

Cold Cave

"Flame Trees"

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Flame Trees - by Cold Chisel.

Written by Steve Prestwich/Don Walker
From "Twentieth Century"

Kids out driving Saturday afternoon just pass me by
I'm just savouring familiar sights
We shared some history, this town and I
And I can't stop that long forgotten feeling of her
Time to book a room and stay tonight.
Number one is to find some friends to say "You're
doing wel..."
After all this time you boys look just the same."
Number two is the happy hour at one of two hotels,
And settle in to play "Do you remember so and so?".
Number three is never say her name.
And 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 it's place
Just makes it harder to believe that she won't be
around.
But Oh! Who needs that sentimental bullshit, anyway?
You know it takes more than just a memory to make me
cry
And I'm happy just to sit here, at a table with old
friends
And see which one of us can tell the biggest lies.
And there's a girl, she's falling in love, near where the
pianola stands..
With a young local factory auto-worker, just 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,
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