

Clarks, The

"Flame"

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The ceiling's low the walls are thin
The little stars upon your skin
I cannot sleep I'm wound too tight
The morning comes and I feel alright

Take me down home on holiday
Lead me to your secret hide away
Let your hair fall down onto my face
Don't turn away from the flame
Don't hide your face from the rain
Lead me down show me the way
Don't turn away from the flame

I know you told me not to run
It's no big deal I'm just having fun
Why don't you come down to the show
I know we can't help who we know
Take me down home on holiday
Lean into the secret hideaway
Let your hair fall down onto my face
Don't turn away from the flame
Don't hide your face from the rain
Lead me down show me the way
Don't turn away from the flame

Who am I to judge
Talk down or bear a grudge
And who am I to lie
Don't say goodbye

Our bodies close and I feel your hand
No secret vow no silent plan
The air is low the walls are thin
I know we can't help where we've been
Take me down home on holiday
Lean into the secret hideaway
Let your hair fall down onto my face
Don't turn away from the flame
Don't hide your face from the rain
Lead me down show me the way
Don't turn away from the flame

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