

Open Fire

Johnny Mathis

staring at an open fire
watching flames as they leap higher
I recall an old romance
I can almost smell the perfume
that she wore at our first dance

Staring at the burning embers
strange the things that one remembers

I can almost feel her cheek on mine
I can almost hear what she's saying
as I dance with my old valentine
I would swear I can hear
the music playing

sitting on a cozy pillow
poking ashes with a willow
stirs a spark of old desire
funny how the memories come rushing back
before an open fire