

Nozzle

Rasputina

Once it started
The frail and fainthearted
Just withered to the floor
Oh, so sadly
We examined hands burned badly
By that which no man fears more.
The terrible flames of
All that remain of
My Little Shirtwaist Fire
My best friend
Was alone in the alcove,
Does anyone see her there?
Such a sweet face
Trapped in a staircase
By the smell of her own burning hair and the
Terrible flames of
All that remain of
My Little Shirtwaist Fire
Glow baby glow as the embers they died there,
Nobody knows what we saw inside there.
Twisting and burning, the girls' fine young
bodies
Yes, we're burning can you help us please?
Yes, we're begging, we're on bended knees
Oh, My Little Shirtwaist Fire.
Girls work hard for
Small rewards or
Invatations to dine.
Or one kind word from
One who loves them but
What I have earned is mine-
The terrible flames of
All that remain of
My Little Shirtwaist Fire