

# 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..