

Fuel to Fire (live)

[Agnes Obel](#)

Do you want me on your mind or do you want me to go on
I might be yours as sure as I can say
Be gone be faraway Roses on parade, they follow you around
Upon your shore as sure as I can say
Be gone be faraway Like fuel to fire Into the town we go, into your hideaway
Where the towers grow, gone to be faraway
Sing quietly along Pious words to cry into the under
Upon your shore as sure as I can say
Be gone be faraway Oh what a day to choose
Torn by the hours
All that I say to you
Is like fuel to fire Into the town we go, into your hideaway
Where the towers grow, gone to be faraway
Never do we know, never do they give away
Where the towers grow, only you will hear them say
Sing quietly along
Sing quietly along

Songwriters

AGNES OBEL Published by

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