Where's The Fire John?

Michael Monroe

End of the millenium is coming down dark
Technology is buying time that simply don't exist
God complex search destroys
Whatever could get in the way
Be perfect, harder stronger
All work and stay up longer
All we need to know is
How we're going to breathe
Where's the fire, john?
Prozac in the blender
And it's off the church we go
Internet religion
Spell your prayers on the screen
Take your time, just hurry up
Or you'll lose your parking space
Catatonic in the closet
Electronic overload
There's no smoke, nothin's burnin'
It's getting hard to breathe

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