

# Breathe Life

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 her Tell 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 chest 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 I 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 her Tell 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 chest 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

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 Take my silence as a warning

I will not deter your mourning Take my silence as a warning

I will not deter your mourning 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

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)

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