

Nite Flights

David Bowie

There's no hold
The moving has come through
The danger passing you
Turns its face into the heat and runs the tunnelsIt's so cold
The dog dug up by dogs
The stitches torn and broke
The raw meat fist you choke, has hit the bloodlineGlass traps open and close on nite flights
Broken necks, feather weights press the walls
Be my love, we will be Gods on nite flights
With only one promise, only one way to fallGlass traps open and close on nite flights
Broken necks, feather weights press the walls
Be my love, we will be Gods on nite flights
With only one promise, only one way to callOn nite flights
On nite flights
On nite flights
Only one way to fallOn nite flights
On nite flights
On nite flights
Only one way to fall

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