

Liz Durrett

"Firewalker"

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My hopes are like embers lying around inside a firebed
and
Your mind is a firewalker, it steps on them like they are
dead but

I can grow
In spite of all you know
You might not recognize me tomorrow
Yes I can change
In spite of all they say
Become something strange and beautiful
Like joy, like joy

Me, I'm like a wild flame that catches on whatever's
near but
Your mind is a firewalker, it sets it's course and never
veers but

I can grow
In spite of all you know
You might not recognize me tomorrow
Yes I can change
In spite of all they say
Become something strange and beautiful
Like joy, like joy

Take offers from every side and give my attentions
about anywhere well
Do I recognize my actions, I look like I'm so unaware
like
I don't care

But I can grow
In spite of all you know
You might not recognize me tomorrow
Yes I can change
In spite of all they say
Become something strange and beautiful
Like joy, like joy

