Forest Fire

Josh Wilson

He's not bulletproof
Don't let him fool you
His laugh is a lie
He's dying inside
From the sticks and stones somebody threwOur tongues are like matches
Our ears are like trees
Our words are like sparks
On dry summer leavesIt doesn't take much
For the flames to rise
And turn a soul
Into a forest fire, ohShe's not half as strong, no
As she'd like to let on
She smiles but she knows
She can't take one more blow
From the hate that she's heard for so longOur tongues are like matches
Our ears are like trees
Our words are like sparks
On dry summer leavesIt doesn't take much
For the flames to rise
And turn a soul
Into a forest fire, oh
Into a forest fireBe careful what you say
Be careful what you say
Be carefulOur tongues are like matches
Our ears are like trees
Our words are like sparks
On dry summer leavesIt doesn't take much
For the flames to rise
And turn a soul, oh, and turn a soul
Into a forest fire, into a forest fireBe careful
Be careful what you say

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