

The Cult, Breathe (You Bastard)

I don't want to be myself,

Yeah baby,

I just want to run,

You gotta' breathe you bastard, breathe

Oh yeah,

You gotta' breathe you bastard, breathe

Straight into the sun.

Ow!

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,

His tear a gun,

I shot the sun,

His tear a gun baby!

I don't want to be myself,

Yeah baby,

I just want to run,

You gotta' breathe you bastard, breathe

Oh yeah,

You gotta' 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,

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,

His tear a gun,

I shot the sun baby,

His tear a gun.

A fact of life for all to see,

That every part's

a part of me.

A fact of life for all to see,

That every part's

a part of me.

Yeah, yeah, yeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaahhhhh!

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.