

The Devoted Few "Just Breathing"

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hey I'm walking home from this
a tidal wave down flood st girl I miss
and I'm smoking your last cigarette
from the pack I had last weekend

i don't want this to ever change, this young for ever
burning phase

hey I'll meet you every other day
this high tide sea will wash away
just you, me, strap, just, andy
oh andy, andy won't you call me when your done

and even if this fails dismally watch the sky come
crashing down
running fast midnight through bronte park, hoping
never to be found
tripping over down near tamma rocks, tonight I'll race
the clouds
burning feet takes me to ocean beach, my home I'll
never find
dr. sax is whispering in my ear, these are tales of my
youth
and now all my friends are crazy, I am next in line for
sure
i am next in line for sure

i used to spend my weeks just breathing

i am next in line for sure

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