

Agnes Obel, Fuel To Fire

Do you want me on your mind or do you want me to go on
I might be yours as sure as I can say
Be gone be faraway

Roses on parade, they follow you around
Upon your shore as sure as I can say
Be gone be faraway

Like fuel to fire

Into the town we go, into your hideaway
Where the towers grow, gone to be faraway
Sing quietly along

Pious words to cry into the under
Upon your shore as sure as I can say
Be gone be faraway

Oh what a day to choose
Torn by the hours
All that I say to you
Is like fuel to fire

Into the town we go, into your hideaway
Where the towers grow, gone to be faraway
Never do we know, never do they give away
Where the towers grow, only you will hear them say
Sing quietly along
Sing quietly along