

Thrice, Backdraft

Leave me here and lock the door;
latch the windows, lose the key.
But you'll be back some day.

What else then is TRUE LOVE for,
if not to starve and wait for spring?
So I'll just sit and wait.
So I'll just sit and wait.

Oh, swing the door wide open;
show me your jaded eyes.
I will turn them red,
drunk with vivid flame.
You will see again,
and you will learn your real name.

Oh, swing the door wide open;
show me your jaded eyes.
I will turn them red,
drunk with vivid flame.
You will see again,
and you will learn your real name and speak it,

Leave me with no air to breathe;
leave me here to die alone.
But I won't suffocate.

I'll have everything I need,
when you forget and come back home;
so I'll just sit and wait.
I'll just sit and wait.

Oh, swing the door wide open;
show me your jaded eyes.
I will turn them red,
drunk with vivid flame.
You will see again,
and you will learn your real name and speak it,
when your whole world turns to fire.

Oh, swing the door wide open;
show me your jaded eyes.
I will turn them red,
drunk with vivid flame.
You will see again,
and you will learn your real name.

Oh, swing the door wide open;
show me your jaded eyes.
I will turn them red,
drunk with vivid flame.
You will see again,
and you will learn your real name and speak it.