

# Gwilym Charles, She Loved Breathing

Maybe he took her at the top of a hill

She'd look like she loved breathing.

Maybe he took her on his bedroom floor,

on the walls or her ceiling.

I tried to make her go but instead she told me

and now I try to forget I know but i want her to hold

me up. I'm like the wind,

I'm like the sky and I want her to hold

me but I'd like to die,

I should stay still and give her a warm day.

When I don't talk to you

I dont know what I want or even if I want anything at all

and when I'm with you, I don't miss anything and I'm sure

that you'd hold me, although I don't know what I want

or even if i want anything at all but you told me

&quot;it doesn't matter what you want, so long as you want me&quot;

and yeah, I do for sure.

Do you remember the station and the arch ast year?

I remember your tears and your heart

they're so clear.

I still think about everything and I think about everyone

but the only thing that i think i know is that i dont know what I want.

Hold me up. I'm like the wind,

I'm like the sky and I want her to hold

me but I'd like to die,

I should stay still and make sure that

you'd hold me though i dont know what I want or even if i want anything at all

but you told me, it doesnt matter what i want so long as i want you and now i want you more.