

Sarah Blasko "Cinders"

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Slow falling whispers on pricked up ears
Slow burning cinders, three long years between
When we lit them in so much haste
High hazard seasons, houses laid to waste

Did you forget it all?
Do you listen when I call?
These fire trails lead north
And slowly back in time,
Slowly back in time
Slowly back in time.

Time has it's reasons for letting go
Comes as it pleases. This new growth beneath
Where the branches are cracked and bowed
Covers the feelings these old scars still show

Did you forget it all?
Do you listen when I call?
These fire trails lead north
And slowly back in time,
Slowly back in time.

If only I could have escaped
Without turning back to take
Things that I could have replaced

You just can't return to these days

Did you forget it all?
Do you listen when I call?
These fire trails lead north
And slowly back in time,
Slowly back in time
Slowly back in time.

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