

## Brush the Heat

Little Dragon

In the stare, So in between  
I'm feelin bold, I'm in a dream  
I am a mess, I am no god  
It's just the flesh that bend of the stars

When the words get in the way  
The ones that hurt, the ones that she said  
So I give in to live the beat  
I'm givin in to the rhythm of my feet

Brush the heat  
Brush  
Brush the heat  
Brush  
Brush the heat  
Brush  
Brush the heat  
Brush

Traffic slows, the lights are haze  
And all the smog, I'm in a daze  
So I move down away from here  
And if you smile then maybe I could feel

And all the words get in the way  
The ones that hurt, the ones that she said  
So I give in to let the beat  
And I give in to the rhythm of my feet

Brush the heat  
Brush  
Brush the heat  
Brush  
Brush the heat  
Brush  
Brush the heat  
Brush