

Bright Eyes, Smoke Without Fire

Come on in, my weary friend the welcome here is endless.
These fears of yours like painted whores they will not stay the night.
If all your life, you've done what's right, don't say you felt obliged.
Come along use your timid tongue, too shy to tell your story.
This pain in you so far removed from anything you've known.
So I won't condone another moan, not when everything is fine.
So in a drought learn to dance.
And pray the dead will return.
And dream of smoke without fire.
Just come see me again when it burns.
Somewhere here along the way, well I was lead astray
by a wolf in no ones clothing it was a brilliant disguise.
And I forgot that life existed I thought it was just some kind of game.
That's what brings me to your doorstep, though I don't know why I came
today
standing still in the dust. given up on the rain.
And as for smoke without fire, I've already laid in the flame.
I've already laid in the flame.
Brother be afraid of flames
well I ain't afraid of flames.