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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