

Around the Flame

Hunters & Collectors

I held your face between my fingers
I turned around and pushed you through the door
I heard words from a foreign shore
You said "I'm coming back" but no man can be sure

And in your place I held a picture
An empty hall with beer cans on the floor
If I could have just one minute more
I'd tell it you're face, this boy knows the score

And every day I hear the sound
Of running feet cross the open ground
Into the future this nervous game
We'll always circle around the flame

If you come back it will be easy
To see the truth when I look you in the eye
I'll see the flame the only release
It flickers on my life in your face

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[as fading out]

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