

Lights Out (Live At the Roundhouse, London '76)

UFO

Wind blows back and the batons charging
It winds all the way
Right to the butt of my gun
Maybe now your time has come
From the back streets there's a rumblin'
Smell of anarchy
No more nice time, bright boy shoe shines
Pie in the sky dreams
Lights out, lights out in London
Hold 'em tight 'til the end
Better now you know we'll never
Wait until tomorrow
Lights out, lights out in London
Hold 'em tight 'til the end
God knows when I'm comin' on my run
You keep comin', there's no runnin'
That's the way it goes
Frightening thoughts, what's been taught
And now it shows
Lights out, lights out in London
Hold 'em tight 'til the end
Better now, you know we'll never
Wait until tomorrow
Lights out, lights out in London
Hold 'em tight 'til the end
God knows when I'm comin' on my run
Lights out, lights out in London
Hold 'em tight 'til the end
Better now you know we'll never
Wait until tomorrow
Lights out, lights out in London
Hold 'em tight 'til the end
God knows when I'm comin' on my run
Listen to you stop moaning too
I tried a thousand times
Under your feet the grass is growin'
Time we said, goodbye
Lights out, lights out in London
Hold 'em tight 'til the end
Better now you know we'll never
Wait till tomorrow
Lights out, lights out in London
Hold 'em tight 'til the end
God knows when I'm comin' on my run
Lights out, lights out in London
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Songwriters

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