

The Valley Fire

by Robert Battaile ©2016

Verse: Am – D7 | Chorus: F – Am

Saturday I'm getting gas in Angwin. When the sirens and the radio cut in.
Volunteers they upped and starting running.
I knew enough to get my butt in action.

Chorus:

Valley Fire. It's coming. Didn't have a name. Start running!

Valley Fire. It's coming down.

Sparks had started up on Cobb Mountain.
I'm seeing smoke down the street from where I am.
Left my phone. Barely got my jeans on.
Found the keys. Start the engine. "Honey come on."
I'm seeing flames in the rear view mirror.
"Where's the baby? Where's the baby? Where's the baby?"

Hundred foot flames. Sparks flying. Mountain of flames. Winds whipping.

Ocean of flames. The Valley Fire.

Instrumental Chorus

Find a friendly shoulder to cry on. Take a blanket and a cot to lie on.
Get the kids all huddled together. What the hell's with the crazy weather.
And I'm wondering if my house will be there.
And I'm hoping Middletown will be there.

***Ashes and soot, keep falling. Ashes and soot. Hills glowing.
Miles and miles. The Valley Fire.***

If it hadn't rained that Wednesday.
Or the winds hadn't gone another way.
My home would be a cinder.
I might not be here singing.
Thank the Firefighters, Cops and Workers.
How they do it, I'll be damned if I know.
Rush into Hell with a pick and shovel.
To save somebody's house they don't even know.
Thank you, thank you, thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you.
Thank you, thank you.

***Valley Fire. It's over. Valley Fire. So over. Valley Fire. It's over. Valley Fire.
I wish it never had a name. I wish it never had a name.
We put you out but you're not done. We put you out but you're not done.
We put you out the Valley Fire.***