

Stefanie Heinzmann**"Fire"**

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He was a raw boned southern boy
Stronger than a hurricane
He had a soft side
Was a bonafide
Hard drinking kind of man
This gonna be a long, long night

She was the third child of a geechie girl
Fine as Carolina sand
She had hot blood, was a wild thing
Every time she got the chance
This gonna be a long, long night

Fire, fire, fire
Everybody's gonna be talking 'bout this
For a hundred years from now
Everybody's gonna be talking 'bout how
They burned the whole place down

She had a sea shell on a shoe string
Wore it underneath her clothes
When he gave it to her
She understood
Nobody else could ever know
This gonna be a long, long night

Fire, fire, fire
Everybody's gonna be talking 'bout this
For a hundred years from now
Everybody's gonna be talking 'bout how
They burned the whole place down

Hit 'em, like heat rush
Burning like a fever
They'd never be forgiven
But you can't keep it hidden

When you're burning like a fever
Burning like a fever, fever
Burning like a fever, fever
Burning like a fever, fever, fever
Burning like a

Fire, fire, fire

Fire, fire, fire

Everybody's gonna be talking 'bout this
For a hundred years from now
Everybody's gonna be talking 'bout how
They burned the whole place down

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