

# Untitled 1

## The Edmund Fitzgerald

A house on fire, a wall of stone  
A door that once was opened  
An empty face and empty bones  
Who ate your heart, you're cold inside  
You're not the one I hoped for  
I'll see you on the other side  
I'll see you on the other side  
The wind wouldn't blow me home  
To lie in your heart of hearts  
Will I ever see you again  
And lie in your heart of hearts  
Who ate your heart, you're cold inside  
You're not the one I hoped for  
I'll see you on the other side  
I'll see you on the other side  
The wind wouldn't blow me home  
To lie in your heart of hearts  
Will I ever see you again  
And lie in your heart of hearts

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