

Timber Timbre

"Kitchen Fire"

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Something's burning, supper is late
The family's waiting patiently by
Something's burning, the bird on the grill
Discovered today a new way to fly
Red hen rising again, out the window she goes
No looking back, no pausing to pack
Her hairbrush or her clothes
Something's burning, starting to catch
Wed like a match to dreams made of wood
Something's burning the little house down
Flames flying round the neighborhood
Red hen rising again, out the window she goes
No looking back, no pausing to pack
Her hairbrush or her clothes
Something's burning, the bird on the grill
Discovered today a new way to fly
At the crackling of the fire
There's a dog who fiercely barks
But he can't drown out the choir of sparks
Kitchen fire! Kitchen fire! Kitchen fire!
Red hen rising again, out the window she goes
No looking back, no pausing to pack
Her hairbrush or her clothes
Something's burning, the bird on the grill
Discovered today a new way to fly

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