

# Fade to Black

## Dire Straits

I wonder where you are tonight  
You're probably on the rampage somewhere  
You have been known to take delight in gettin' in somebody's hair  
And you, you always had the knack, fade to black  
Bet you already made a pass, I see a darkened room  
somewhere  
You run your finger round the rim of his glass  
And run your fingers through his hair  
They scratch across his back, fade to black  
Well, maybe it's all for the best but I wish I'd never been lassoed  
Maybe, it's some kind of test but I wish I'd never been tattooed  
Or been to Hell and back, fade to black

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