

Aztec Camera, Still On Fire

Words and music by Roddy Frame

I'm in love with everything
That breaks the grip of caution
On our getting up and leaving
For a bigger day, still some say
That all you need is money
To be free from what is poor
Well that's the lie of looking up
From somewhere down.

Chorus:

Because the sun will show to testify
That all the time between belongs to you and I,
To be still on fire,
And when the strongest words have all been used
And all the new ones sound confused,
To be still on fire.

Somewhere in the middle
We could see through all the people
And be playing second fiddle
And be feeling sore,
Shown the door.

To chase out all the child in you
Is throwing out the baby for the
Chance to make it easy to be more.

Chorus