

David Bowie "Nite Flights"

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There's no hold
The moving has come through
The danger passing you
Turns it's face into the heat and runs the tunnels
It's so cold
The dog dug up fine dogs
The stiches torn and broke
The wrong lick fist you choke has hit the blood light

Glass traps opened and close on nite flights
Broken necks, feather plates pressed and warped
Be my love, we will be gods on nite flights
With only one promise, only one way to fall

Glass traps opened and close on nite flights
Broken necks feather ways press the walls
Be my love, we will be gods on nite flights
With only one promise, only one way to call

On nite flights

On nite flights

Only one way to fall

On nite flights

On nite flights

On nite flights

Only one way to fall

Ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah

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