

Blues Traveler, You're Burning Me

I'm looking for some kind of sign
My dream is made of gold
I tread upon with muddy feet
My fever leaves me cold
I'm stretched across a thousand miles
And there's nothing I can do
Useless machines without your word
And the ropes are burning through

Fire is flame
You're burning me
Passion is pain
You're burning me

The flickering illuminates
But I only see your face
Paradise to he who waits
But it doesn't know it's place
I stand beyond the bain of time
I'm strong against the sand
Trapped inside the hourglass
Turning over in your hands

Fire is flame
You're burning me
Passion is pain
You're burning me

I'm at your mercy, at your feet
It isn't good enough
Though I am burned, I don't retain the heat
Without the sunshine of your love
You maketh me of fire and flame
No engine is en route
There's no evil in the joy you bring
But there's torture all about

Fire is flame
You're burning me
Passion is pain
You're burning me