

Mark King

"Fade To Black"

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I wonder where you are tonight
You're probably on the rampage somewhere
You have been known to take delight
In gettin' in somebody's hair
And you always had the knack
Fade to black

I bet you already made a pass
I see a darkened room somewhere
You run your finger round the rim of his glass
Run your fingers through his hair
They scratch across his back
Fade to black

Well maybe it's all for the best
But I wish I'd never been lassoed
Maybe it's some kind of test
But I wish I'd never been tattooed
Or been to hell and back
Fade to black

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