

Eleanor Friedberger

"The Fire Overhead"

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(eleanor mcevoy)

Fire's burn, turning into dust
What was precious, what was pretty paradise
Fire's burn, burning to the ground.
What was healthy what was holy, what was life.
If you think it's hot now,
If you hate that heat
You think it's bad now, wait and see,
You think it's close now as you sleep within your bed.

Check out the fire
Check out the fire
Check out the fire overhead.

Children grow, playing with their toys
Acting out their fairytales in play
Children play, growing with the noise
Of television teaching them the way,
And while you're sometimes scared now
If you see the flames
You think the smoke's from far away,
You read the papers, saying the fire will not spread

Repeat chorus

Sweet the light, glowing neon blue
Of havens offering shelter from the storm
Sweet the sound, crackling in the grate
Of firelight, welcoming and warm
But if you think it's safe now,
If you feel at ease
Your safety's hanging from a thread
Before you're happy, having locked your doors at night

Repeat chorus

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