

Slow Burn (Radio Edit)

David Bowie

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>