Wonderful Way to Go

New Model Army

The wolf he howls, howls up at the moon,
out on the steps beneath my hotel room.
Was in the woods behind this little town
we went flying up through the silhouette trees,
then crashing down. Colours brighter than I've ever seen,
More wired than I've ever been - and the faces turn to stone . . .
On through the gates again - what a wonderful way to go . . .
What a wonderful way to go.Tell me your story, tell me no lies;
we touch each other - but only with our eyes.
Some kind of game, to play with desire;
it's just beneath the skin that I'm alive.
Colours brighter than I've ever seen - more wired than I've ever been
And the faces turn to stone - on through the gates again;
what a wonderful way to go - what a wonderful way to go.Tonight the moon, she lays a silver path across the blackened sea,
I'm swimming out against the tide, the waves are breaking over me;
and deep beneath the waters in the darkness I can hear her
as she calls for me to come. . .The wolf he howls, howls up at the moon;
some day coming - some day soon
Onto his shoulder, to carry me home;
flying up through the silhouette trees and we'll be gone
Colours brighter than I've ever seen - more wired than I've ever been;
And all the faces turn to stone - on through the gates again . . .
What a wonderful way to go - what a wonderful way to go . . .

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