

Mode Depeche

"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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