

# The Last Fire

Matraca Berg

Where'd you get the number  
Where'd you get the matches  
In a motel room  
Were they lying in a drawer with your old  
boyscott badges  
I think I know the truth

'Cause the last fire always lights the next one  
You burn through lovers like a chain-  
smokin', sweet talkin', son of a gun  
Anything it takes to keep your loneliness on the run  
'till the next one comes  
And the last fire is ashes in the mornings sun

It's a little bit sad  
A little bit tragic  
The way oyu run around  
And if love was a drug you'd be an addict  
You're so afraid to come down

Oneday you're gonna say goodbye  
And someone's gonna take it too well  
Maybe even look you in the eye  
Like it's a cold day in hell  
And you;re the last fire