

# You're Burning Me

Blues Traveler

I'm looking for some kind of sign  
My dream is made of gold  
I tread upon with muddy feet  
My fever leaves me cold  
I'm stretched across a thousand miles  
And there's nothing I can do  
Useless machines without your word  
And the ropes are burning through

Fire is flame  
You're burning me  
Passion is pain  
You're burning me

The flickering illuminates  
But I only see your face  
Paradise to he who waits  
But it doesn't know it's place  
I stand beyond the bain of time  
I'm strong against the sand  
Trapped inside the hourglass  
Turning over in your hands

Fire is flame  
You're burning me  
Passion is pain  
You're burning me

I'm at your mercy, at your feet  
It isn't good enough  
Though I am burned, I don't retain the heat  
Without the sunshine of your love  
You maketh me of fire and flame  
No engine is en route  
There's no evil in the joy you bring  
But there's torture all about

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