

Bird York, Up In Flames

Everybody's got that thing
that kinda makes them insane
Everyone has gone half crazy
might as well hang with you
you're out of your mind but your hands are smooth
And everybody's lost the point
quite a long time ago
only thing left that can't be bought or sold
is what's burnin down below
and I'm burning
so let's stop thinking, baby
let's forget our names
let's go up in flames

I know there are thousand ways
that we don't agree
but all that seems to matter right now
is where you're touching me
and I feel it unleash me
and there's no reason, baby
to explain
when we're up in flames

feel me hold you like a dream
reeling, right up on the edge of it

so let's start prayin, baby
in our way
up in flames
'cause it's our freedom, baby
it's our escape
when we're up in flames