

# 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