

A Child of a Few Hours Is Burning to Death

The Dead Weather

A child of a few hours
Is burning to death
Her eyes are full of smoke
Her mouth is full of fire
Napalm is perfect
For women and children
Forgive us, Forgive us

We should have called Suzy and Bobby
They like to watch fires

Pretend it's not happening
It will be clipped
Out of tomorrow's new show
After the funeral after the feast
With so many bodies at our feet

We should have called Suzy and Bobby
They like to watch fires

We all are nothing
But soft moist people
With soft moist hands
Folded over our buttons
Silently sleeping

Cold and unmoving and doing nothing

We should have called Suzy and Bobby
They like to watch fires

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