

## **Townshend Pete**

# **"White City Fighting"**

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The White City  
That's a joke of a name  
It's a black violence place  
If I remember the game  
I couldn't wait to get out  
But I love to go home  
To remember the White City fighting  
The White City  
Blood was an addiction  
Now it's analyzed  
As though it were fiction  
The battles were won  
And the battles were blown  
At the height of the White City fighting  
Down to the refuge near QPR  
I drive to committees in my German car  
Prone to violence, and prone to shame  
I glide in silence, my pride in vain  
For no one remembers not that I can see  
That we were defenders-we were the free  
The White City  
I finally grew up  
To resist the temptation  
The gutters all threw up  
But I have to go back  
I guess I'm violence prone  
Remember the White City fighting  
Remember, remember

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