

# Flame Trees

Jimmy Barnes

Kids out driving Saturday afternoon, just pass me by  
I'm just savoring familiar sights  
We shared some history, this town and I  
And I can't stop that long forgotten feeling of her  
It's time to book a room and stay the night

Number one is to find some friends to say  
You're doing well  
After all this time you boys look just the same  
Number two is the happy hour  
At one of two hotels  
Settle into play do you remember so and so  
Number three is never say her name

Oh those flame trees will blind a weary driver  
And there's nothing else could set fire to this town  
There's no change, there's no pace  
Everything within it's place  
Just makes it harder to believe  
That she won't be around

Who needs that sentimental bullshit anyway  
Take more than just a memory to make me cry  
And I'm happy just to sit here  
'round a table with old friends  
And see which one of us can tell the biggest lies  
And there's a girl she's falling in love  
Near where the pianola stands  
With her young local factory out-of-worker  
They're just holing hands  
And I'm wondering if he'll go or if he'll stay  
Do you remember  
Nothings stopped us on the field  
In our day

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