

## Secret Fires

The Gun Club

Touch me through your screen door  
I want to remember you  
They that seek me are behind me  
against the moon

Recall how we used to ride  
juiced underneath the power lines  
in the inferno valley  
when your daddy was still alive

I worked with dirt in my eyes  
old blood upon my wound  
dreaming aloud  
of seeing you soon

I came home from day at the mill  
I came home and cared for you  
the year that we lived  
in secret fire

I took my razor blade  
I layed old Rubeun in the shade  
and I heard the radio moan

I took my place in the hills  
jagged with secret fires  
I called you through the valley  
down along the wires

with dust upon the sands  
came the first day of the year  
I saw a house where no one lived,

on the black land and under the red sky  
you washed my hair and skin  
against the firelight

so, touch me through your screen door  
I want to remember you  
we struggled  
the year we lived in secret fire