

Suede, Waterloo

in the undertow
of a muddy river's ebb and flow
is a hand that will not let go
the current is strong
the river is deep

in the afterglow
of the fire that tore through the room below
someone calls through the smoke
" all you can do is try to breathe
to breathe
to breathe
to breathe"

when the road is steep
and the ground gives way beneath your feet
it's the last place you want to be
the air here is thin
you must try to breathe
to breathe
to breathe
to breathe

in the undertow
of a muddy river's ebb and flow
is a hand that will not let you go
that belongs to someone like me
who's holding your head and helping you breathe
to breathe
to breathe
to breathe

you need to be free
you need to be free