

# Beg for Broken Legs

[Ryan Bingham](#)

Nothing's in the air I'm breathing  
Got me underneath the floor  
On the ground there's something whispering  
Nothing's locking all the doors  
Well I ain't gonna stand in line  
Beg for bread and mop the floor  
I ain't gonna bite my tongue  
Beg for broken legs no more  
Something's growing like suspicions  
Nothing's shouting everywhere  
Something hears and now it listens  
Nothing's now becoming scared  
Well I ain't gonna stand in line  
Beg for bread and mop the floor  
I ain't gonna bite my tongue  
Beg for broken legs no more  
Nothing's sorry when it's sitting  
All the children a<sup>l</sup>—osing tears  
Delay and not attention  
Something grows, but nothing kills  
Well I ain't gonna stand in line  
Beg for bread and mop the floor  
I ain't gonna bite my tongue  
Beg for broken legs no more  
I ain't gonna stand in line  
Beg for bread and mop the floor  
I ain't gonna bite my tongue  
Beg for broken legs no more  
Well I ain't gonna stand in line  
Beg for bread above the floor  
Well I ain't gonna stand in line  
Beg for bread and mop the floor  
I ain't gonna bite my tongue  
Beg for broken legs no more  
Nothing's in the air I'm breathing  
Got me underneath the floor  
On the ground the something whispering  
Nothing is now locking doors  
Well I ain't gonna stand in line  
Beg for bread and mop the floor  
I ain't gonna bite my tongue  
Beg for broken legs no more  
I ain't gonna stand in line

Beg for bread and mop the floor  
I ain't gonna bite my tongue  
Beg for broken legs no more

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