

Grace Potter & The Nocturnals

"Born To Be Burned"

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Walk in the street, late, it was late at night,
I was trying to keep, I was trying to keep out of their
sight.
I used to run between you think was me you left me
standing,
And I was born to be burned.

Wait, wait for the man, to come along,
I would like to see how, I would like to see how he sells
his song,
Fads he purchased trading like the ones displayed in
the window ooow,
I was born to be burned.

You wait, you better wait for the man, to come along,
I would like to see how, I would like to see how he sells
his song,
Fads he purchased trading like the ones displayed in
the other window,
I was born to be burned, I was born to be burned.

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