

Pinback, How We Breathe

It's how we breathe underwater.
Kick it right out of frame.
Does it matter?

Here where we drive into the same old park.
Here we'll be so insistent.
Off the mark.

(Guarded in my head for you
I can't get rid of these secrets.)

Wanna lay on your ground.
Wanna breathe in your atmosphere.

Here where we tremble at the same old thought.
Here when our legs give out and we get caught.
Here when the stations turn to short you out.
Here when the places turn till you pass out.

Straighten your back.
I wanna know that there's something there.
Overneath.
I wanna leave your head.