

# Murder In the Skies

Gary Moore

Time was running out for all on board,  
Soaring up through the shadows of night.  
High above the clouds the engines roared,  
This would be their final flight. The russians have shot down a plane on its way to Korea.  
Two hundred and sixtynine innocent victims have died. Murder in the skies came without a warning.  
Murder in the skies, black September morning.  
Murder in the skies. Time was running out for everyone,  
Flying over the Sea of Japan.  
None would live to see the rising sun,  
Death was following close at hand. The Russians have shot down a plane on its way to Korea.  
Two hundred and sixty nine innocent victims have died. Murder in the skies came without a warning.  
Murder in the skies, black September morning.  
Murder in the skies came without a warning.  
Murder in the skies, black September morning. Murder in the skies came without a warning.  
Murder in the skies, black September morning.  
Murder in the skies came without a warning.  
Murder in the skies, black September morning. Murder in the skies.  
Murder in the skies.  
Murder in the skies.  
Murder, murder in the skies.  
Murder in the skies.

Songwriters

MOORE, GARY/CARTER, NEIL Published by

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