

## **The Libertines US "Firetruck"**

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It used to be easy  
Just break the glass  
And pull in case of fire  
But my parents got wise  
And moved me away  
That was the last time  
I saw her

I can see myself  
Pouring the gas  
And lighting the ring of fire  
Making a spectacle of myself  
But my firetruck does not come

Cloud-like smoke  
In a box-like room  
I watch the fish fry  
I wait in the dark  
With my rubber boots  
I wait for an alarm

I see a firetruck  
Filled with men  
Head for the station house  
She looked at me  
With false alarm  
No lights or sirens on

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