

# 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