

The Church, Old Flame

Naomi will not be consoled by your blues
She calls down the crows then she pulls on her shoes
Out into the empty street she walks
Past the little piles of smoldering leaves
Beware, an old flame is still burning there
Don't stare, shadows in the smoke whisper everywhere
Everywhere, anywhere is nowhere when you don't care
So beware, an old flame is still burning there