

Up in Flames

She Wants Revenge

You don't have to dance with me, you don't have to dance at all.
You can just lie there looking good, or you can play by yourself. We should be careful because the canyons
scream
as the valley sleeps at night.
Then the fear takes hold, as the Santa Ana winds blow cold.
Cause if the city's goin' up in flames then we oughta go down, down,
down together. You don't have to sleep with me, we don't have to touch at all.
We can talk till the sun comes up or listen to the raindrops fall. But be careful because the canyons scream and
the alleys bleed at night.
Then the freeways fold and the Santa Ana winds blow cold.

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