

# Trouble Breathing

## Drowningman

I've got talking sickness. Laredo number nine. I pull the pages over the line. Can you hear me? There's something wrong with me, I can't talk, I can't speak, I can hardly even say these words at all. Yeah I know there's something wrong with me, and I haven't got a thing that i can spin around my head. Ties the tongue with silver string and holds almost everything. Painted on like clouds and sky. I built a pair of human eyes. Ties the tongue with silver string hold on almost everything and it's only half of what you always wanted. Everybody's got it all and it's going around.

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