

Sky's On Fire

Eskimo Joe

A rooster with a razor
Cuts a hole across the sky
As light falls down from the all-seeing eye
And I prop myself back up
With the friends that I keep
All I want from you is to try and get some sleep

And the traffic's like a symphony
At 3am
Building it's crescendo as the working day
Begins

But I just don't think I can wait
For the light of a new day to break
I try to close my eyes as the anxious feeling dies
Can you save me from desire?
Oh, the sky's on fire

Oh, the sky's on fire

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