

# Bonfires

Graham Coxon

Bonfires in forests, lamplights in houses, all obscured  
No cause for worry, no need to cry anymore  
The skies become grey, but don't stay that way

The creatures you dream of, and friends that you think of, really care  
So open your eyes now, and look to the skies now, they're all there  
And trees are too shy to ever ask why