

Ashes

The Longest Johns

Watch that old fire as it flickers and dies
That once blessed the household and lit up our lives
It shone for the friends and the clinking of glasses
I'll tend to the flame; you can worship the ashes

Capture the wild things and bring them in line
And own what was never your right to confine
The lives and the loves and the songs are what matters
I'll tend to the flame; you can worship the ashes

Do you feel heavy? Your eyes drop with grief
Your spirit is wild and your suffering is brief
So never you buckle and bend to the masses
I'll tend to the flame; you can worship the ashes

Get round the fire with a glass of strong ale
And tell us a story from beyond the pale
Bury some seeds and expect some strong branches
I'll tend to the flame; you can worship the ashes

Now show me a man that can meet all his needs
For what we need most now is unity's seed:
A common old song for all creeds and all classes
I'll tend to the flame; you can worship the ashes

I'll tend to the flame...

What will we do when the world it is ending
And time it is halted for friend and for foe?
Try to hold on to the time as it passes
I'll tend to the flame; you can worship the ashes
I'll tend to the flame; you can worship the ashes
I'll tend to the flame; you can worship the ashes