

Mel Tillis, After The Fire Is Gone

(Love is where you find it when you find no love at home)
And there's nothing cold as ashes after the fire is gone

The bottle's almost empty the clock just now stuck ten
And I just had to call you to our favorite place again
(We know it's wrong for us to meet but the fire's gone out at home)
And there's nothing cold as ashes after the fire is gone
Love is where you find it...

[fiddle]

(Your lips are warm and tender your arms hold me just right
Sweet words of love you remember that the one at home forgot)
Each time we say it's the last time but we keep hanging on
And there's nothing cold as ashes after the fire is gone
Love is where you find it...