

Chris Flew

"Blackout"

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I, I was kidding about the mean things
While we were sleeping
He rushed in, he rushed in
The fan stopped, the fan stopped
Oh oh oh oh

Flashlights and tele's
Drinking on the street
All the lights are out in New York City
And it never ever will be too damn late
To run inside the market place

I, I'll be quiet, then
And you do all of the talking
Then we're walking
Thoughts rush in, those thoughts rush in

The heart stops, the heart stops
Oh oh oh oh

Flashlights and tele's
Drinking on the street
All the lights are out in New York City
And it never ever will be too damn late
To runside the market place
And it never ever will be too damn late
To run inside the market place

I sit by the window and I watch all of the little
Rain drops, rain drops
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

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