Ashes

The Belle Brigade

You light
The fire
But you don't keep it alive
It cools down
You get tired
And the red to turns to white
And the ashes in the air
Can be collected and confined
To the shape
We used to make
But the weight is gone
All your life
Every love
You ever had has expired
It gets old
And you stop trying
Because when it's down to the wire
And the ashes in the air
Can be collected and confined
To the shape
We used to make
But the weight is gone
When the weight is gone, how are you going to get it back And the ashes in the air
Can be collected and confined
To the shape
We used to make
But the weight is gone
and the ashes in the air
can be collected and confined
to the shape
we used to make
but the weight is gone
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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