

Your Head Is On Fire

Broken Bells

Look behind, your head is on fire
Whirling masses, rolling ashes
Keep on yawning, career dawning
Life is tasteless, folding paces To turn away from the night
Allowing the light a low
He's surely fooling yourself
Leaving life on the shelf You'll never know
How low an angry heart can go
How long a sitting hands return meant Look behind, your head is on fire
Whirling masses, rolling ashes
Keep on yawning, career dawning
Life is tasteless, folding paces

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