Fly On a Windshield

Steve Hackett

There's something solid forming in the air,
and the wall of death is lowered in Times Square.
No one seems to care,
they carry on as if nothing's there.
The wind is blowing harder now,
blowing dust into my eyes.
The dust settles on my skin,
making a crust I cannot move in.
And I'm hovering like a fly,
waiting for the windshield on the freeway.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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