

Kate Miller-Heidke

"Fire And Iron"

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Sunday morning and the lawn's all mown,
We walk through the Japanese gardens home.
You tried to impress me by rolling a smoke,
But your hands were shaking and the paper broke.

I played cool and I took a drag,
Coughed like the kid on the Panadol ad.
You just smiled, kicked the dirt
Said we're not as cool as we thought we were.

Ohhaha. Ohhaha.

On the night that we first kissed,
I climbed out the window so I wouldn't be missed.
Getting too big for the swings in the park,
Passing the lighter in the dark.

As the sun came up, we had the leave,
You said my name, I could feel you breath.
I walked home in the freezing cold,
Heart beat thumping through my coat.

Fire and iron,
iron and fire.
Tears in the water,
Water in the wine.

That awkward winter turned to spring,
We learned a million grown up things,
Sharing cigarets under the stars,
We laughed and drank and raced your car.

Then one morning, right on dawn,
You lost the wheel, missed the turn.
The whole world rolled on top of us,
You said my name, but I never woke up again.

Let it go, let it go,
Where's the guy I used to know?
The girl I was died years ago, now she's a ghost,
Let me go.

Fire and iron,
Iron and fire.
I'm living your life,
And you're living mine.

Sunday morning and the lawns all mown,
You walk through the Japanese gardens home.
You look so funny with your kids in tow,
You ave up smoking years ago.

Ohhaha, ohhaha.
Ohhaha ha. Oh.

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