

# Phil Ochs, Firehouse 35

I've often wondered why, as a fireman races by,  
How often have I said, &quot;why are fire engines red? &quot;  
Just ask the boys in firehouse 35

(chorus)

Singin' firehouse thirty five, firehouse thirty five  
In between all the fires they are quenchin' their desires,  
There's a hot time in firehouse thirty five.

It's a sin and it's a shame, I thought checkers was their game,  
But I found to my suprise why there's fire in their eyes,  
Just ask the boys in firehouse 35.

(chorus)

It's a fire marshall's dream, they blow away their steam,  
But to make them leave their charms you need four or five alarms,  
Just ask the boys in firehouse 35.

(chorus)

So here's a root and here's a toot for the gals of ill reputé,  
At last it can be told why they're racin' up those poles,  
Just ask the boys in firehouse 35.

(chorus)