

Just Breathing

The Devoted Few

hey I'm walking home from this
a tidal wave down flood st girl I miss
and I'm smoking your last cigarette

from the pack I had last weekendi don't want this to ever change, this young for ever burning phasehey I'll meet
you every other day

this high tide sea will wash away
just you, me, strap, just, andy

oh andy, andy won't you call me when your doneand even if this fails dismally watch the sky come crashing
down

running fast midnight through bronte park, hoping never to be found
tripping over down near tamma rocks, tonight I'll race the clouds
burning feet takes me to ocean beach, my home I'll never find

dr. sax is whispering in my ear, these are tales of my youth
and now all my friends are crazy, I am next in line for sure

i am next in line for surei used to spend my weeks just breathingi am next in line for sure

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