

Blue Rodeo, Flaming Bed

Last night I woke up in a flaming bed
a flaming bed
a flaming bed
I know that you can't be with me
until I start talking some kind of sense
but nothing makes sense to me now
can't find the thread no place to rest
and I don't know what normal means
still I grow tired of the same
your flame burns pure
that's what I fear
I see so much
you make me real
I see so much
from everywhere to nowhere
from nowhere to here
nowhere to here
nowhere to here
nowhere to here
to everywhere

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