

To Catch A Flame

Oceans Ate Alaska

There's light at the end of this tunnel.
Where I hope you'll be waiting.
It's growing ever brighter,
I'll never stop chasing you down!
I can taste the smoke in the air, but you always slip
right through my fingers.
Learning to look but never to touch.
I guess it's just bad luck.

Catching flames, is such a dangerous game to play.
All your left with is burnt fingers; black cinders in
the
palm of your hands.

You'll always be the place I call home.
Warming the coldest of rooms, I know I'm not alone.
The thought of you keeps me warm!
In the coldest of weather.

You always leave me in the dark.
If I can feel the spark, then why can't you?
Tempting men to fuel the fire.
Boiling their blood, like you knew you would.
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