

Something Hot In A Cold Country

Echobelly

You should have been a rambler,
A counterfeit gambler,
Would you steal the sunflowers for me,
I see you've been fighting,
With Molotov writing,
They tried to drag you under, I see.

Did they try to tell you you're strange,
Did they try to push you away,
Hold on.

Feed the fire, fan the flame,
Till the world remembers your name,
Till you found of the sight what you see.

Feed the fire, fan the flame,
Till the world remembers your name,
Something hot in a cold country.

Hold on to your spirits,
You're a pain, not a poet,
You're special and they know it,
They can see,
They throw a net that pins you to the ground,
Don't let their blindness bring you down,
Be stubborn and enjoy it like me.

Did they try to tell you you're strange,
Did they try to push you away,
Hold on.

Feed the fire, fan the flame,
Till the world remembers your name,
Till you found the fire that you see.

Feed the fire, fan the flame,
Till the world remembers your name,
Something hot in a cold country.

I won't see you falling,
Hold on hold on.

Feed the fire, fan the flame,
Till the world remembers your name,
Till you find out the sight that you see.

Feed the fire, fan the flame,
Till the world remembers your name,
Something hot in a cold country.

I won't see you falling,
Hold on.