

Breathe Life (Radio Edit)

Jack Garratt

I wouldn't compliment myself for what I've become

Tell her I owe it to her

Tell her I owe it to her

I wouldn't praise myself for every good thing I've done

Tell her I owe it to her

Tell her I owe it to herTell her I owe it to every heartbeat

Tell her I owe it to every exhale

Tell her I owe it to, owe it to her

Hands upon my chestOh, won't you breathe life into these dead lungs I keep under my coat oh oh oh
And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old oh oh ohI don't want to give up and I know
when to breathe

Believe me, I owe it to her

Tell her I owe it to herTell her I owe it to every heartbeat

Tell her I owe it to every inhale

Tell her I owe it to, owe it to her

Hands upon my chestOh, won't you breathe life into these dead lungs I keep under my coat oh oh oh

And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old oh oh oh

Oh, won't you breathe life into these dead lungs I keep under my coat oh oh oh

And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old oh oh ohTake my silence as a warning

I will not deter your mourningTake my silence as a warning

I will not deter your mourningOh, won't you breathe life into these dead lungs I keep under my coat oh oh oh

And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old oh oh oh

Oh, won't you breathe life into these dead lungs I keep under my coat oh oh oh

And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old oh oh oh

(Won't you breathe life into these dead lungs I keep under my coat oh oh oh)

(And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old oh oh oh)

Songwriters

Jack Garratt, Joseph Ernst DosikPublished by

Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>