

Flame Trees

Cold Chisel

Flame Trees - by Cold Chisel.

Written by Steve Prestwich/Don Walker

From "Twentieth Century" Kids out driving Saturday afternoon just pass me by

I'm just savouring familiar sights

We shared some history, this town and I

And I can't stop that long forgotten feeling of her

Time to book a room and stay tonight.

Number one is to find some friends to say "You're doing wel..."

After all this time you boys look just the same."

Number two is the happy hour at one of two hotels,

And settle in to play "Do you remember so and so?".

Number three is never say her name.

And Oh the flame trees will blind the weary driver

And there's nothing else could set fire to this town

There's no change, there's no pace,

Everything within its place

Just makes it harder to believe that she won't be around.

But Oh! Who needs that sentimental bullshit, anyway?

You know it takes more than just a memory to make me cry

And I'm happy just to sit here, at a table with old friends

And see which one of us can tell the biggest lies.

And there's a girl, she's falling in love, near where the pianola stands..

With a young local factory auto-worker, just holding hands

And I'm wondering if he'll go or if he'll stay.

Do you remember, nothing stopped us on the field in our day

Oh the flame trees will blind the weary driver

and there's nothing else could set fire to this town.

There's no change, there's no pace,

Everything within its place

Just makes it harder to believe that she won't be around.

Oh the flame trees will blind the weary driver

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