Fire Escape

Fanfarlo

On the fire escape
We stopped and we looked down
Through the broken glass, on the sirens on the spies
When you're still midway
It's not too late to just turn back

The winter is cruel round here
The future is not down there
Â“Why can't they just think like us?Â”

If you've got flags to wear
You should be careful what you sell
On the fire escape
I think I slipped, I think I fell
But you're still midway
It's not too late to just turn back

We were raised by strangers
The life that you had in mind
Was just a moth and a light

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