

# World On Fire

Tanya Donnelly

How am I still in the dark when the world is on fire  
Lit by the passing of sparks I crouch low in my shadow

When the world is on fire  
How am I still in the dark  
A puppet, a toy  
I am safe in my shadow  
Backlit by the passing of sparks

I wake up from a media blackout  
Feed my child and we head outside  
Here be monsters --  
How do I tell her about them  
You know for now I'll just let that one slide

I want in on Lucinda's sweet old world  
If it's there  
I swear to god there are days that  
Song's what gets me out of bed

The world is on fire  
So how am I still in the dark  
I see you there too  
You're low in your shadow  
But lit by the passing of sparks

I wake up from a deep winter blackout  
And I see all the summer creeps crawling out

I swear to god there are days  
That thought's what sends me back to bed

The world I son fire  
So how am I still in the dark  
Out of this madness is something unravelling  
How am I so in the dark  
Why am I so in the dark  
How am I so in the dark  
When the world is on fire

This is not the last time  
That I'm coming round again  
I'm still so pissed at you all

This is not the last time  
That I'm coming round again