

# Fire In The City

Bob Mould

Airplanes flying overhead  
While I toss and turn in bed  
A life in disarray

Crumbling ground  
Tumbling down  
Run to the sound  
Of a fire in the city

A sudden jolt, I'm wide awake  
Bolting for the door I take  
A couple things I thought were precious to me

Crumbling ground  
Tumbling down  
Run to the sound  
Of a fire in the city

And as I gather up my sins  
The ashes, they roll in  
My ascension has begun

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Tumbling down  
Run to the sound  
Of a fire in the city

As 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 go

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Tumbling down  
Run to the sound  
Of a fire in the city