

## The Dead Milkmen

### "Don't Burn The Fires"

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Running away, I knew I was wrong  
I's tried to fit in where I didn't belong  
Wearing their clothes, playing their games  
Being a part of that urban decay  
Don't burn the fires, I'm never coming home

When the morning sky was cold and grey  
I could hear the whispers of my own mistakes  
Those warning eyes, that final touch  
No one seemed to care that much  
So don't burn the fires, I'm never coming home

And when I'd reached my destination  
I thought someday I might return  
Cause deep inside was the need  
To feel the home fires burn  
But a faltering voice merely whispered  
My name as if we'd never expected to  
Hear it again, and my heart grew  
Cold to that indifferent sound  
As I slowly laid the receiver down

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