

# Burned Out In a Jar

## Polar Bear Club

At midnight my house is ablaze  
I feel the heat on my hands and face  
In the background of the pictures, my fingers in the fixture  
It's time to stop running and race

Damn it all, I am just sad  
Everything's staying as fucked up  
Because all that I used to have  
Burned out in jar like a lightning bug  
"Home" is a tight-wire show  
Lucky for me my feet don't grow

I live with hyenas who take me back eons  
When we used to stay up and see the sun, say hello

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I miss the times in streets where we never got tired  
Laying down in the grass by the empty camp fire  
Like spies on the roof as we'd watch stars expire  
But the image is a million years old

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oh,oh,oh,oh,oh  
Yeaahhaa

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Lyrics submitted by Gladys.

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