Bachman - Turner Overdrive ''Trial By Fire''

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Out in the street, in the meat market beat, where life strives in the heat

Of the night

Deals are being struck and the goods are laid down, there's no one to ask

If it's right

Lost in these depths are the youth now forgotten, and left to discover

Their way

No one will rescue them, can't catch them falling, chance is the game that

They play

Suspicious of the people they meet, judgement is swift if they can't keep

Their feet.

And it's Trial by fire, the question is how to survive, Trial by fire, does no one get out alive.

Back in the hills like a cat, death waits only to level the last fatal blow

In the city they love, they must move very cautious, they're trapped they

Have no place to go.

Lost in these ruins are the dreams now forgotten, and life's highest price

Is being paid.

No one will rescue them, can't catch them falling, chance is the game that

They play

Suspicious of the people they meet, judgement is swift if they can't keep

Their feet.

And it's Trial by fire, the question is how to survive, Trial by fire, does no one get out alive.

Trial by fire, the question is how to survive,

Trial by fire, does no one get out alive.

Goin' round the streets of Philly, leaving only blackness Lust for power, land, and wealth Long lasting likeness is written in blood

Suspicious of the people they meet, judgement is swift if they can't keep
Their feet.
Trial by fire, the question is how to survive,
Trial by fire, does no one get out alive.
Trial by fire, the question is how to survive,
Trial by fire, does no one get out alive.

Trial by fire, does no one get out alive.

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