

# Slow Burn (radio edition)

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.

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