

Jonathon Larson "The Candle"

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roger: What you forget?
mimi: gotta light?
roger: i know you, youre shivering
mimi: its nothin they turned of my heat an im just a
little weak on my feet...would you light my candle?
mimi: what are you starring at?
roger: nothing youre hair in the moonlight... you look
familiar...can you make it?
mimi: just havent eaten much today, at least the room
stop spinning anywhay
mimi: what??
roger: nothin youre smile reminded me
mimi: i always remind people of... who is she
roger: she died... her name was April
mimi: its out again... sorry about youre friend... would
you light my candle?
mimi: yeah... ouch
roger: all the wax its
mimi: driping i like it between my...
roger: fingers. i figured oh well good night

knock knock knock

roger: it blew out again?
mimi: no i think that i dropped my stash
roger: i know ive seen you out and about when i used to
go out
roger: youre candles out
mimi: im illin i had it when i walked in the door it was
pure, is it on the floor
roger: the floor?
mimi: they say that iÂ´ve got the best ass below
forteenth street is it true?
roger: what??
mimi: youÂ´re starring again
roger: no, i mean you do .. have a nice... i mean
roger: you look familiar...
mimi: like youre dead girlfriend...?
roger: only when you smile but im sure ive seen you
somewhere else
mimi: do you go to the cat scratch club? that where i
work, i dance, help me look

roger: YES!
roger: they used to tie you up...
mimi: its a living...
roger: i didnt recognize you without the handcuffs
mimi: we could light the candle...
mimi: oh won't you light my candle?
roger: why don't you forget that stuff? you look like
you're sixteen.
mimi: I'm nineteen. but I'm old for my age. I'm just born
to be bad
roger: i once was born to be bad
roger: I used to shiver like that
mimi: i have no heat. i told you!
roger: i used to sweat.
mimi: i got a cold!
roger: uh huh. i used to be a junkie.
mimi: now and then I like to
roger: uh huh
mimi: feel good.
roger: here it - um
mimi: what's that?
roger: its a candy bar wrapper.
mimi: we could light the candle.
mimi: oh what'd you do with my candle?
roger: that was my last match
mimi: our eyes will adjust
mimi: thank God for the moon
roger: maybe its not the moon at all
roger: I hear Spike Lee's shootin down the street
mimi: buhumbug... buhumbug
roger: cold hands
mimi: yours too... big like my fathers
mimi: wanna dance?
roger: with you???
mimi: no... with my father
roger: im roger
mimi: they call me they call me MIMI.....

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