

Gone to See the Fire

Freedy Johnston

He hadn't been talking
Parked out of the way
Just say there smoking
Watching the flames You're going to tell me why
We're first to arrive
She thought she knew him well
Until they had gone to see the fire When the roof fell in
He lit up again
She thought she knew him well
Until they had gone to see the fire Friends with her brother
He started to call
Now it's been two months
Summer to fall A burn on his finger
Smoke in his clothes
Tapping his ashes
Like sending up code You're going to tell me why
We're first to arrive
She thought she knew him well
Until they had gone to see the fire When the roof fell in
He lit up again
She thought she knew him well
Until they had gone to see the fire

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