

Billy Arnold

"Fire Burns Inside"

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Put up your feet maybe let the world pass by
Keep off the street, go away and wait to die
What you don't see is what life means to me
My woman says it isn't right . . . For a man my age to
fight
She don't get it . . . She is not in it . . . I'm pushed to the
limit

Two clean shirts, I'm puffing on an old cigar
I still love women, sex and fancy cars
What you don't conceive is just what I believe
My doctor says it isn't right . . . For a man my age to
fight
He don't get it . . . He is not in it . . . I'm pushed to the
limit

Is it nice and cosy, sitting there in your evening chair?
Is your paper pressed like your string vest
It's enough to make you rip out your hair

Solo: (Ashley)

My doctor says it isn't right . . . For a man my age to
fight
He says put out the light
He don't get it . . . He is not in it . . . I'm pushed to the
limit

You keep it nice and quiet boy, but please don't pacify
me
I'm just not ready for the shade of an old oak tree
What you don't see is what life means to me
And my dad's an angry man . . . sometimes like
desperate Dan
And he gets it . . . And he's in it . . . He's pushed to the
limit

Relations sit and wring their hands . . . How long will I
survive?
Here's the cherry, there's more spunk left
Kiss my arse, I'm still alive

Solo: (Ashley)

My doctor says it isn't right . . . For a man my age to
fight
He says put out the light
He don't get it . . . He is not in it . . . I'm pushed to the
limit

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