

Fly On the Windscreen

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, kiss me now
Come here, kiss me nowThere are flies on the windscreen
There are lambs for the slaughter
There are flies on the windscreenCome here, kiss me now
Come here, kiss me nowTouch me, touch me
Touch me, touch me
Touch me, touch me
Touch me, touch meCome here, kiss me now
Come here, kiss me now

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