

Fireflies

John Grant

On a summer night, 1975
Maybe earlier, now I don't remember
She catches fireflies at the ice cream social
And oh
We watch them take flight

He is coming now with the rake on fire
He destroys the nest of the wasps up high
We are standing there with the fire in our eyes
And oh
We don't know what we're seeing

At the cemetery back beyond our house
There's a grave with pictures, one of him, one of her
I can smell the flowers, they died long ago
And oh
How I long for you...