

## 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

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