

The Fire Overhead

[Eleanor McEvoy](#)

Fires burn, turning into dust
What was precious, what was pretty paradise
And fires turn, burning to the ground
What was healthy, what was holy, what was life
But if you think its hot now
And if you hate that heat
You think its bad now, wait and see
You think its close now as you sleep within your bed
Check out the fire
Check out the fire
Check out the fire overhead
Children grow, playing with their toys
Acting out their fairy tales in play
And children play, growing with the noise
Of television teaching them the way
And while youre sometimes scared now
If you see the flames
You think the smokes from far away
You read the papers, saying the fire will not spread
Check out the fire
Check out the fire
Check out the fire overhead
Sweet the light, glowing neon blue
Of havens offering shelter from the storm
Sweet the sound, crackling in the grate
Of firelight so welcoming and warm
But if you think its safe now
If you feel at ease
Your safety hanging from a thread
Before youre happy, having locked your doors at night
Check out the fire
Check out the fire
Check out the fire overhead

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