

# Butterfingers, Breathe

There's a gun on the table and it's pointing at me  
Come out Mr. Rebel take a walk and see  
Out in the fields brothers crying from the crowd  
Inside the walls the man is calling them down

Take the word of your savior, see him crouching at the door  
Beaten up and kicked around a hundred times before  
So sick of listening to the voices in his head  
Fingers feel the trigger but inside he's feeling dead

There's a reason why we're breathing  
But we just can't seem to see  
The things we do come back on you  
All we need to do is breathe

There's a choice on the table but she can't see  
Alone with no soul, with no family  
Out in the streets people screaming from the crowd  
Inside the walls the woman's calling them down

There's a reason why we're breathing  
But we just can't seem to see  
The things we do come back on you  
All we need to do is breathe

There's a reason why we're breathing  
But we just can't seem to see  
The things we do come back on you  
All we need to do is breathe

There's a reason why we're breathing  
Just breathe  
The things we do come back on you  
Just breathe  
There's a reason why we're breathing  
Just breathe  
The things we do come back on you  
Just breathe