

# 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

A child of a few hours  
Is burning to death  
Her eyes are full of smoke  
Her mouth is full of fire