

Anne Heaton, Fire Sign

Fire sign you held my wings
In between your fingers, you said
These are the most beautiful things
Maybe it was a prayer
Whispered by a sage
But I wanted to be your it girl
I wanted to be your sexy thing (and)
I forgot who I am
This happened
While I was chasing your love
While I was chasing your love
While I was chasing your love down
Baby its not your fault
We bring the love were made of
We lived in a mansion with so many doors
I wanted to be standing behind the one you were headed for
And I forgot who I am.
Maybe it seemed like me
But I couldnt tell the difference between us
You taught me to get close
And I was
Dreaming your dreams
I was speaking your words
I was screaming your screams (and)
I forgot who I am..