Slow Burn

Phil Vincent

Here shall we live in this terrible town
Where the price for our eyes shall squeeze them tight like a fist
And the walls shall have eyes and the doors shall have ears
But we'll dance in the dark and they'll play with our lives
Like a slow burn leading us on and on and on
Like a slow burn turning us round and round and round
But who are we? So small in times such as these
Slow burn, slow burn
Oh these are the days, these are the strangest of all
These are the nights, these are the darkest to fall
But who knows? Echoes in tenement halls

Who knows? Though the years snare them all
Like a slow burn, leading us on and on and on
Like a slow burn, twirling us round and round and upside down
There's fear overhead, there's fear overground
Slow burn, slow burn
Like a slow burn, leading us on and on and on
Like a slow burn, turning us round and round and round
And here are we at the center of it all
Slow burn, slow burn, slow burn

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