

Curt Smith

"Cry Fire"

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I'm not made for this, I'm not in shape
My heart don't bend like that, it just breaks
When we bring your bags down to the track
To take you back
I'm no good at this, don't know what to do
Waiting on this platform, all these people waiting too
I don't say much, 'cause I don't want to say
Stay
Don't the sun cry fire in the sky every night
When it tries
To say goodbye
I curse the train and it's shiny steel
When the whistle blows I curse the wheels
And I curse my heart for the way it feels
Oh
Don't the sun cry fire in the sky every night
When it tries
To say goodbye
I take the stairs up while everybody comes down
They just got the word: next train, next town
And I'm pretty sure now you're gonna come around
Again
Don't the sun cry fire in the sky every night
When it tries
To say goodbye

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