

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