

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