

Some Like It Hot

Coney Hatch

You got some strange fascination
Your mind is held by some disease
You can't decide your destination
Something tells me you're a tease

Our future flickered like a candle
The hours burn away our dreams
It's more than you could ever handle
That night was brighter than it seemed

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You made me melt in Arizona
Our bodies boiled into the day
Like some hypnotic desert coma
Through the smoke I heard you say

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What's left is only what's remembered
Our fire burning in the night
Lost times are only dying embers
That hope to see the morning light

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