

New Precision

Be Bop Deluxe

With new precision the golden days return
The lovers prison, the kingdom of the worm
Driving through empty towns, pass me a cigarette
I think that it could rain, in time we all forget.

Your tape-recorder-heart spins through a hundred feelings
The program for tonight to send my senses reeling
Beyond the final portal, behind the iron gates
Our lady of illusion, the guardian demon waits, she waits.

Beware the falling ones, don't look into their eyes
See what tomorrow brings, a hint of genocide
This is the last resort, the world is closing down
Now is the dying season, let's walk into the sea
Let's walk into the sea
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