

# Mary Lou Lord, His Lamest Flame

The knees are bent and the hands are clasped  
The painted head is bowed  
A sudden glimpse through heaven's gate  
Is all that I'm allowed  
My hair is black and eyes are green  
But Marie is not my name  
Na na na na na na na na - His Lamest Flame  
His lamest flame will be  
Too brief and burn too pale  
And all attempts to fire it up again will fail  
I run around behind his friends  
And play the waiting game

Na na na na na na na na - His Lamest Flame  
I tell myself a million times  
There's nothing I can do  
So why do I keep holding on  
I only wish I knew  
I was born too weak and I feel like a fool  
But it's out of my domain  
Na na na na na na na na - His Lamest Flame

His lamest flame will die  
Before the night is out  
Just a heap of ash  
The wind is blown about

For him these feelings fade away  
But for me they're still the same  
Na na na na na na na na - His Lamest Flame

His lamest flame is here  
And flickering its last  
And through the dying light  
We journey to the past

But still I'd give up all I've got  
To have him back again  
Na na na na na na na na - His Lamest Flame