

Smoke

TENDER

Playing with fire
As the room fills up with smoke
It's my burning desire
To fix what isn't broke

Now tell me I'm wrong again
I was left to my own devices
Thought I found a friend
Smoke and mirrors made me lightning

It's all on me for you
It's all I ever wanted to do
And I wouldn't change a thing

Loving you is like holding smoke
The counters dry, become a joke
I can't stop wanting you
And all these things that you do
You're like an anchor on my soul
The fear of death running through my bones
It's so cool wind of you
I'm holding onto something new

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