

Old Flame

The Church

Naomi will not be consoled by your blues
She calls down the crows then she pulls on her shoes
Out into the empty street she walks
Past the little piles of smoldering leaves

Beware
An old flame is still burning there
Don't stare
Shadows in the smoke whispering everywhere
Everywhere
Anywhere is nowhere when you don't care
So beware
An old flame is still burning there