

# 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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