

## Our Old Flame

Cold Chisel

It's the eyes that give the game away  
As I come through the door  
Of a steakhouse off the highway  
And I remember years before  
Those same eyes, only younger  
More innocent somehow  
And I wonder about your situation now

Are you married, are there children  
Did you ever settle down  
With that psychopathic boy  
You failed to mention last time round  
Or is there just a lonely room  
Full of poetry  
And lots of mutilated dolls that look like me

Our old flame  
Our old flame  
When you look at me, will you see  
The man that I became  
Or will you see the boy I was  
See me by the light of our old flame  
Our old flame

Pretty soon you'll cross the room  
To take my order down  
And recognize the man with whom  
You briefly hung around  
Am I gonna catch a sign  
Of panic in your heart  
Like the panic that I'm feeling now in mine

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