

# Gone To See The Fire

Freedy Johnston

He hadn't been talking  
Parked out of the way  
Just say there smoking  
Watching the flames

You're going to tell me why  
We're first to arrive  
She thought she knew him well  
Until they had gone to see the fire

When the roof fell in  
He lit up again  
She thought she knew him well  
Until they had gone to see the fire

Friends with her brother  
He started to call  
Now it's been two months  
Summer to fall

A burn on his finger  
Smoke in his clothes  
Tapping his ashes  
Like sending up code

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