

Fire Makes The House Grow

Braid

choked up and stupid
I juggled jokes
And tripped on your toes
Thought you laughed
At a longshot
Lined in rows of roses

Ten seconds
And a glance
Are yours
In the glass
I pour slow

Hey honey hold me
(I'm a baby
Slow and steady
I'm an immobile mobile)

I've found a new way
To manipulate fire
Fire
It makes the house grow

Hey honey hold me
(I'm a baby)