

Lita Ford, Boilin' Point

(Ford, Ehmig)

Caught in the sights of a killing fire
On streets filled with ashes and smoke
Flames reaching up to a dirty sky
Like some kind of sick deadly joke

*Cant stop what hate started
Theres no cooling down
Im past the boiling point now

Every day my TV screen
Is pushing me to make somebody bleed
The chains 'round your neck got me wondering
How youll ever get the freedom that you need
Cant turn this world into heaven
By burning it down to the ground

**Im on fire
Im burning up
My temperatures rising, point of no return
Watch out or you just might burn

*repeat
The walls fall down like dominoes
Nobodys left to pay whats due
Too many crazy people running round
Starting wars between me and you

*repeat
*chorus