

## **Bowie David**

### **"Slow Burn"**

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Here shall we live in this terrible town  
Where the price for our eyes shall squeeze them tight  
like a fist  
And the walls shall have eyes  
And the doors shall have ears  
But we'll dance in the dark  
And they'll play with our lives

Like a slow burn  
Leading us on and on and on  
Like a slow burn  
Turning us round and round and round

But who are we  
So small in times such as these  
Slow Burn  
Slow Burn

Oh, these are the days  
These are the strangest of all  
These are the nights  
These are the darkest to fall

But who knows?  
Echoes in tenement halls  
Who knows?  
Though the years snare them all

Like a Slow Burn  
Leading us on and on and on  
Like a Slow Burn  
Twirling us round and round and upside down

There's fear overhead  
There's fear overground  
Slow Burn  
Slow Burn

Like a Slow Burn  
Leading us on and on and on  
Like a Slow Burn

Turning us round and round and round

And here are we

At the center of it all Slow Burn Slow Burn Slow Burn

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