

## Feed The Fire

Dawes

I used to dream I was a poster in a bedroom  
Or the pictures that get cut out of the fancy magazines  
Some tortured genius went to leave the planet too soon  
Livin' on champagne in the back of limousines

Tryin' to feed the fire without really knowin' why  
Tryin' to feed the fire while hopin' that it dies

Tradin' where I'm at for some future destination  
Workin' for attention I'll eventually resent  
Tryin' to ignore some of the darker implications  
Of smilin' for the camera with my hands in wet cement

Tryin' to feed the fire without really knowin' why  
Tryin' to feed the fire while hopin' that it dies  
Tryin' to feed the fire without really knowin' why  
Tryin' to feed the fire while hopin' that it dies

There's someone in my reflection that's been hauntin' me my whole life  
There's a world outside my window I can barely even hear  
And I wonder to myself as I am straightenin' my bowtie  
How could I look so perfect on the screen and so awful in the mirror?

Tryin' to feed the fire without really knowin' why  
Tryin' to feed the fire while hopin' that it dies  
Tryin' to feed the fire without really knowin' why  
Tryin' to feed the fire while hopin' that it dies  
Hopin' that it dies  
Hopin' that it dies  
Hopin' that it dies