

# Fire

Jason Collett

Dance, locust, dance  
The prophets shrug their shoulders as  
Calamity's child lost her head  
In the bell of the trumpet blast

I know you just wanna be on fire  
I know you just wanna be on fire

Jam, radio, jam  
Power to the pirate stations  
Broadcasting up through  
The flowery cracks in the pavement

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The good morning comes  
Like a hit and run  
With a marmalade sun  
For everyone

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Staring at the sun  
Will only make you blind  
But a fiery glimpse  
Is all you need sometimes