

Looking for a Bonfire

Tom Robinson

Been collecting pennies
In a hat and a mask
On a cold November evening
Before the fireworks start
Woodsmoke drifting into the trees
Crackle of bracken and burning leaves
At the height of the season
I'm looking for bonfire

See the smoke and cinders fly
Feel as if I'm on fire
Just another jealous guy
Looking for a bonfire

Well we found our matches
And we started a spark
Now we're touching the paper
And standing back in the dark
Hot potato, better for some
But I've burned my fingers
And bitten my tongue
I can never remember
I'm looking for a bonfire

See the smoke and cinders fly
Feel as if I'm on fire
Just another jealous guy
Looking for a bonfire

Ooh.. I don't want to turn away
We've been on the wheel
Now we're watching it burn away
Burn away...

See the smoke and cinders fly
Feel as if I'm on fire
Just another jealous guy
Looking for a bonfire