

Little faith, follow me  
I set a fire in a blackberry field  
Make us laugh, or nothing will  
I set a fire just to see what it kills

Now I'm stuck in New York  
And the rain's coming down  
I don't feel like we'll go anywhere  
Stuck in New York  
And the rain's coming down  
Still in line for the vanity fair

Leave our red Southern souls  
Head for the coast  
Leave our red Southern souls  
Everything goes

All our lonely kicks are getting harder to find  
We'll play nuns versus priests until somebody cries  
All our lonely kicks that make us saintly and thin  
We'll play nuns versus priests until somebody wins

Awesome prince, get your sleep  
Lose your heart in history  
Make us laugh or nothing will  
I set a fire just to see what it kills

Don't be bitter, Anna  
I know how you think  
You're waiting for Radio City to sink  
You'll find commiseration in everyone's eyes  
The storm will suck the pretty girls into the sky

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