

Chris Rea, Fires Of Spring

She's back real late yet she don't seem to care
She hangs around outside in late night air
Burning tears upon a smiling face
And she's caught in the fires of spring

The ice of loneliness you've known so long
For good or not seems to have been and gone
Your Phoenix flies you high on crazy wings
And you're caught in the fires of spring

You've been before but never been so fast
Your only hope is that it's gonna last
You know the pain and yet you love it's sting
And you're caught in the fires of spring