

## A Good Fire

Clutch

I remember hearing Sabbath for the first time  
When I was thirteen years old  
A large field party outside Damascus  
In the grips of October's cold

Alder birch cedar boxwood pine  
Who among us can deny?  
We love a good fire  
We love a good fire

I made eyes with a girl whose name  
I can not clearly remember  
Then again that was some thirty years ago  
And our words have been lost to the timber

Alder birch cedar boxwood pine  
Who among us can deny?  
We love a good fire  
We love a good fire

Like a babe in the woods  
I knew right there that I'd been had  
Like a lamb among the wolves  
I knew right there that I'd been had

This rusted hatchet weighs  
Much too heavy in the hand  
And all across my countryside  
No longer trees do stand  
Sycamore oak and ash  
Nothing in this world can ever last  
Can ever last

Now a geezer's nightmare  
Slowly unfolds  
The sound of English rain  
Pisses on the coals

Alder birch cedar boxwood pine  
Who among us can deny?  
We love a good fire  
We love a good fire  
We love a good fire  
Who doesn't love a good fire?