

# Set The Fire To The Third Bar

## Snow Patrol

I find the map and draw a straight line  
Over rivers, farms, and state lines  
The distance from here to where you'd be  
It's only finger-lengths that I see I touch the place  
Where I'd find your face  
My fingers in creases  
Of distant dark places I hang my coat up in the first bar  
There is no peace that I've found so far  
The laughter penetrates my silence  
As drunken men find flaws in science Their words, mostly noises  
Ghosts with just voices  
Your words in my memory  
Are like music to me I'm miles from where you are  
I lay down on the cold ground  
And I, I pray that something picks me up  
And sets me down in your warm arms After I have traveled so far  
We'd set the fire to the third bar  
We'd share each other like an island  
Until exhausted, close our eyelids And dreaming, pick up from  
The last place we left off  
Your soft skin is weeping  
A joy you can't keep in I'm miles from where you are  
I lay down on the cold ground  
And I, I pray that something picks me up  
And sets me down in your warm arms I'm miles from where you are  
I lay down on the cold ground  
And I, I pray that something picks me up  
And sets me down in your warm arms

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