

East West, Breathe

Breath on me.

Just another punk coming straight out of O.C.,
Yeah you don't know me but I sure ain't no croney,
Bringin' a style that's fresh and new,
Giving all the praise to the one that's true.
If you got ears to hear, you better open them,
Bringing the faith, and the love, and the hope to them.
All. All around the world as we cry,
Oh won't you breath on me.

[chorus]

Breath on me.

Justified and we're free, you know we hit straight,
Ain't no reason to lie, it's all about a clean slate,
But still we see times that are hard,
Sticking to lines that are faded and scarred.
So we press on never truning around, no need to
Look back when there's nothing but ground.
As we wait for you to bring us alive.
Oh won't you breathe on us
Breathe on me.