

Cold Chisel

"Flame Trees"

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Transcribed by Cameron Newham (cam@iinet.com.au)
Flame Trees - by Cold Chisel.

Written by Steve Prestwich/Don Walker
From "Twentieth Century"
Kids out driving Saturday afternoon pass me by
I'm just savouring familiar sights
We share some history, this town and I
And I can't stop that long forgotten feeling of her
Try to book a room to stay tonight.
Number one is to find some friends to say "You're
doing well."
After all this time you boys look just the same."
Number two is the happy hour at one of two hotels,
Settle in to play "Do you remember so and so?".
Number three is never say her name.
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 Ah! Who needs that sentimental bullshit, anyway

Takes more than just a memory to make me cry
I'm happy just to sit here round a table with old friends
And see which one of us can tell the biggest lies.
There's a girl falling in love near where the pianola
stands
With her young local factory out-of-worker, 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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