

# Mob Rules, House On Fire

In a world of innocence  
You gave me shelter from the tempest  
In a time of hope and joy  
You always dedicated love to me

Burning bridges everywhere  
And nobody to declare

House on fire burnt my soul  
My desire is getting cold

House on fire in my head  
Sick and tired

Twenty one is much too young  
For a child without a warning  
Poorest dream has come alive  
When you died on a cloudy morning

Burning bridges everywhere  
And nobody to declare

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My desire is getting cold

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Sick and tired

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When you died on a cloudy morning

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