

Melting

Paul Kelly

At the back of my grandmother's house there was a hill
With a tangled garden, thick and wild
We used to go there, you and I, as children
Slipping away from the aunts and uncles and their homemade brew
We carried our ice creams in the summer sun
Trying to make them last as long as we could
Pretty soon they started to run
Dripping down our arms, dripping on the ground
Melting

We sat under the trees smoking bark
Lighting little fires and stompin' each one out
As the summer went on the flames grew higher
We just stared and stared and stared at everything melting
Melting

At the back of my grandmother's house there was a hill
Black and smoking at the end of the day
We watched the fire trucks go back on down the road
We heard them calling out our names
We were standing in the shadows, melting
Melting, melting

Now my grandmother's house is a supermarket
And I'm far away, living in a colder city
And tonight I've pulled the top off a bottle of beer
And I've lit a fire and I'm staring, staring
Where are you, where are you now?
You're melting, we're all melting, melting, melting, melting