

Fire

Pere Ubu

Last night the river went calling.
Like a train that jumps the tracks -
How it roared thru the night like a vow to never go
back.
We never knew peace.
Will we never know peace?
Are we like a house made of dry grass?
People pass sayin, Man, it won't last!

Last night the river went calling.
How it pushed thru the awful black!
Boats of gold hanging by their fiery stacks.
I heard the rivermen cry, We will never know peace.
Are we like a house made of dry grass?
People pass sayin, Man, it won't last.
See the fire and smoke spittin fire and sparks.
Are we like a house made of dry grass?
People pass sayin, Man, it won't last.

Last night I dreamed I was falling.
Where do we go, I said to myself,
If I call your name and you answer crying?
We never knew peace.
Will we never know peace?
Are we like a house made of dry grass?
People pass sayin, See the fire and sparks spitting
fire and sparks.
Are we like a house made of dry grass?
People pass sayin...
People pass sayin, See the fire and smoke spitting fire
and sparks.
Are we like a house made of dry grass?
People pass sayin, It won't last.
Writers: Cutler-Jones-Krauss-Maimone-Ravenstine-Thomas.
©1989 Ubu Projex, administered by Bug Music.