

John Williamson, Firestorm

I have seen a burning, never seen it higher
If you haven't seen a firestorm
You haven't seen a fire
Saw 'em runnin' down the street, with no home to go
Just the shoes on their feet, nothin' else to show

I have seen hard times, as far I can tell
But I hadn't seen a firestorm
So I hadn't seen hell
Saw the courage of the 'fireys'
What they're trained to do
But you can't beat a firestorm, no matter who
Saw a neighbour with a green hose and a trembling hand
Cursing the thing he loves, this dry, dry land

I have seen a burning, never seen it higher
If you haven't seen a firestorm
You haven't seen a fire
Saw 'em crawlin' up a log with no place to hide
Saw a mother with a joey, before they died
Day went into night when it rained from hell
And it told us who we loved
Guess it's just as well