

Burn

Jeremy Enigk

I build my house somewhere on memories of you
a hollow field (I've made)
and wondering where I've gone

In lines made perfect
one chance to run away
Angel wings, marmelade
So I'm (covering) 'till my death

Lord although I burn I am so cold
'lo you've sent me off
alone in the wind you have let me go

Call of ever nation
Call of every heart
a part of my own sense of what is right
a part of my own sense of where it went wrong

In lines made perfect
One chance to run away
Angel Wings, marmelade
so I'm (covering) 'till my death

Everytime I am safe
(Gotta find) the fire
Every tear, every choice, every breath
You have let it go
Cause when misty skies won't last
only what is left is what you show

The call of every nation
The call of every heart
Part of my own sense of what is right
A part of my own sense of where it went wrong
Part of my own sense of what is right
A part of my own sense of where it went wrong