## 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