

# White City Fighting

Pete Townshend

The White City, that's a joke of a name  
It's a black violent place if I remember the game  
I couldn't wait to get out but I love to go home  
To remember the White City fightingThe White City Fighting, remember, remember  
The White City Fighting, remember, rememberDown to the refuge, near QPR  
I drive to committees in my German car  
Prone to violence, prone to shame  
I glide in silence, my pride in vainFor no one remembers, not that I can see  
That we were defenders, we were the freeThe White City, blood was an addiction  
Now it is analyzed just as though it were fiction  
That battles were won and battles were blown  
At the height of the White City fightingThe White City Fighting, remember, remember  
The White City Fighting, remember, rememberNo one remembers, not that I can see  
That we were defenders, we were the freeThe White City, I finally grew up  
To resist the temptation the gutters all threw up  
But I have to go back, I guess I'm violence prone  
To remember the White City fighting, yeahThe White City Fighting, remember, remember  
The White City Fighting, remember, remember  
The White City Fighting, remember, remember

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