

# Flame

The Clarks

The ceiling's low the walls are thin  
The little stars upon your skin  
I cannot sleep I'm wound too tight  
The morning comes and I feel alright

Take me down home on holiday  
Lead me to your secret hiding place  
Let your hair fall down onto my face

Don't turn away from the flame  
Don't hide your face from the rain  
Lead me down show me the way  
Don't turn away from the flame

I know you told me not to run  
It's no big deal I'm just having fun  
Why don't you come down to the show  
I know we can't help who we know

Take me down home on holiday  
Lean into your secret hideaway  
Let your hair fall down onto my face

Don't turn away from the flame  
Don't hide your face from the rain  
Lead me down show me the way  
Don't turn away from the flame

Who am I to judge  
Talk down or bear a grudge  
And who am I to lie  
Don't say goodbye

Our bodies close and I feel your hand  
No secret vow no silent plan  
The air is low the walls are thin  
I know we can't help where we've been

Take me down home on holiday  
Lean into your secret hideaway  
Let your hair fall down onto my face

Don't turn away from the flame  
Don't hide your face from the rain  
Lead me down show me the way  
Don't turn away from the flame