

Our Old Flame

Cold Chisel

It's the eyes that give the game away
As I come through the door
Of a steakhouse off the highway
And I remember years before
Those same eyes, only younger
More innocent somehow
And I wonder about your situation now

Are you married, are there children
Did you ever settle down
With that psychopathic boy
You failed to mention last time round
Or is there just a lonely room
Full of poetry
And lots of mutilated dolls that look like me

Our old flame
Our old flame
When you look at me, will you see
The man that I became
Or will you see the boy I was
See me by the light of our old flame
Our old flame

Pretty soon you'll cross the room
To take my order down
And recognize the man with whom
You briefly hung around
Am I gonna catch a sign
Of panic in your heart
Like the panic that I'm feeling now in mine

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