Pete Townshend, White City Fighting

The White City, that's a joke of a name It's a black, violent place if I remember the game I couldn't wait to get out but I love to go home To remember the White City fighting

The White City Fighting, remember, remember The White City Fighting, remember, remember

Down to the refuge, near QPR I drive to committees in my German car Prone to violence, prone to shame I glide in silence, my pride in vain

For no one remembers Not that I can see That we were defenders We were the free

The White City, blood was an addiction Now it is analyzed just as though it were fiction That battles were won and battles were blown At the height of the White City fighting

The White City Fighting, remember, remember The White City Fighting, remember, remember

No one remembers Not that I can see That we were defenders We were the free

The White City, I finally grew up To resist the temptation the gutters all threw up But I have to go back, I guess I'm violence prone To remember the White City fighting, yeah

The White City Fighting, remember, remember The White City