

# Flame Trees

Sarah Blasko

Kids out driving Saturday afternoon  
Just pass me by  
I'm just savouring 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 to stay tonight

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 in to play "Do you remember so and so?"  
Oh  
Number three is never say her name

Oh  
The flame trees will blind the 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 she won't be around

Oh  
Who needs that sentimental bullshit anyway  
Takes 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 a young local factory out-of-worker  
Just holding hands and I'm wondering if he'll go or if he'll stay  
Do you remember  
Nothing stopped us on the field in our day

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