

Fire in the City

Bob Mould

Airplanes flying overhead
While I toss and turn in bed
A life in disarrayCrumbling ground
 Tumbling down
 Run to the sound
Of a fire in the cityA sudden jolt, I'm wide awake
 Bolting for the door I take
A couple things I thought were precious to meCrumbling ground
 Tumbling down
 Run to the sound
Of a fire in the cityAnd as I gather up my sins
 The ashes, they roll in
My ascension has begunCrumbling ground
 Tumbling down
 Run to the sound
Of a fire in the cityAs the flames begin to rise
 (Burning ground)
 I see the life I left behind
(Don't turn around)Constellations in the sky
 Constellations, the goodbye
 I don't wanna goCrumbling ground
 Tumbling down
 Run to the sound
Of a fire in the city

Songwriters

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