

# DANCING IN THE FLAMES

Lyrics: David Bradford, Music: Tony Haynes

## A(i)

Fire at the ocean's edge, fire on the Rim  
Drive through the fire, keep driving through the fire  
Cities ablaze on the great wheel of suffering  
Drive through the fire, keep driving through the fire

## B(i)

So check your time-zone, check the day and check the hour  
Check out the gas and water and the pressure on the tyre  
Adjust your mirror to your heart's desire  
You're on the Motherwheel, drive through the fire  
Drive down the highway, keep driving through the fire

## C(i)

And if it's Monday then you must be in Macao  
The wheels are spinning in Macao  
The Wheel of Fortune runs Macao  
If you've lucked out then you're a rich man now  
And now you're looking for the Paradise Hotel

And if it's Tuesday then it must be Singapore  
Work makes you free in Singapore  
So freedom works in Singapore  
And yet you think there must be something more  
But somebody has closed the Paradise Hotel

## B(ii)

Let's open up the ancient highway, what the hell  
American Express into the Sheraton Hotel  
Move on before the natives can rebel  
Drive down the highway, keep driving through the fire

## D(i)

And isn't this the way you'd like to feel  
Hands on the wheel inside your car  
And here you are alone together with the others  
You're the swimmer and the stream  
You're the dreamer and the dream

The city lights reach out to touch your face  
But nothing else invades your space  
Where you sit still, hands on the wheel  
Still as the Buddha, while the solid world  
Is flowing past you like a flock of birds...  
Drive through the fire, keep driving through the fire

**C(ii)**

And if it's Thursday then you must be in LA  
You're in the movie of LA  
When you go reeling through LA  
You're in the frame of mind to make a stay  
But still you can't locate the Paradise Hotel

And if it's Friday then you must be in Bangkok  
Sex tourists love it in Bangkok  
They plague the traffic in Bangkok  
You put the wheels into a vicious lock  
And yet it seems again you've missed the Paradise Hotel

**B(iii)**

Let's open up the ancient highway, what the hell  
And build MacDonalds at the roadside, wouldn't that be swell  
Sell Coca Cola and high Octane Shell  
Drive down the highway, keep driving through the fire

**D(ii)**

And isn't this the place you'd rather be  
Out in the traffic sea free wheeling  
Through the city streets at night  
You're listening to-the-beat of city music  
Here inside your car you are both instrument and score

You watch the world go by, the people  
Writhing in the glare of city lights  
The neon rhetoric excites in them a second-hand desire  
And while the lion sleeps, the dragon roars  
And you are dancing in the fire and flames.

**E(i)**

You're dancing in the flames,  
You're dancing in the flames  
You're dancing in the flames, see how beautifully  
You're dancing in the flames

**C(i) + E and other fragments**

Fire at the ocean's edge, fire on the Rim  
Drive through the fire, keep driving through the fire  
Cities ablaze on the great wheel of suffering  
Drive through the fire, keep driving through the fire

**LINK TO RECORDING:** <https://on.soundcloud.com/vV3zL> (11' 23")  
or <https://on.soundcloud.com/vBjrA> (version with short intro, 9' 47")

*NB: there are small discrepancies between this text and the lyrics as sung...*