

# 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