

Bette Midler, Fire Down Below

Here comes The Rose, looking mighty fine.
Here comes ol' Nancy, walking right in time.
Here comes the stripper, bringing on the night.
Here come the boys, faces hidden from the light.

Walk through the shadows.
Well, they come and they go.
Only one thing on their mind:
fire down below.

Whoa, here come the rich man in his big, long limousine.
Here come the poor man, all you got to have is green.
Here come the banker, lawyer and the cop.
One thing's for certain, it's never gonna stop.

When it all gets too heavy
they come and they go. There they go.
One thing on their mi-mi-mi-mind:
fire down below.

Whoa, there they go.
One thing on their mi-mi-mi-mi-mind:
fire down below.

It happens out in Vegas, Moline,
on the blue-blood streets of Boston,
in Berkley, out in Queens.
Went on yesterday, it's going on tonight.
Somewhere there's somebody
treatin' somebody right.

I'm lookin' at The Rose.
I'm lookin' mighty fine.
I walk the streets,
I'll find you any time.
Where the street lights flicker,
bringing on the night,
I'll be slipping into darkness;
Slippin' out of sight.

Oh, through the midnight
I come! I go!
Only one thing on my my mind:
fire down below.
One thing on my my my mind:
fire down below.
Fire, fire, fire, hoo, hoo, hoo.
One thing on my my mind:
fire down below.