

Walkabouts, Firetrap

Come back in the winter,
Won't steal away too long.
And when I'm back I'll set it all ablaze.
Got Jesus in my pocket
And matches in my coat.
I won't have to work alone this time.

From the trees upon the hill top,
I'll watch the old house close.
You can guard your back but my patience will be endless.
And all your stiff-jaw quiet, won't conceal what you have done.
You warned us all to sell or pay the price.

Now I wanna burn, I wanna burn,
Not only you can burn.

The newspaper and TV fools came trudging 'cross our fields.
Said the shots that killed my brother came from his own hand.
But that don't explain the tire tracks that came down from your house.
To make it look like suicide had always been your plan.

Now I wanna burn, I wanna burn,
Not only you can burn.
I wanna burn this signal fire, I wanna burn this firetrap,
Not only you can burn.
And it belongs to me now,
Right or wrong,

I'll come back in the winter,
On a trail of no remorse.
And my footprints will get covered by the frozen snow.
And no one in your family, will talk of me again.
Flames will die, and silence will return.

Now I wanna burn, I wanna burn,
Not only you can burn.
I wanna burn this signal fire, I wanna burn this firetrap,
Not only you can burn.
And it belongs to me now,
Right or wrong.
And it belongs to me now,
Right or wrong.