How Many Fires

Rita Hosking

Picture the backsliding mouths in the town. Lined up and tongue-tied, knock'em down.
How many souls have called your name? It rips through my heart like a gulf hurricane.

Takes just one spark and goes to your head. You spy your mark and knock'em dead
How many loved ones left in vain? It cuts through my heart like a cold hunter's blade.

Since we parted, how many fires have you started?

Have you no fear for judgement day? It might take years or might be today.
All acts of passion come at a price. It numbs down my heart to a cold block of ice.

Since we parted, how many fires have you started?

Out on the mountain whence we were torn, rain's been a pounding and the ground is soft and warm.
And through the mist you can holler my name. It rips through your heart like a gulf hurricane.

Since we parted, how many fires have you started?

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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