

# Feed This Fire

Anne Murray

It might be you, it might be me  
It might be only one to agree  
But I could swear  
It's getting colder in this room

We just don't seem to care to touch  
We just don't want to share that much  
But, darling, every fire needs something  
To come soon

We've got to feed this fire  
We've got to fan this flame  
If this love burns out  
We've got ourselves to blame

We've got to stoke these coal  
Until they glow red hot  
We've got to feed this fire  
With everything we've got

Have you forgotten about the snow?  
How hard that winter wind could blow?  
Back when our cold and hungry hearts  
Were on the street

So let us swear then, you and I  
To never let this fire die  
Until these hearts have turned to ashes  
In the heat

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