

ust one more of those 82 nights
We were all cowboys ready to ride
Fire the gun, turn your eyes to the sea
Through that night, riding your trigger with me.

Your local station gives out the news
"The sky is burning, in Malibu"

As the beach turns an ominous green
Bathed in light from the shape in the sky
We all tanned, in a new kind of sun
Something's wrong and we're getting ready to run

Your local station knows what to say
It's just a fuel burn so its o.k.
Please hold the phone calls there's no more news
It's just a skyfire in Malibu.

Pros to cons from diplomats-liars
Words designed to tranquilize-fighters

Your local station screams out the news
The sky is burning in Malibu
Please hold the phone calls
There is no need for alarm
It's just a skyfire, skyfire burning in Malibu.