

# Snow Patrol, Set The Fire To The Third Bar

I find the map and draw a straight line  
Over rivers, farms and state lines  
The distance from A to where you'd B  
It's only finger lengths that I see

I touch the place  
Where I'd find your face  
My fingers in creases  
Of distant dark places

I hang my coat up in the first bar  
There is no peace that I've found so far  
The laughter penetrates my silence  
As drunken men find flaws in science

Their words mostly noises  
Ghosts with just voices  
Your words in my memory  
Are like music to me

And miles from where you are  
I lay down on the cold ground and I  
I pray that something picks me up  
And sets me down in your warm arms

After I have traveled so far  
We'd set the fire to the third bar  
We'd share each other like an island  
Until exhausted close our eyelids

And dreaming pick up from  
The last place we left off  
Your soft skin is weeping  
A joy you can't keep in

And miles from where you are  
I lay down on the cold ground and I  
I pray that something picks me up  
And sets me down in your warm arms

And miles from where you are  
I lay down on the cold ground and I  
I pray that something picks me up  
And sets me down in your warm arms