

London's Burning

Silverchair

London's burning
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All across the town, all across the night
Everybody's driving with full headlights
Black or white turn it on, face the new religion
Everybody's sitting 'round watching television

London's burning with boredom now
London's burning dial 99999
London's burning with boredom now
London's burning dial 99999

I'm up and down the Westway, in an' out the lights
What a great traffic system - it's so bright
I can't think of better way to spend the night
Then speeding around underneath the yellow lights

Now in the subway and I'm looking for the flat
This one leads to this block, this one leads to that
The wind howls through the empty blocks looking for a home
I run through the empty stone because I'm all alone

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