

Nils Lofgren

"Puttin' Out Fires"

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Beautiful sound! Shut that funky old jukebox down
I want to hear you breath
When you sleep you don't talk, you don't leave
What's wrong with me?
You wash your hands in my tears
Walk my heart like a dark street
In a bad neighborhood

And I be strong, puttin' out fires
I belong, to your desires
Am I wrong? Puttin' out fires for you

One naked laugh, each time we touch like that
I almost dissappear
All the hurt, all the fears, they abandon me
Be still my love!
You breath trouble like air
You require such sorrow there
You are crushing my soul

And I be strong, puttin' out fires
I belong, to your desires
Am I wrong? Puttin' out fires for you

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