

Fire

Noah Gundersen

I was born in a lighthouse
Where my mother lay
And she wont wake for no shouting

I was raised by the water
By the crippling waves
And the gulls gave me my singing voice

When the devil came to visit me
He said son I am your enemy
Fear me
But it came to my surprise
I was drawn by the fire

I set off west in the springtime
Before the flowers had bloomed
And the frost and ice followed me

I met a lot of fine women
With the small of their backs
Shining like the crescent moon

When the finest came to visit me
She said son I am your enemy
Fear me
But it came as no surprise
I was drawn by the fire

Hey
I am looking for freedom
In the wild eyes of the dancing girls
Hey
I am looking for freedom
In the open arms of America

I was told to find jesus
In a stained glass church
Where the light shines red like blood

But the eyes of his children
Were so bitterly burned
That I could not stand to look at them

When he finally came to visit me
He was dressed in the rags of poverty

And it came as no surpass
It came as no surprise

Hey
I am looking for freedom
In the wild eyes of the dancing girls
Hey
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In the open arms of America