

# Breathe

Scott Weiland

You can take away all the Mondays  
Erase away the black Hell of one  
I think I'll breathe again  
I think I'll live again  
Because I found true love  
Now I've said what I wanted  
Could've lost and never had  
Now I'm free from my bondage  
Without you, I would be nothing  
In the sun when I was without you  
And I hoped at no light  
You woke me up, showed me the light  
Why haven't I heard you've fallen sick  
I am afraid I'll never see you again  
Waiting the morning when I see you well  
I'll breathe you in, hold you here

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