

Artificial Fire

Eleni Mandell

Found the treasure at last
We have to count backwards
You start at the end
'Til we find what we're after
There are two kinds of men
He can never be true
But am I just like him
Am I unfaithful too

I was drawing a map
But I couldn't have known
Take a right, take a left
You'll know when you get there
The puzzle will fit late one night in Montreal
Where there's clothes on the floor
And his artificial fire

Is there anybody counting
This mathematical equation
Could there be another answer
Could I change his mind
Or could he change mine

Why can't there be one
He tried to explain
In the dark I would laugh
And we would talk and get naked
Reading my map late one night in Montreal
I found the treasure at least
It was artificial fire

Is there anybody counting
This mathematical equation
Could there be another answer
Could he change my mind
Or could I change his mind

It was new, it was old
From the start it was both
And a year nearly passed
And one night in Montreal
I'm killer at heart
And I wanted to feel
So I laid out my trap
With my artificial fire