

Hold Your Fire

Bad Suns

New York lights
Red wine nights
Spiral stairs
Climb three flights
Four hard knocks
Switched on lights
She says, "Please, I don't want to cry tonight"

Hold your fire, hold your fire, hold your fire
Hold your fire, hold your fire, hold your fire
No, I'm not at the end of my rope
On the contrary
I'm not at the end of my rope

Over-sized hazel eyes
Dyed her hair
Tattooed thighs
Hold that thought
Tell no lies
Tell me it's gonna be alright
She tries

Hold your fire, hold your fire, hold your fire
Hold your fire, hold your fire, hold your fire, yeah
No, I'm not at the end of my rope
On the contrary
I'm not at the end of my rope
Oh can't you see
I'm not at the end of my rope
On the contrary
I'm not at the end of my rope

Hold your fire, hold your fire, hold your fire
Hold your fire, hold your fire, hold your fire, yeah
No, I'm not at the end of my rope
On the contrary
I'm not at the end of my rope
Oh can't you see
I'm not at the end of my rope
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