

Make It Last

Stroke 9

the fire flickers out, making movies on her skin
and in the embers she remembers all the places that she's been
four letter words fly from her mouth
she thinks she's breaking ground
time takes it's toll, she feels his soul
in everything around and I say the way that you feel now
it's cool as long as I know
the way it's gonna be make it last for an hour
we'll never feel this way again
make it all that you want
and everything that I need the booze reaches her blood
she forgets his name
the wood has turned to coal
but our desire feeds the flame
will we surrender to the night?
or will our conscience win the fight?
she won't regress, but can't confess
that everything's alright and I say

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