

Moth To The Flame

Chairlift

I can't help it I'm a moth to the flame I can't help it I'm a, a

(He's that kind of man, mama)

I should know better than to

Take your love letters to heart

When the game's already lost

Before it starts

But hope hides inside the cliché Like a nod of understanding

From the power who first felt this way How can I turn away? I can't help it I'm a moth to the flame I can't help it

I'm a, a

(He's that kind of man, mama)

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

I can't help it I'm a moth to the flame I can't help it I'm a, a

(He's that kind of man, mama)

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

I can't help it I'm a moth to the flame I can't help it I'm a, a

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Close enough to you I can't get

(He's that kind of man, mama)

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

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