Fly On the Windscreen - Final

Depeche Mode

Death is everywhere
There are flies on the windscreen

For a start

Reminding us

We could be torn apart

TonightDeath is everywhere

There are lambs for the slaughter

Waiting to die

And I can sense

The hours slipping by

TonightCome here

Kiss me

Now

Come here

Kiss me

NowDeath is everywhere

The more I look

The more I see

The more I feel

A sense of urgency

TonightCome here (touch me)

Kiss me (touch me)

Now (touch me)

(touch me)Come here (touch me)

Kiss me (touch me)

Now (touch me)

(touch me)There are flies on the windscreen

There are lambs for the slaughter

There are flies on the windscreenCome here (touch me)

Kiss me (touch me)

Now (touch me)

(touch me)Come here (touch me)

Kiss me (touch me)

Now (touch me)

(touch me)

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