

Garth Brooks - Standing Outside the Fire

Tom: A

A A A A

We call them cool

Those hearts that have no scars to show

The ones that never do let go

And risk the tables being turned

We call them fools

Who have to dance within the flame

Who chance the sorrow and the shame

That always comes with getting burned

But you got to be tough

When consumed by desire

Cause its not enough just to stand outside the fire

We call them strong

Those who can face this world alone

Who seem to get by on their own

Those who will never take the fall

We call them weak

Who are unable to resist

The slightest chance love might exist
And for that forsake it all

They're so hell bent on giving

Walking a wire

Convinced it's not living when you stand outside the fire

Standing outside the fire

Standing outside the fire

Life is not tried, it is merely survived

If you're standing outside the fire

There's this love that is burning

Deep in my soul

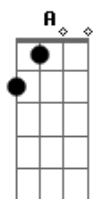
Constantly yearning to get out of control

Wanting to fly

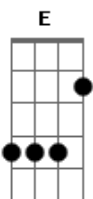
Higher and higher

I can't abide standing outside... the fire

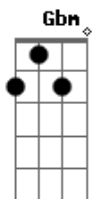
Acordes



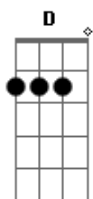
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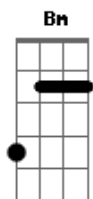
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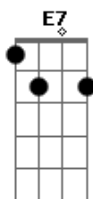
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