**Stuarts - Great Fire Of London**

**Well, here we are,**

**Pudding Lane, at a bakery**

**2 o’clock, Sunday morn**

**People still asleep**

**It belongs, to a man**

**Thomas Farriner**

**And he went, up to bed**

**And his ovens burned**

**The a spark blew**

**Out from the coals**

**And it spread to**

**His neighbour’s walls**

**A spark blew**

**A catastrophe**

**And it wiped out**

**Most of the city**

**Chorus (repeated throughout)**

**Oh watch out this city’s on fire**

**Like a giant wooden town-shaped pyre**

**Oh watch out this city’s on fire**

**This inferno burns until it fries ya**

**Now, watch it go, as it spreads**

**Very suddenly**

**Helped by the wind**

**And some oil, tar and brandy**

**Houses are close, doesn’t help**

**Stop the fire grow**

**One after another**

**Disappearing into plumes of smoke**

**Tear that house down**

**To make a break**

**Or this whole town**

**Will soon be baked**

**Tear that house down**

**We’ll make it stop**

**We’ll stop it from spreading**

**From rooftop to rooftop**

**Chorus (repeated)**

**Bridge**

**So much lost in so little time**

**But it took us 4 days to extinguish the fire**

**13,000 houses were lost**

**And lots of churches, just imagine the cost**

**100,000 homeless people, gathering concerned**

**They’ve seen the whole entire city and watched it**

**As it burned**

**Now we will rebuild and make the houses brick**

**Widen the streets, it’s such a simple trick**

**We will rebuild, everything again**

**With the help of a man called**

**Christopher Wren**

**Chorus (repeated)**