

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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