

Starting Fires

Bears In Trees

I keep lighting fires and I keep punching walls
I keep holding my breath and I keep poking holes

Ohh (Ohh)

Ohh (Ohh)

I keep smashing glasses and I keep falling down
I lay in the pieces and I keep rolling around

Ohh (Ohh)

Ohh (Ohh)

I'll sleep on my sofa and you can sleep in my bed
I'll never feel whole but you're as close as I'll get

Ohh (Ohh)

Ohh (Ohh)

You can be the husband, I can be your wife
We can pretend we can cope with real life
White picket fences and stable jobs
Three little faces and a couple of dogs, yeah
You can be the husband, I can be your wife
We can pretend we'll get over our strife
Having conversations we've never had before
You'll be drinking whisky as I walk out the door

I walk to the seafront and jump in fully clothed (Ohh)
And I keep wandering aimless, oh shit, I don't even know (Ohh)
Woah (Ohh)
Woah (Ohh)

I keep starting fires and I keep poking holes
I keep holding my breath 'cause I am nothing at all