

The Jam, Funeral Pyre

Down in amongst the streets tonight
Books will burn, people laugh and cry in their turmoil
(turmoil turns rejoiceful)
Shed your fears and lose your guilt
Tonight we burn responsibility in the fire
We'll watch the flames grow higher!
But if you get too burnt, you can't come back home

And as I was standing by the edge
I could see the faces of those led pissing themselves laughing
(and the flames grew)
Their mad eyes bulged their flushed faces said
The weak get crushed as the strong grow stronger

We feast on flesh and drink on blood
Live by fear and dispise love in a crises
(what with today's high prices)
Bring some paper and bring some wood
Bring what's left of all your love for the fire
We'll watch the flames grow higher!
But if you get too burnt - you can't come back home

And as I was standing by the edge
I could see the faces of those led pissing themselves laughing
(and the flames grew)
Their mad eyes bulged their flushed faces said
The weak get crushed as the strong grow stronger

In the funeral pyre
We'll watch the flames grow higher
But if you get too burnt - you can't come back home
(well I feel so old, when I feel so young
well I just can't grow up to meet the demands)