

# The Fire Overhead

Eleanor McEvoy

Fire's burn, turning into dust  
What was precious, what was pretty paradise  
And fire's turn, burning to the ground  
What was healthy, what was holy, what was life

But if you think it's hot now  
And if you hate that heat  
You think it's bad now, wait and see  
You think it's close now as you sleep within your bed

Check out the fire  
Check out the fire  
Check out the fire overhead

Children grow, playing with their toys  
Acting out their fairy tales in play  
And children play, growing with the noise  
Of television teaching them the way

And while you're sometimes scared now  
If you see the flames  
You think the smoke's from far away  
You read the papers, saying the fire will not spread

Check out the fire  
Check out the fire  
Check out the fire overhead

Sweet the light, glowing neon blue  
Of havens offering shelter from the storm  
Sweet the sound, crackling in the grate  
Of firelight so welcoming and warm

But if you think it's safe now  
If you feel at ease  
Your safety's hanging from a thread  
Before you're happy, having locked your doors at night

Check out the fire  
Check out the fire  
Check out the fire overhead