

Fire In The City

Bob Mould

Airplanes flying overhead
While I toss and turn in bed
A life in disarray

Crumbling ground
Tumbling down
Run to the sound
Of a fire in the city

A sudden jolt, I'm wide awake
Bolting for the door I take
A couple things I thought were precious to me

Crumbling ground
Tumbling down
Run to the sound
Of a fire in the city

And as I gather up my sins
The ashes, they roll in
My ascension has begun

Crumbling ground
Tumbling down
Run to the sound
Of a fire in the city

As the flames begin to rise
(Burning ground)
I see the life I left behind
(Don't turn around)

Constellations in the sky
Constellations, the goodbye
I don't wanna go

Crumbling ground
Tumbling down
Run to the sound
Of a fire in the city