

## Firelight Waltz

Fountains of Wayne

All the hard-drinking stiff  
Are asleep on their cots  
And fog's in barrels on Totten Pond Road  
And the sots who remain  
Strike matches and crane  
Cause they can't make their way in the dark

It's a hard parlor game  
Playing miscues and pratfalls for laughs  
From sad sacks and fairweather friends  
You don't have to catch on  
Lay it out and be gone  
There's a calm's been a long time coming

Mary oh Mary go find the light  
Take a hit from your whiskey and stumble inside  
It's a tune from your childhood and a soft yellow moon  
And the firelight is just right for dancing

Like the cruel April air  
Plays muse to the hopeless  
And the storms coax sunflowers from mossy old hills  
May this song find you there  
In your embroidered chair  
With your afghan and warm Darjeeling

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It's a tune from your childhood and a soft yellow moon  
And the firelight is just right for dancing