

Fire Lake

Bob Seger

Who's gonna ride that chrome three wheeler
Who's gonna make that first mistake
Who wants to wear those gypsy leathers
All the way to Fire Lake
Who wants to break the news about Uncle Joe
You remember Uncle Joe
He was the one afraid to cut the cake
Who wants to tell poor Aunt Sarah
Joe's run off to Fire Lake
Joe's run off to Fire Lake

Who wants to brave those bronze beauties
Lying in the sun
With their long soft hair falling
Flying as they run
Oh they smile so shy
And they flirt so well
And they lay you down so fast
Till you look straight up and say
Oh lord
Am I really here at last

Who wants to play those eights and aces
Who wants a raise
Who needs a stake
Who wants to take that long shot gamble
And head out to Fire Lake
Head out
Who wants to go to Fire Lake
And head out
Who wants to go to Fire Lake
Head out
Out to Fire Lake
Who's gonna do it