

I'm Breathing, Are You Breathing Too?

Envy On the Coast

There is no Odyssey.
There's no Penelope,
just maids and suitors.
Take this gun from me.
Let all the angels see,
this intoxicated, barely breathing
debauchery.

No, there is no Odyssey.
There's no Penelope,
just maids and suitors.
Take this gun from me.
Let all the angels see,
this intoxicated, barely breathing
debauchery.

And they all came marching in
with the mass artillery,
and they won't consider thee.
You're nothing but a
cocktail hour with an open bar
and the dance floor is
begging for your feet.
And the maids all ruminant.
Your intentions dissipate.
12 rounds for 12 shots at the bar...
you just had to take.

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