

# Forest Fire

Josh Wilson

He's not bulletproof  
Don't let him fool you  
His laugh is a lie  
He's dying inside  
From the sticks and stones somebody threw

Our tongues are like matches  
Our ears are like trees  
Our words are like sparks  
On dry summer leaves  
It doesn't take much  
For the flames to rise  
And turn a soul  
Into a forest fire

She's not half as strong, no  
As she'd like to let on  
She smiles, but she knows  
She can't take one more blow  
From the hate that she's heard for so long

Our tongues are like matches  
Our ears are like trees  
Our words are like sparks  
On dry summer leaves  
It doesn't take much  
For the flames to rise  
And turn a soul  
Into a forest fire

Be careful  
Be careful what you say

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