

## The Bravest

Words and Music by Tom Paxton

The first plane hit the other tower, right after I came in.  
It left a firey, gaping hole where offices had been.  
We stood and watched in horror, as we saw the first ones fall,  
Then someone yelled "Get out, get out! They're trying to  
kill us all!"

I grabbed the pictures from my desk and joined the flight for  
life.  
With every step I called the names of my children and my wife,  
And then we heard them coming up, from several floors below,  
A crowd of firefighters with their heavy gear in tow

Now every time I try to sleep, I'm haunted by the sound  
Of firemen pounding up the stairs, while we were running down.

And when we met them on the stairs, they said we were too slow.  
"Get out, get out!" they yelled at us, "The whole  
thing's gonna go!"  
They didn't have to tell us twice, we'd seen the world on fire.  
We kept on running down the stairs, while they kept climbing higher.

Now every time I try to sleep, I'm haunted by the sound  
Of firemen pounding up the stairs, while we were running down.

Thank God we made it to the street; we ran through ash and  
smoke.  
I did not know which way to run; I thought that I would choke.  
A fireman took me by the arm and pointed me uptown,  
Then "Christ!" I heard him whisper, as the tower came  
crashing down.

So now I go to funerals for men I never knew;  
The pipers play "Amazing Grace", as the coffins come  
in view.  
They must have seen it coming as they turned to face the fire.  
They sent us down to safety, then they kept on climbing higher.

Now every time I try to sleep, I'm haunted by the sound  
Of firemen pounding up the stairs, while we were running down.  
Of firemen pounding up the stairs, while we were running down.