

Lights Out (Live at the Roundhouse 2 April, 1977)

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 rumbling
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 till the end
Better now you know we'll never
Wait till tomorrow
Lights out, lights out in London
Hold 'em tight till the end
God knows when I'm coming on my run
Heaven help those who help themselves
That's the way it goes
The frightening thoughts of what's been taught
And now it shows
You keep coming, there's no running
Tried a thousand times
Under your feet grass is growing
Time we said goodbye
Lights out, lights out in London
Lights out, lights out in London

Songwriters

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