hands looking into the eyes of god.  
And they'd say tell me why you hide from us  
Why you filled us with such wickedness  
Why you spared us from your grace  
But not the rod.

Now my dad said fuck the details  
You just keep your head down, hide  
You gotta find yourself alone before you find the eyes  
of God  
You may be broken scared and mattered  
Tear at the flesh of your my hearts strings  
You were born to be a peasant not a king  
So just stop acting like you were running from  
something  
Ya gonna leave the way ya came without a thing

With your heart tied to your mind tied to a string  
And they'd just sing, and they'd sing, and they'd sing  
"It doesn't mean a thing"

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