

Peter Hammill, Fireships

There's a smokescreen on the horizon,
fireships under sail tonight...

Here's the Armada of Souls,
here's the flotilla from God knows where:
from gopher-wood to the last of the ironclads
in common concert they send up the flares.
While we turn and turn around
the rocket hits the roof...
we never think that we'll get burned,
we're fireproof,
we think we're fireproof.

Keep a stiff upper lip,
the band play on
through the raising of the toast;
the captain's steady
at the attention on the bridge
it's surface matters
that appear to matter most.
We watch the galleons run aground,
still we stand aloof;
we never think that we'll get burned,
we think we're fireproof.

We think we're fireproof,
we never think that we'll get burned;
We sail on fireships,
we never think, so we'll get burned.

Straight for the eye of the hurricane,
down to the last eye tooth
we never think that we'll get burned,
we think we're fireproof.

Here's the Armada of light,
here's the flotilla, for heaven's sake....
We're sailing under a flag of convenience,
casting our messages in bottles in our wake
So we turn and turn around
the rocket hits the roof...
we never think that we'll get burned,
we think we're fireproof.

We never think that we'll get burned,
we think we're fireproof.