

# Fed To The Fire

## Farewell

I think you know we're running out of time  
You've started dressing up  
The mood is ruined by the cheapest wine  
That's spilling on your skirt

She's dressed to kill  
I hope this was within her will  
Her body's still

Moved north from New York  
But the city life is tugging at her soul  
Served whisky to the drunks that haunt the night  
Her life is getting old

She's dressed to kill  
I hope this was within her will  
Her body's still

She wanted more than he could fake  
But I was standing beside her

Trading the life she loved for something less  
The guilt is setting in  
Paying the bills by taking off her dress  
The pressure's worn her thin  
Pop in the pills to nullify the stress  
It's showing through her skin

She's dressed to kill  
I hope this was within her will  
Her body's still

She wanted more than he could fake  
But I was standing beside her  
(Standing beside her)  
She bit off more than she could take  
And now she's fed to the fire

Soft as the petal  
Tough as the thorn

She wanted more than he could fake  
But I was standing beside her  
(Standing beside her)  
She bit off more than she could take  
And now she's fed to the fire  
(Fed to the fire)  
Fed to the fire  
(Fed to the fire)

She wanted more than he could fake  
But I was standing beside her  
(Standing beside her)  
She bit off more than she could take  
And now she's fed to the fire  
(Fed to the fire)

(She wanted more)  
Fed to the fire  
(She wanted more)  
Fed to the fire