

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.