The Cult, Breathe

I don't wanna be myself Yeah, baby, I just wanna run You gotta breathe, you bastard, breathe Whoa yeah, breathe, you bastard, breathe Straight into the sun, oh

Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

I shot the sun This tear of God I shot the sun, baby

I don't wanna be myself Well, baby, I just wanna run, oh You gotta breathe, you bastard, breathe Whoa yeah, breathe, you bastard, breathe Straight into the sun

Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

I shot the sun, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah This tear of God, this tear of God I shot the sun, baby, oh This tear of God

A fact of life for all to see That every heart's a part of me A fact of life for all to see That every heart's a part of me

Whoa, whoa yeah, yeah, whoa yeah

Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego

And I shot the sun And I shot the sun And I shot the sun, baby And I shot the sun, oh yeah

Breathe you bastard, breathe Fifty-five thousand flowers for the hero Scattered at his feet to satisfy his ego