

Fire Don't Know

The White Buffalo

Son listen close, there's one thing for sure,
That the fire don't know not to burn your hands.

Woman, the wind blows, better go grab your coat,
Cause the winter don't know that you don't like the cold.

But I... I do.
I... I do.

Bullets and steel, they don't think, they don't feel
Well they ain't got no plans to shoot down a man

Silver and gold, it comes and it goes
Well the money don't know, I got mouths to feed.

But I... I do.
I... I do.