

# Open Fire

Johnny Mathis

staring at an open fire  
watching flames as they leap higher  
I recall an old romance  
I can almost smell the perfume  
that she wore at our first dance

Staring at the burning embers  
strange the things that one remembers

I can almost feel her cheek on mine  
I can almost hear what she's saying  
as I dance with my old valentine  
I would swear I can hear  
the music playing

sitting on a cozy pillow  
poking ashes with a willow  
stirs a spark of old desire  
funny how the memories come rushing back  
before an open fire