

# Roger Daltrey, After The Fire

After the fire, the fire still burns  
The heart grows older  
But never, ever learns  
The memories smolder  
And the soul always yearns  
After the fire, the fire still burns

I heard a voice asking  
What happens after the fire  
And then the sound of a  
Breaking window and  
The scream of a tire

And then the sound of a distant gun  
And the cry of a hungry child  
The night is hot but nothing's  
Gonna stop this gang going wild

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I saw Matt Dillon in black and white  
There ain't no color in memories  
He rode his brother's Harley across the TV  
While I was laughing at Dom DeLuise  
Now I'm cycling all my video tapes  
I'm crying and I'm joking  
I've gotta stop drinking  
I've gotta stop thinking  
I've gotta stop smoking

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Raging through the pain  
Blackening the promises  
The tears and the rain  
The fire still burn  
'Til the wind begins to turn  
And it all begins again

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