

Anne Murray, Feed This Fire

It might be you, it might be me
It might be only one to agree
But I could swear
It's getting colder in this room
We just don't seem to care to touch
We just don't want to share that much
But, darling, every fire needs something
To come soon
We've got to feed this fire
We've got to fan this flame
If this love burns out
We've got ourselves to blame
We've got to stoke these coal
Until they glow red hot
We've got to feed this fire
With everything we've got
Have you forgotten about the snow?
How hard that winter wind could blow?
Back when our cold and hungry hearts
Were on the street
So let us swear then, you and I
To never let this fire die
Until these hearts have turned to ashes
In the heat
We've got to feed this fire
We've got to fan this flame
If this love burns out
We've got ourselves to blame
We've got to stoke these coal
Until they glow red hot
We've got to feed this fire
With everything we've got
We've got to feed this fire
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