

# Braid, Fire Makes The House Grow

choked up and stupid  
I juggled jokes  
And tripped on your toes  
thought you laughed  
at a longshot  
lined in rows of roses

ten seconds  
and a glance  
are yours  
in the glass  
I pour slow

Hey honey hold me  
(I'm a baby  
slow and steady  
I'm an immobile mobile)

I've found a new way  
to manipulate fire  
fire  
it makes the house grow

Hey honey hold me  
(I'm a baby)