

Mode Depeche

"Fly On The Windscreen"

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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)
Come here (touch me)
Kiss me (touch me)
Now (touch me)
(touch me)

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