

David Gilmour, Breathe

Breathe, breathe in the air.
Don't be afraid to care.
Leave, don't leave me.
Look around and choose your own ground.

Long you live and high you fly
smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry
all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be.

Run, rabbit run.
Dig that hole, forget the sun,
And when at last the work is done
Don't sit down it's time to dig another one.

For long you live and high you fly
But only if you ride the tide
And balanced on the biggest wave
You race towards an early grave.