

Eleanor McEvoy

"The Fire Overhead"

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Fire's burn, turning into dust
What was precious, what was pretty paradise
And fire's turn, burning to the ground
What was healthy, what was holy, what was life

But if you think it's hot now
And if you hate that heat
You think it's bad now, wait and see
You think it's close now as you sleep within your bed

Check out the fire
Check out the fire
Check out the fire overhead

Children grow, playing with their toys
Acting out their fairy tales in play
And children play, growing with the noise
Of television teaching them the way

And while you're sometimes scared now
If you see the flames
You think the smoke's from far away
You read the papers, saying the fire will not spread

Check out the fire
Check out the fire
Check out the fire overhead

Sweet the light, glowing neon blue
Of havens offering shelter from the storm
Sweet the sound, crackling in the grate
Of firelight so welcoming and warm

But if you think it's safe now
If you feel at ease
Your safety's hanging from a thread
Before you're happy, having locked your doors at night

Check out the fire
Check out the fire
Check out the fire overhead

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