

# Hold Fire

dodie

Forgive me, I wrongly assumed  
That when I found you in the back of a room  
You'd wanna talk about it  
But no one wants to talk about it  
Did I fuck this, break the boundary again?  
Really the only one who thinks it's pretend  
I wanna talk about it  
But no one wants to talk about it

Lines in the sand, don't understand

What if we remove the masks  
Say these moments were our last  
Surely then to what you asked  
You would wanna hear it  
Feeling better after talk  
Can't help think we missed the mark  
Try again when it gets dark

Hold fire  
Hold  
Hold fire  
Hold

Not that you asked, I have this quirk  
I find it tricky as a Pick Me to just leave all my work  
And be appropriate  
Then you won't wanna talk about it  
And I don't know if that could ever be me  
And people chit chat, why that potentially might be  
That's inappropriate (Hey!)  
And I don't wanna talk about it

Lines in the sand, don't understand

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Hold fire (Can I convert you to an open kind of conversation?)  
Hold fire (No, I can't promise you we'll practice it in moderation)  
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