

Fire

Jason Collett

Dance, locust, dance
The prophets shrug their shoulders as
Calamity's child lost her head
In the bell of the trumpet blast

I know you just wanna be on fire
I know you just wanna be on fire

Jam, radio, jam
Power to the pirate stations
Broadcasting up through
The flowery cracks in the pavement

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The good morning comes
Like a hit and run
With a marmalade sun
For everyone

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Staring at the sun
Will only make you blind
But a fiery glimpse
Is all you need sometimes