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 moreSomething'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 moreNothing's sorry when it's sitting
All the children á¹—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 moreWell 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 moreNothing'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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