

# Agnes Obel, Fuel To Fire

Do you want me on your mind or do you want me to go on  
I might be yours as sure as I can say  
Be gone be faraway

Roses on parade, they follow you around  
Upon your shore as sure as I can say  
Be gone be faraway

Like fuel to fire

Into the town we go, into your hideaway  
Where the towers grow, gone to be faraway  
Sing quietly along

Pious words to cry into the under  
Upon your shore as sure as I can say  
Be gone be faraway

Oh what a day to choose  
Torn by the hours  
All that I say to you  
Is like fuel to fire

Into the town we go, into your hideaway  
Where the towers grow, gone to be faraway  
Never do we know, never do they give away  
Where the towers grow, only you will hear them say  
Sing quietly along  
Sing quietly along