

Secret Fires

The Gun Club

Touch me through your screen door
I want to remember you
They that seek me are behind me
against the moon Recall how we used to ride
juiced underneath the power lines
in the inferno valley
when your daddy was still alive I worked with dirt in my eyes
old blood upon my wound
dreaming aloud
of seeing you soon I came home from day at the mill
I came home and cared for you
the year that we lived
in secret fire I took my razor blade
I layed old Rube in the shade
and I heard the radio moan I took my place in the hills
jagged with secret fires
I called you through the valley
down along the wires with dust upon the sands
came the first day of the year
I saw a house where no one lived, on the black land and under the red sky
you washed my hair and skin
against the firelight so, touch me through your screen door
I want to remember you
we struggled
the year we lived in secret fire

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