

Living in an Abandoned Firehouse With You

The Magnetic Fields

You're in your own little world, an expensive birdcage
Like a plastic baby in a Faberge egg
I saw you today at the Cafe Blase
And thought of the nights when we had fire fights
Nameless seaside ghost town, that's where I go when I see the
moon
Living in an abandoned firehouse with you
You're in your own little head in a field of sunflowers
And there's blood in your mouth and there's rats all over town
Take me out to the beach and I'll tell you my
secret name
Take me under the sea and we'll derail the trains
Let's run away into the caves
I still love you, I still love you baby
You're in your own little box with ribbons in your hair
and there's dust in your mouth and worms in the air
Hideous city of unknown words that's where I live when I go to sleep
In an abandoned firehouse with you

Songwriters

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