

Flame Trees

Scott Matthew

Kids out driving Saturday afternoon pass me by
I'm just savouring familiar sights
We share some history, this town and I
And I can't stop that long forgotten feeling of her
Time to book a room to stay tonight

Number one is to find some friends to say "You're doing well
After all this time you boys look just the same"
Number two is the happy hour at one of two hotels
Settle in to play "Do you remember so and so?"
Number three is never say her name

Oh the flame trees will blind the weary driver
And there's nothing else could set fire to this town
There's no change, there's no pace
Everything within its place
Just makes it harder to believe that she won't be around

Oh, who needs that sentimental bullshit, anyway
You know it takes more than just a memory to make me cry
And I'm happy just to sit here round a table with old friends
And see which one of us can tell the biggest lies

And there's a girl, she's falling in love near where the pianol
a stands
With a young local factory out-of-worker, just holding hands
And I'm wondering if he'll go or if he'll stay...

Do you remember, nothing stopped us on the field
In our day

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