

# The Fire (Remastered)

## Television

Storms all that summer we lived in the wind, out in some room in the wind  
Your hands they were folded you knew no demands  
My tongue, it clattered like tin, my eyes repeat they take my seat  
Your eyes they say you resigned from the heat  
We leaned in the cold, holding our breath, watching the corners turn corners  
Coins on the table, the cards in the air, the face at the window kept smiling  
Storms all that winter we stayed locked awayWaiting, watching falling  
End of the street, horizon retreats  
You ran with it I wish I could  
Sleep is not sleep my eyes repeat  
You take the voltage that watches you weep  
You caught the voice I listen close  
All I heard was the echoes  
Praise emptiness  
Her rose-colored dress  
Her circling motions  
Praise emptiness  
Everything scattered, nothing was missed  
We took our house in the fire

Songwriters

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