

Steve Hackett, Fire Island

The river called and cried
Across the twisted steel
Blues on fire island
Had a magic to heal
Souls full of anger
Sadness and despair
A harbour in my heart
Where love was there

Well the Hotel was raised to the ground
But the spirits still visit there
They rebuilt it stone by stone
I sometimes stand and stare
I see a red light like a flame
And a beast that can't be tamed
Anchored to a place
Where love was there

Hell was never hotter
When Butter had his day
Like the loaves and fishes
A miracle at play
A thin crowd became a multitude
Pounding on the door
A sound to wake the dead
Tearing through the floor

Everything's washed away
By the tides of time
But every now and then
It all comes back again
I'm captive in a place
Both a palace and a dive
I've a picture in my mind
Where love was there