

Clash, The

"London's Burning"

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London's burning
London's burning

All across the town, all across the night
Everybody's driving with full head-lights
Black or white, you turn it on
And face the new religion
Everybody's sitting round watching television

London's burning (with boredom now)
London's burning (dial 9-9-9-9-9)
London's burning (with boredom now)
London's burning (dial 9-9-9-9-9)

I'm up and down the Westway, in and out the lights
What a great traffic system, it's so bright
I can't think of a better way to spend the night
Than speeding around underneath the yellow lights

London's burning (with boredom now)
London's burning (dial 9-9-9-9-9)
London's burning (with boredom now)
London's burning (dial 9-9-9-9-9)

Now I'm in the subway, and I'm looking for the flat
This one leads to this block, this one leads to that
The wind howls through the empty blocks
Looking for a home
I run through the empty stone because I'm all alone

London's burning (with boredom now)
London's burning (dial 9-9-9-9-9)
London's burning (with boredom now)
London's burning (dial 9-9-9-9-9)

London's burning

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