

# This Fire

## Ben Rosenbush & The Brighton

Our city isn't perfect

Our city is a blaze of neon flare  
Does anybody care  
Fractured lines in the pavement  
Embers colour the air  
These streets we named  
Will never be the same

This fire, this fire we let it all burn

People fall into silence  
The wind she whistles a song  
Of hopelessness  
That carries like a hymn  
Our city is a burden

The waste land under our feet  
We've come to know  
Will never be enough

This fire, this fire we let it all burn

If all we do is blame  
And noone cares to listen  
There's nothing left to say  
But if we stake our claim  
Let action speak the loudest  
We'll dance beyond the flames

This fire, this fire we let it all burn

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