

# Icehouse, The Flame

On the edge of the city in the dust and the daylight  
There's a place where the truth cannot hide  
There's no hell and no heaven, no sense in believing  
All you have is your hope and your pride  
Rusting iron, bricks and paper, hold each other for shelter  
So you sleep and you call it a home  
You may just hear the sound of the Calm Before The Storm

In my heart of the country far away from the town  
Working day after day in the factories and mines  
And your name is a number and your colour is black  
It's the colour of midnight and coal  
Well, the young men are restless and the old men are tired  
Always working for nothing and being alone  
You can feel the heat of the Calm Before The Storm

Well, you can move a mountain and shut out the sky  
You can put out the fire but the flame won't die, ohhhh...

You must see it blue and early at morning

As the smoke settles slowly and the crowd clears away  
The shouting is over, they have nothing to say  
Nineteen voices of silence lying dead in the street  
Nineteen voices are still now ten thousand will fight  
And you might know the voice of the Calm Before The Storm

Well, you can move a mountain and shut out the sky  
You can put out the fire but the flame won't die  
Well, you can move a mountain and shut out the sky  
And you can put out the fire but the flame won't die

Mmm hmhm hmhm...Mmm hmhm hmhm...  
Mmm hmhm hmhm...Mmm hmhm hmhm...  
Mmm hmhm hmhm...Mmm hmhm hmhm...  
Mmm hmhm hmhm...Mmm hmhm hmhm...  
Mmm hmhm hmhm...Mmm hmhm hmhm...