

## Flame Trees

Cold Chisel

Kids out driving Saturday afternoon pass me by  
I'm just savoring familiar sights  
We share some history, this town and I  
And I can't stop that long forgotten feeling of her  
Try to book a room to stay tonight

Number one is to find some friends to say "You're doing well  
After all this time you boys look just the same"  
Number two is the happy hour at one of two hotels  
Settle in to play "Do you remember so and so?"  
Number three is never say her name

Oh the flame trees will blind the weary driver  
And there's nothing else could set fire to this town  
There's no change, there's no pace  
Everything within its place  
Just makes it harder to believe that she won't be around

But Ah! Who needs that sentimental bullshit, anyway  
Takes more than just a memory to make me cry  
I'm happy just to sit here round a table with old friends  
And see which one of us can tell the biggest lies

There's a girl falling in love near where the pianola stands  
With her young local factory out-of-worker, holding hands  
And I'm wondering if he'll go or if he'll stay

Do you remember, nothing stopped us on the field  
In our day

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