

# Dying Firefighter

David Rovics

Am Am/F# Am/G

I saw the plane hit the build - ing The flames and the bil - low - ing

Am Am/F# Am/G

smoke I saw the glass me - tal pa - per and stone Ev - 'ry - thing shat - tered and

Am Am/F# Am/G Am

broke I was there with my peo - ple En - gine com - pa - ny twen - ty - four

Am/F# Am/G Am

We rushed in - to the build - ing Got as far as the thir - ty fifth floor

The black smoke and the heat was like nothing  
I'd seen in all of my years  
With each step in that blazing inferno  
You could feel destiny near  
In the midst of the falling girders  
The sheet rock and God knows what else  
I tried to find the survivors  
Those who made it to the stairwells

I carried the wounded to safety  
If that's what you might call the street  
With bodies and boulders and metal  
All crashing down by your feet  
As #2 was collapsing  
When only ten floors still stood  
Everything was falling around me  
Like it was made out of cardboard and wood

It was just then I heard someone  
Trapped underneath the debris  
I started pulling at something  
And that's when the fire got me

I was pinned 'neath the rubble  
And the flames were licking my coat  
And the pain, the unbearable agony  
And then that was all that she wrote

But I just wish I could tell you  
Before I am taken away  
That I've seen a lot of this world  
And there's something that I gotta say  
I don't believe in politics  
I believe in the human race  
I believe in the goodness of people  
In New York or some far-away place

I believe in my daughter  
And I believe in my wife  
And may nobody's father be taken  
To avenge the loss of my life  
People may call me a brave man  
And this may very well be  
But the firefighters of Kabul  
Are just as brave men as me