

Brooke Fraser, Love, Where Is Your Fire?

Love, where is your fire? I've been sitting here smoking away
Making signals with sticks and odd ends and bits, but still there's no sign of a flame
Imposters have been passing, offering a good-feeling glow
But I'm holding out for what you are about - an inferno that burns to the bone
Some urge me to be temperate, lukewarm will never do

'Cos I, I wanna blaze with you
So I'm holding my heart out to you
Holding my heart out

So I stand, handing out torches
Speaking words that are lamps to their feet
'Til the time when you come and I'm whole and we are one and the fire in me is complete
Some tell me to be moderate but lukewarm will never do

'Cos I, I wanna blaze with you
So I'm holding my heart out to you

Then a doubt comes to lie at the back of my mind
That I'll offer you me and you'll politely decline (no thank you)
So I hasten to mute it, I'll shout and rebuke it - "away!"

'Cos I, I wanna blaze with you
So I'm holding my heart out to you (x2)

Holding my heart out (x4)