

## **Feels Like July "We Found A Home"**

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Whispers like gunshots in the air  
She shivers in the wind  
The last leaf of a dying tree  
The hour approaching midnight  
We're taking flight  
Our hands against the cold

Breaking barriers  
Made in the olden days  
And the tips of our fingers  
Growing numb with the night  
The railing's too much to use  
So we won't use our hands  
With our balance thrown off  
We climb up the stairs  
Up to where we found a home  
In the woods off near the pond

It's so hard to know  
This is the last time  
You'll see me this year  
It's so hard to know  
You were my favorite this year

Baby, the fire...  
Baby, the fire...  
BABY THE FIRE!  
BABY THE FIRE!  
It will burn us both  
'Cause our fire, baby  
There's no place for it in the world  
Our fire, baby  
There's no place for it in the world

It'll always be ours...  
Always and never...

Whispers like gunshots in the air  
She shivers in the wind  
The last leaf of a dying tree  
Whispers like gunshots in the air  
She shivers in the wind

The last leaf of a dying tree  
She shivers in the wind

Baby, the fire...  
Baby, the fire...  
BABY THE FIRE!  
(It will always be ours)  
BABY THE FIRE!

It will burn us both  
'Cause our fire, baby  
There's no place for it in the world  
Our fire, baby  
There's no place for it in the world

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