

Burned

Ball in the House

What in the world has come over me?
The sounds of the lakefront move me no more
I only feel the searing pain upon my face
Where pale innocence played before, and
If I'd only known I would have tried to circumvent it
Or at least made my way to the shade
I blame Garcia Vega and the songs that we sang
For the pathetic mess of me that you made

When you burned me, you stole away my smile
When you burned me, I used to like your style
But you burned me, and now I have to go slow
And you burned me, but I'll see you again tomorrow

Next time we meet please stay behind a cloud
And gaze down upon me though the mist
I need you there to comfort me and guide my way
But not for my skin to be kissed
They told me you'd be hiding on vacation for the weekend
And I thought that I might have to cry
But having you above me was the only thing I needed
That starts me on the itch now that I'm dry

You're the talk of the town whether you show or you don't
I wish I believed that you will but you won't
Come out now to dry away my tears
I haven't been burned this badly in years
(Why do I stay, when you burn?)

When you burned me, burned me
When you burned me, and now I've got to go slow
And you burned me, but I'll see you again tomorrow