

Dark Ember

After the picnic we kicked out the fire,
Covered the ashes with bracken and briar.
When we looked from the road,
Nothing had showed,
No trace where the fire had been.

But there's a dark ember lies deep in the ground.
And no-one but you can say where it's found,
But with care and kindling
And a warm breath of wind,
The fire could start burning again.

Now if ever we meet, though its hard to pretend,
Our greeting is more that of stranger than friend,
Buts it's no surprise
To see in your eyes,
A glow where the fire had been.

But there's a dark ember lies deep in the ground
And no-one but you can say where it's found,
But with care and kindling
And a warm breath of wind,
The fire could start burning again.