

Into the Fire

The Vines

There is nothin' on my mind
And I want no reason why
Nothin' matters anyway
Comin' up and feelin' great

Still I am born into the fire
To carry on with all the liars
Still I am born into a jail
Under your thumb over the rail

Pick it up and start again
Shake the worry from my head
No one bothers anymore
I have never been so sure

Still I am born into the fire
To carry on with all the liars
Still I am born into a jail
Under your thumb over the rail

Still I am born into the fire
To be alone with no messiah
Still I am born into a jail
She is the cross you are the nail