

# She Burns

Foy Vance

She is a little explosion of hope  
Never turns the lights down low  
She can go there if you wanna though  
There are no markings on her country roads  
No signs that show the way back home  
When you get there you won't wanna go  
I've frozen all my desire  
Covered up in virgin snow  
But when I stand beside her  
She burns yeah she burns  
Like petrol soaked paper and fireworks  
And I'm burning yeah I'm burning  
I'm burning so deep that just breathing hurts  
I'm melting darling, I can't let go  
She likes to lay under the covers though  
Pretending everywhere's our home  
Keeps me warm right to my very soul  
We get so tangled up its hard to know  
What is hers and what's my own  
Vines at the bottom of an olive grove  
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