

Forest Fire

Lloyd Cole and The Commotions

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 threw Our tongues are like matches
Our ears are like trees
Our words are like sparks
On dry summer leaves It doesn't take much
For the flames to rise
And turn a soul
Into a forest fire, oh She'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 long Our tongues are like matches
Our ears are like trees
Our words are like sparks
On dry summer leaves It doesn't take much
For the flames to rise
And turn a soul
Into a forest fire, oh
Into a forest fire Be careful what you say
Be careful what you say
Be careful Our tongues are like matches
Our ears are like trees
Our words are like sparks
On dry summer leaves It 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 fire Be careful
Be careful what you say

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