

Smoke Without Fire

Bright Eyes

Come on in, my weary friend the welcome here is endless
These fears of yours like painted whores they will not stay the
night
If all your life, you've done what's right, don't say you felt
obliged

Come along use your timid tongue, too shy to tell your story
This pain in you so far removed from anything you've known
So I won't condone another moan, not when everything is fine

So in a drought learn to dance
And pray the dead will return
And dream of smoke without fire
Just come see me again when it burns

Somewhere here along the way, well I was lead astray
By a wolf in no ones clothing it was a brilliant disguise
And I forgot that life existed I thought it was just some kind
of game
That's what brings me to your doorstep
Though I don't know why I came today

Standing still in the dust, given up on the rain
And as for smoke without fire, I've already laid in the flame

I've already laid in the flame, brother be afraid of flames
Brother be afraid of flames, oh, please brother be afraid of flames

(Well, I ain't afraid of flames, I ain't afraid of flames)
Brother be afraid of flames
(I ain't afraid, I ain't afraid)
Brother be afraid of flames