

london's burning

Errollyn Wallen

Canâ€™t you see the mirror on the wall in the sky?
Canâ€™t you see the writing on the billboards evâ€™ry day?
Canâ€™t you hear the whispers of the men dispossessed?
Canâ€™t you feel your own breath is escaping?

Listen to the clamour at the heart of this town.
Donâ€™t you know that red is London burning?
Londonâ€™s burning.
Londonâ€™s burning overnight.

Canâ€™t you feel the earth is changing just as we walk?
Canâ€™t you feel the strain is growing evâ€™ry day?
Life is getting harder for so many I know,
Seems that our own vision is escaping, escaping.

Though the streets are paved with gold as far as we can see
Donâ€™t you know that gold is London burning?

Londonâ€™s burning,
Londonâ€™s burning,
Londonâ€™s burning.
Ooh
Londonâ€™s burning,
Londonâ€™s burning.

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