

Hanson, Fire On The Mountain

we sit secure in time-honored traditions made
never wondering where or when the sickle may come
If we don't seek our knowledge to be greater men
When the rain starts falling
gonna drown before we get our feet wet

We build our ivory towers to protect us from the flood
A fleet of vessels made of wood so they won't rust
But can we see the bottom of the bottle when we start to drink?
There's fire on the mountain fire and it's coming our way

Can we pick the pieces up
We're mending Babylon

Tryin' to right the wrong
Can we pick the pieces up

Live learn life love die dust gone

There's fire on the mountain

Can we pick the pieces up
We're mending Babylon
Tryin' to right the wrong
Can we pick the pieces up

Live learn life love die dust gone