

LIZ PHAIR, Firewalker

My hopes are like embers lying around inside a firebed and
Your mind is a firewalker, it steps on them like they are dead but

I can grow
In spite of all you know
You might not recognize me tomorrow
Yes I can change
In spite of all they say
Become something strange and beautiful
Like joy, like joy

Me, I'm like a wild flame that catches on whatever's near but
Your mind is a firewalker, it sets its course and never veers but

I can grow
In spite of all you know
You might not recognize me tomorrow
Yes I can change
In spite of all they say
Become something strange and beautiful
Like joy, like joy

Take offers from every side and give my attentions about anywhere well
Do I recognize my actions, I look like I'm so unaware like
I don't care

But I can grow
In spite of all you know
You might not recognize me tomorrow
Yes I can change
In spite of all they say
Become something strange and beautiful
Like joy, like joy