

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)