

Sam & Chris "Fireflies"

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I'll take care of the sickness
Crawling on my skin I feel it I burn
And I don't know that the taste of pain means go
And everywhere that I'm left to sit I feel my eyes adjust
To your memory
In a summer night, and a thousand blinking eyes
And my greatest fear
I'm not here to catch your fire
Like my fireflies are stuck inside this jar of mine
And all this time I've been watching
All of my white butterflies loaded in a shotgun of love
The thunder is swaying me
And I'm so far from a summer night and a thousand
blinking eyes
And to my greatest fear
I'm not here to catch your fire
Like my fireflies are stuck inside this jar of mine
Now in our days they called me unsteady
As they shook my ground
But I have farther than they will come
And you are my greatest fear, but I'm not here
To catch your fire
Like my fireflies are stuck inside this jar of mine

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