

## Fever Moon

Kevin Devine

You're hot fog  
I can feel you and you're not far off  
I can taste you and you're what I want  
But I can't know you even when you're in my arms.

You're burnt sky  
A fever moon that makes the sun jealous at night  
Your lava lips pour forth and branding iron eyes  
Fix them unto me and bring me back to life.

You're quick sand  
I work and fight but just sink deeper in the end  
And every morning say I won't get stuck again  
But by nightfall baby here I always am.

I tie myself in knots  
You come and shake me loose  
I'm bound up in you  
We push til you're through  
Lit up with proof.

I bite your belly soft  
You make maps on my back  
You blockade the door  
I sink to your floor  
Get ready for war.

You're hot fog  
The bad decision that I lie here waiting on  
Staring down your next mistake can take so long  
When I hear your foot steps babe, I don't care that it's wrong  
No, I don't care that it's wrong  
No, I don't care that it's wrong.