

## Fire

Greyson Chance

No it don't, come easy.  
No it don't come fast.

Lock me up inside your garden.  
Take me to the riverside.  
Fire, burning me up,  
Desire, taking me so much higher  
And leaving me whole

There you were, in your black dress  
Moving slow, to the sadness.  
I could watch you dance for hours.  
I could take you by my side.  
Fire, burning me up,  
Desire, taking me so much higher  
And leaving me

Ooh the fire, is burning me up.  
Ooh the fire.

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No it don't come fast.

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And leaving me whole.

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