

Moth to the Flame

Chairlift

I can't help it I'm a moth to the flame
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I can't help it I'm a moth to the flame
I can't help it I'm a, a
He's that kinda man, mama

I should know better than to take your love letters to heart
When the game's already lost before it starts
Hope hides inside a cliché
Like a nod of understanding
From the power who first felt this way
How can I turn away?

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But every little pull at the end of the golden rope
Fills my foolish heart with foolish hope
That maybe you might feel the same
As if feeling the same was the name of the game
The name of the game
I shouldn't be playing

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Close enough, close enough
Close enough to you, I can't get
Close enough, close enough
Close enough to you, I can't get
Close enough, close enough
Close enough to you, I can't get
I shouldn't be playing
Close enough, close enough

Close enough to you, I can't get

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