

## To Catch A Flame

Oceans Ate Alaska

There's light at the end of this tunnel.  
Where I hope you'll be waiting.  
It's growing ever brighter,  
I'll never stop chasing you down!  
I can taste the smoke in the air, but you always slip  
right through my fingers.  
Learning to look but never to touch.  
I guess it's just bad luck.

Catching flames, is such a dangerous game to play.  
All your left with is burnt fingers; black cinders in  
the  
palm of your hands.

You'll always be the place I call home.  
Warming the coldest of rooms, I know I'm not alone.  
The thought of you keeps me warm!  
In the coldest of weather.

You always leave me in the dark.  
If I can feel the spark, then why can't you?  
Tempting men to fuel the fire.  
Boiling their blood, like you knew you would.  
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