

You're Burning Me

Blues Traveler

I'm looking for some kind of sign
My dream is made of gold
I tread upon with muddy feet
The fever leaves me cold I'm stretched across a thousand miles
And there's nothing I can do
Useless machines without your word
And the ropes are burning through Oh, fire is flame
You're burning me
Oh, passion is pain
You're burning me The flickering illuminates
But I only see your face
Paradise to he who waits
But it doesn't know it's place I stand beyond the bane of time
I'm strong against the sand
Trapped inside the hourglass
Turning over in your hands Oh, fire is flame
You're burning me
Oh, passion is pain
You're burning me I'm at your mercy, at your feet
It isn't good enough
Though I am burned, I don't retain the heat
Without the sunshine of your love You maketh me of fire and flame
No engine is on route
There's no evil in the joy you bring
But there's torture all about Oh, fire is flame
You're burning me
Oh, passion is pain
You're burning me, oh

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