Fireflies in a Steel Mill

The Elected

She ran hard
And her feet felt nothin'
A giant river twistin' to the top of the hill
And fell down hard
And man, it hurt
And bruised her body
On the rocks and the dirtSee to her this just feels weird, and very very very sad
But she won't cry
She won't laugh
She'll come home baby, if you take it all back
If you take it all backAnd it was hard
When he told her
Those ideas that never get finished
Well, that's what we are
We're like the places
You just never see
You'd read about them, you know you'd love 'em
That's how you fell in love with me
And to him that just seems weird
and very, very, very sad
But don't cry
Don't laugh
Would you come home baby, if I take it all back?
'Cause I can take it all backAnd I've heard that we can be fulfilled,
Like fireflies in a steel mill
We got fresh, pressed, linens on the floor
But the landlord's at the door,
Saying, your check's signed in a disappearing ink
Your gold has broken all my teeth,
And this past Christmas, the air was too dry,
We set fire to the wreath
But we were warm and dry beneath
This is the last time you'll do this to me

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

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