

Fade To Black

Dire Straits

I wonder where you are tonight
You're probably on the rampage somewhere
You have been known to take delight in gettin' in somebody's hair
And you, you always had the knack, fade to black
Bet you already made a pass, I see a darkened room somewhere
You run your finger round the rim of his glass
And run your fingers through his hair
They scratch across his back, fade to black
Well, maybe it's all for the best but I wish I'd never been lassoed
Maybe, it's some kind of test but I wish I'd never been tattooed
Or been to Hell and back, fade to black

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