

# Jack Garratt, Breathe Life

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

Won't you breathe life into these dead lungs I keep under my coat  
And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old

I know when ... 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

Won't you breathe life into these dead lungs I keep under my coat  
And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old  
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And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old

Take my silence as a warning  
I will not deter your mourning  
/2x

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