

# Fire Escape

Andrew McMahon in the Wilderness

Capo IV

| C | C | Am | F |

| C |  
I met up with an acrobat in Brooklyn or some place like that

| Am | F |  
With life and taxis flying past, we tore that dance hall down

| C |  
Pocket change and subway cars, our big ideas filled empty bars

| Am | F |  
You might be from the moon or Mars either way, I'm never going home

| C |  
So let's hang an anchor from the sun

| C |  
There's a million city lights, but

| F | C |  
You're number one

| G | Am | F |  
You're the reason I'm still up at dawn

| C | G |  
Just to see your face

| F | C | G |  
We'll be going strong with the vampires, baby

| Am | F | C | G | N.C. | N.C. |  
We belong, we belong awake, swinging from the fire escape

| C |  
I was drinking from the wishing well, some junkie metal head hotel

| Am | F |  
When we boarded the carousel, the roof was caving in

| C |  
On the stage, my ox blood friend was singing songs about the end

| Am | F |  
The bankers in the lion's den were dropping lines like beggars in the snow

| C |  
So let's hang an anchor from the sun

| C |  
There's a million city lights, but

