

# Sky's On Fire

Eskimo Joe

A rooster with a razor  
Cuts a hole across the sky  
As light falls down from the all-seeing eye  
And I prop myself back up  
With the friends that I keep  
All I want from you is to try and get some sleep

And the traffic's like a symphony  
At 3am  
Building it's crescendo as the working day  
Begins

But I just don't think I can wait  
For the light of a new day to break  
I try to close my eyes as the anxious feeling dies  
Can you save me from desire?  
Oh, the sky's on fire

Oh, the sky's on fire

Oh, the sky's on fire

Oh, the sky's on fire