

# Fuel to Fire

Agnes Obel

Do you want me on your mind?  
Or do you want me to go home?  
It might be yours  
Is as sure as I can say  
But can't be far away

Ooooooh  
Ooooooh

Roses on parade  
They follow you around  
Upon your shore  
Is as sure as I can say  
But can't be far away

Ooooooh  
Ooooooh

Like fuel to fire

To the town we'll go  
And to your hideaway  
Where the towers grow  
Gone to be far away  
Sit quietly  
Alone.

Eyes want to cry  
And do  
They undo?  
Upon your shore  
Then as sure as I can say  
But can't be far away

Oh, what a day  
To choose  
Torn by our world  
All that is safe  
To you  
Is like fuel to the fire

To the town we'll go  
And to your hideaway  
Where the towers grow  
Gone to be far away  
Never do we know  
Never do they give away  
Where the towers grow  
Only you will lead us there

Sit quietly  
Alone  
Sit quietly  
Alone.