

OLD
FLAMES
BURN
SLOW



old flames burn slow

Obviously I'm still thinking about you
Facts cannot be denied
But I'm not giving myself a chance to re-examine
Still, it hurts

Our time hasn't come
Fat ladies haven't sung the chorus
Beside myself, or am I beside my emotions
Still, it hurts

Out of the blue I find myself drifting
For reasons I choose to ignore
Bedroom walls that keep their stare on me
Still, it hurts

Old and stale is what we haven't become to one another
Flames from the passion that leaves bruises
Burnt to a crisp yet I still entertain the fire
Slow wins the race, there's no letting go

