

Martha Wainwright

"Set The Fire To The Third Bar"

Visit "[Set The Fire To The Third Bar](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I find the map and draw a straight line

Over rivers, farms, and state lines

The distance from A to where you'd B

It's only finger lengths that I see

I touch the place

Where I'd find your face

My fingers increases

Of distant dark places

I hang my coat up in the first bar

There is no peace that I've found so far

The laughter penetrates my silence

As drunken men find flaws in science

Their words mostly noises

Ghosts with just voices

Your words in my memory

Are like music to me

And miles from where you are

I lay down on the cold ground and I

I pray that something picks me up

And sets me down in your warm arms

After I have travelled so far

We'd set the fire to the third bar
We'd share each other like an island
Until exhausted close our eyelids
And dreaming pick up from
The last place we left off
Your soft skin is weeping
A joy you can't keep in
And miles form where you are
I lay down on the cold ground and I
I pray that something picks me up
And sets me down in your warm arms
And miles form where you are
I lay down on the cold ground and I
I pray that something picks me up
And sets me down in your warm arms

Visit [Martha Wainwright](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.