

Hawksley Workman, You Got Me On Fire Women

You Got Me On Fire Woman

You've got me on fire, woman
And now I buuuuuuuurn

I smell you in my bed, woman
And outside the city smoulders
Outside it smoulders

You've got me on fire, woman
And now I burn, now I burn

I smell you in my bed, woman
And outside the city smoulders
Outside it smoulders

Fire!

(Kind of mumbled, barely audible)
City smoulders
City smoulders