

York, Maine

Lyrics by Peter Fischman © 1995

Chorus:

How many times did we gather our good friends
And sing until early light
The breakers still roar as they reach for the shore
The stars still sparkle at night
Only in mem'ry do these walls still stand
Embracing the voices within
Did I hear a chorus drift up from the strand
Or only the cry of the wind
Or only the cry of the wind

Fire! Fire! Our house is on fire!
Go wake up the children and stumble away
And watch how the flames turn everything black
As fire light slowly fades into day
What was the house made from? Doorways and windows,
Book cases, banisters, stonework, and stairs
What is a home made from? Couches and cushions,
Bedrooms and kitchen, and tables and chairs

Chorus

Fire! Fire! Our dreams are on fire!
The dragons and lions and Mickey, the cat
At least we're alive. Thank God we're alive.
I wouldn't trade us for any of that.
What were the dreams made from? Camera and canvas,
Fiddle and squeeze box and books by the score
What is a life made from? Family and friendship,
Laughter and loving and music and more

Chorus

Fire! Fire! The flames were extinguished
The charred walls demolished and buried below
And all that remains are the concrete front steps
A yard full of rubble and the tide's ebb and flow
Rumble of rock, builders blasting a basement
Pounding of hammers and up goes a wall
Just like a phoenix reborn from the ashes
A house stands, the door wide to welcome us all

Last chorus:

How many times will we gather our good friends
To sing until early light
The breakers still roar as they reach for the shore
The stars still sparkle at night
These walls full of promise now properly stand
Embracing the voices within
Come hear the chorus drift over the strand
And sing with the sigh of the wind
And sing with the sigh of the wind