

Set The Fire To The Third Bar – Snow Patrol

I find the map and draw a straight line
Over rivers, farms and state lines
The distance from A to where you'd B
It's only finger lengths that I see
I touch the place
Where I'd find your face
My fingers in creases
Of distant dark places
I hang my coat up in the first bar
There is no peace that I've found so far
The laughter penetrates my silence
As drunken men find flaws in science
Their words mostly noises
Ghosts with just voices
Your words in my memory
Are like music to me
And miles from where you are
I lay down on the cold ground and I
I pray that something picks me up
And sets me down in your warm arms
After I have traveled so far
We'd set the fire to the third bar
We'd share each other like an island
Until exhausted close our eyelids
And dreaming pick up from
The last place we left off
Your soft skin is weeping
A joy you can't keep in
And miles from where you are
I lay down on the cold ground and I
I pray that something picks me up
And sets me down in your warm arms
And miles from where you are
I lay down on the cold ground and I
I pray that something picks me up
And sets me down in your warm arms



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych