

Flame (Chicken Lips Version)

Bell X1

When your hand brushed against mine
I thought I'd collapse
I'm no rolling stone
I gather too much moss
Maybe it's 'cos I'm getting
A little bit older
But oh how your neck
Flows to your shoulder
It draws me, it draws me to your flame I wanna be near you
And blink in your light
And toast marshmallows
On a cold dark night
By your flame Your flesh it melts in my mouth
Like Holy Communion
But you don't really care for
Jesus now do you?
A photograph of this love
Hangs on my wall
I would dare to speak its name
If I knew what it was called
I would dare to speak its name
If I knew what it was called Rattle the one who's shadow
You're standing in
Under the branches after
It's been raining
On your flame
I wanna be near you
And blink in your light
And toast marshmallows
On a cold dark night
By your flame

Songwriters

PHILLIPS, DONALD / Published by

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