

Depeche Mode

"Fly On The Windscreen-Final"

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Black Celebration and Catching Up with Depeche Mode

Death is everywhere

There are flies on the windscreen

For a start

Reminding us

We could be torn apart

Tonight

Death is everywhere

There are lambs for the slaughter

Waiting to die

And I can sense

The hours slipping by

Tonight

Come here

Kiss me

Now

Come here

Kiss me

Now

Death is everywhere

The more I look

The more I see

The more I feel

A sense of urgency

Tonight

Come here

Touch me

Kiss me

Touch me

Now

Touch me

Touch me

There are flies on the windscreen

There are lambs for the slaughter

There are flies on the windscreen

Come here

Touch me

Kiss me

Touch me

Now

Touch me

Touch me

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