

The Great Canyon Fire in General

Spirit

Somewhere, someone's calling.
6 o'clock on a Thursday evening
I saw the smoke rise orange in the sky
I watched the fire climb over the hilltops.

Canyon's burning
Canyon's burning down.

Hear the trees crying
All the years dying
Fire has turned the hills into ashes
And as the sun ran down from the sky
The canyon burned.

Canyon's burning
Canyon's burning down.

Ashes, long lying
Memories, slow dying
Fire has gone and the rain has fallen
The winter has passed and the springtime is near
But under the wind someone is calling.

Canyon's burning
Canyon's burning down.