

London's Burning

The Clash

London's burning
London's burning All across the town, all across the night
Everybody's driving with full headlights
Black or white, you turn it on, you face the new religion
Everybody's sitting 'round watching television London's burning with boredom now
London's burning dial nine-nine-nine-nine-nine
London's burning with boredom now
London's burning dial nine-nine-nine-nine-nine I'm up and down the Westway, in and out the lights
What a great traffic system, it's so bright
I can't think of a better way to spend the night
Than speeding around underneath the yellow lights London's burning with boredom now
London's burning dial nine-nine-nine-nine-nine
London's burning with boredom now
London's burning dial nine-nine-nine-nine-nine Now I'm 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 London's burning with boredom now
London's burning dial nine-nine-nine-nine-nine
London's burning with boredom now
London's burning dial nine-nine-nine-nine-nine London's burning

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