## Moth to the Flame

Chairlift

I can't help it I'm a moth to the flame I can't help it I'm a moth to the flame I can't help it I'm a moth to the flame I can't help it I'm a, a He's that kinda man, mama

I should know better than to take your love letters to heart When the game's already lost before it starts Hope hides inside a cliche Like a nod of understanding From the power who first felt this way How can I turn away?

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But every little pull at the end of the golden rope Fills my foolish heart with foolish hope That maybe you might feel the same As if feeling the same was the name of the game The name of the game I shouldn't be playing

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Close enough, close enough Close enough to you, I can't get Close enough, close enough Close enough to you, I can't get Close enough, close enough Close enough to you, I can't get I shouldn't be playing Close enough, close enough Close enough to you, I can't get

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