

Out of Breath

Frank Turner

One, two, three, four Oh, somewhere down the road, there's a ditch where there's a hole
Which marks the spot where you will lie when you are cold
And you can run, you can hide, you can bitch and you can whine
But you will never save your life When you meet death
Be out of breath
And say you're pleased to see him 'cause you're tired Now you can go down with the wreck or you can scurry
from the deck
But there's no way to save your skinny little neck
And you can pray to who you please, and you can fall down on your knees
But your feet will still get wet When you meet death
Be out of breath
And say you're pleased to see him 'cause you're tired Of wondering how much time you've got left
Of worrying that you're no good at chess
It's your funeral anyway
Choose your game
Then let's play When you meet death
Be out of breath
And say you're pleased to see him
In fact you're waiting for this meeting
And quite frankly his timekeeping leaves a lot to be desired
So tell that [?] bastard that he's fired

Songwriters

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