

Rasputina, Shirtwaiste Fire

Once it started
the frail and fainthearted
just withered to the floor
Oh so sadly
we examined hands burned badly
by that which no man fears more

#1 the terrible flames of all that remains
of my little shirtwaiste fire

My best friend was alone in the alcove
does anyone see her there?
such a sweet face trapped in a staircase
by the smell of her own burning hair

Repeat #1

#2 glow baby glow as the embers have died there
nobody knows what we saw inside there
twisting and burning the girls fine young bodies
yes we're burning can you help us please
yes we're begging we're on bended knees
oh my little shirtwaiste fire

Girls work hard for small rewards
or invitations to dine
or one kind word from one who loves them
but what i have earned is mine

Repeat #1

Repeat #2