

Furnaces

Ed Harcourt

No matter how much coal you shovel in the mouth of your child,
These furnaces still want more. These furnaces still want more.

They come in fleets and in droves, with puritanical votes.

These furnaces still want more. These furnaces still want more. In to the abyss, with the rope's tied 'round your
wrists.

You're the last illusionist, but you don't know it.

And this is junkyard love, on the scrapheap of lust.

Keep the furnace burning, lest we turn in to rust. Hungry little bird's in the nest, except they're fracking for the
shale gas.

These furnaces never know when to quit. These furnaces never keep the oil slick.

So you'll spark up another cigar, rev the engine on your bullet proof car.

These furnaces still want more. These furnaces still want more. In to the abyss, with the ropes tied 'round your
wrists.

You're the last illusionist, but you don't know it.

And this is junkyard love, on the scrapheap of lust.

Keep the furnace burning, lest we turn in to rust.

And this is junkyard love, on the scrapheap of lust.

Keep the furnace burning, lest we turn in to rust. Keep it burning baby. Keep it burning baby. Keep it burning
baby.

Keep it burning baby. Keep it burning baby. Keep it burning baby. And this is junkyard love, on the scrapheap of
lust.

Keep the furnace burning, lest we turn in to rust.

And this is junkyard love, on the scrapheap of lust.

Keep the furnace burning, lest we turn in to rust.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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