

Marathon "Space Heater"

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My bike shivers in this cold, and you're stoking up
some old flames inside.
It steams my cheeks' windows, but you can't squeeze
the worry out through my numb hands.
I can't even feel that.
Get out the ice pick and take some good hacks.
Don't be so anxious that teaching this old mutt some
new tricks gets you a puppy all heartsick, no.
Here's a quick history lesson: I'm not in love, I've never
been.
I'm not even sure that can happen to me.
So we're a good match.
I'll keep rubbing your back if you will scratch mine.
Blood bubbles to my skin.
It's gonna fill these new cracks in.
Scarlet fingertracks remind me where your hands have
been.
And what makes the pain complete: torn flesh leaves
searing heat.
But bed-warming alone is not enough to defrost me.
There goes my chance.
There goes my chance.
There goes my best chance.
Every time this happens, I catch myself trying to resist
unlocking my head case, but this time the key began to
twist.
Turn it back now.
Pull your hands out.
Sweetness and touch cannot erase disappointment.
Let's get inside before it freezes to my face.

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