

Phil Ochs "Firehouse 35"

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I've often wondered why, as a fireman races by,
How often have I said, "why are fire engines red? "
Just ask the boys in firehouse 35

(chorus)

Singin' firehouse thirty five, firehouse thirty five
In between all the fires they are quenchin' their
desires,
There's a hot time in firehouse thirty five.

It's a sin and it's a shame, I thought checkers was their
game,
But I found to my suprise why there's fire in their eyes,
Just ask the boys in firehouse 35.

(chorus)

It's a fire marshall's dream, they blow away their
steam,
But to make them leave their charms you need four or
five alarms,
Just ask the boys in firehouse 35.

(chorus)

So here's a root and here's a toot for the gals of ill
repute,
At last it can be told why they're racin' up those poles,
Just ask the boys in firehouse 35.

(chorus)

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