

The Fire

The Tiger Lillies

The fire it warms the little match girl
and she is free to dream
Of a happy place where no one to her is mean
She dreams of love and kindness her mother
she does smile
Her father with no violence does her defile
The fire it warms the little match girl
and she is free to dream
Of a place called paradise where it is
warm and clean
Where her mother she does love her,
her father not a swine
Of a place called paradise where everyone is kind