

I said I'd walk you home after our third round
of pouring whiskey down the barrel of our guts
and I grabbed hold of your hand.
We're up and we're out and we're yelling through the streets
and I'm out of my fucking mind
and I know you're next to me but I must confess what's in my head.
Keep pumping now, legs to beat the ground, and our hearts to be
at the band.
The sky's on fire again.
Run down this alleyway.
Lightning bolts again and we become fireflies just flashing at
the air.
Rattle garbage cans.
Prepare to be ravaged by our lust burning mad, the fire that we
've become.
And I know you're under me but I must confess what's in my head
:
To me you are the light from a light bulb that breaks sometimes
and the tender warmth inside is released into my life
and it smothers me in flames that lick and scorch my face.
As the smoke reaches the sky know I'm burning tonight.
Know I'm burning tonight.
Know I'm burning tonight.
Know I'm burning tonight.
Know I'll burn for you tonight.