

The Last Fire

Matraca Berg

Where'd you get the number
Where'd you get the matches
In a motel room
Were they lying in a drawer with your old
boyscott badges
I think I know the truth

'Cause the last fire always lights the next one
You burn through lovers like a chain-
smokin', sweet talkin', son of a gun
Anything it takes to keep your loneliness on the run
'till the next one comes
And the last fire is ashes in the mornings sun

It's a little bit sad
A little bit tragic
The way oyu run around
And if love was a drug you'd be an addict
You're so afraid to come down

Oneday you're gonna say goodbye
And someone's gonna take it too well
Maybe even look you in the eye
Like it's a cold day in hell
And you;re the last fire