

The Trews "Fire Up Ahead"

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The storm on the street is an eyesore,
That's leading the estranged to an old war,
I'm scared what the future has in store,
I've givin' all I got and they want more,
It's got me lyin' and cheating,
It's got me into decievin',
I'm so far gone I better believe in,
All this dread,
Fire up ahead,
Fire up ahead,
Air raid, skie's red,
Fire up ahead,
They hate you for the reasons they love you
They want to keep their voices above you
Doin all they can just to hurt you
Treating every vice as a virtue
Chairman comin' in through the back door,
Lookin' like the one that came before,
The storm on the street is an eyesore,
All this dread,
Fire up ahead
Fire up ahead
Air raid, skie's red,
Fire up ahead
Fire up ahead
Oh, no, no, it's not sane
Oh, no, no, it's not sane
Oh, no, no, it's not sane
Oh, no, no, it's not sane
Oh, no, no, it's not sane
Oh, no, no, it's not sane
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