

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?