

Jet Set Roger

"Fire At Midnight"

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I believe in fires at midnight ---
When the dogs have all been fed.
A golden toddy on the mantle ---
A broken gun beneath the bed.
Silken mist outside the window.
Frogs and newts slip in the dark ---
Too much hurry ruins the body.
I'll sit easy ... fan the spark
Kindled by the dying embers of another working day.
Go upstairs ... take off your makeup ---
Fold your clothes neatly away.
Me, I'll sit and write this love song
As I all too seldom do ---
Build a little fire this midnight.
It's good to be back home with you.

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