

The Flame (Beatmasters Full Fat Mix)

Fine Young Cannibals

I'll never be far from home
Talkin' on the telephone
You told me it's over, you made up your mind,
I'm part of the life that you're leaving behind I'm left holding the torch
And the heat from the flame,
Only ease me a pain Don't you know how much it hurts,
You took all I had and you threw it away I'm left holding the flame, yes I am
Holding the flame once again
I'm left holding the flame, yes I am
Holding the flame once again No matter what you say, it hurts
You didn't had to make it worse
It wouldn't be better as you told me yourself,
Instead that you left to somebody else Maybe I could understand
You'd been staying with another man
Day isn't long and nights can be lonely
I wasn't there and you needed to hold me I'm left holding the torch
And the heat from the flame,
Only ease me a pain Don't you know how much it hurts,
You took all I had and you threw it away I'm left holding the flame, yes I am
Holding the flame once again
I'm left holding the flame, yes I am
Holding the flame once again I'll never be far from home
Talkin' on the telephone
You told me it's over, you made up your mind.
I'm part of the life that you're leaving behind. I'm left holding the torch
And the heat from the flame,
Only ease me a pain Don't you know how much it hurts,
You took all I had and you threw it away I'm left holding the flame, yes I am
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Holding the flame once again
I'm left holding the flame, yes I am

Songwriters

STEELE, DAVID/GIFT, ROLAND Published by

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