

## Slow Burn

Labelle

We live on the doorstep of pleasure  
We bury our martyrs in vain  
We must raise ourselves up much higher  
To renig is to live it again  
We don't know if you do aspire  
To the dawn of a new light each day  
We must raise ourselves up much higher  
Slow burning in fire ain't wise

Somebody's gonna get caught in the keyhole  
Somebody's gonna get locked up outside  
Somebody's gonna get caught in the peep-hole  
Somebody's gonna get left by surprise

We dance to the tune of the piper  
Who will teach the young children, I say  
We must raise ourselves up much higher  
It's a game of roulette if we stay  
Your mind's filled with doors left unopened  
With the promise of broadening our zone  
We must raise ourselves up much higher  
Slow burning in fire's too warm

Rise-pull the wool from your eyes  
Rise-slow burning in fire ain't wise  
So rise-pull the wool from your eyes  
So rise-slow burning in fire ain't wise

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