

Colonial Fire

Esperanza Spalding

Ghost of the fire, hungry and bold
Glow in the corner of my wood soul

All his paper words have turned to stone
Graves in the garden all burned to bone
Sign your name and claim one of your own
Graves in the garden all burned to bone

The ground is stolen I hotly own
Ghost of the fire glows in my home

All his paper words have turned to stone
Graves in the garden all burned to bone
Sign your name and claim one of your own
Graves in the garden all burned to bone

My flesh on this earth is bound to live somewhere
But where
Everywhere I rest my head
That fire ghost stands at the foot of the bed
Money's the ember in my wood soul

All his paper words have turned to stone
Graves in the garden all burned to bone
Sign your name and claim one of your own
Graves in the garden all burned to bone