

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
Tonight

Death is everywhere
There are lambs for the slaughter
Waiting to die
And I can sense
The hours slipping by
Tonight

Come here
Kiss me
Now
Come here
Kiss me
Now

Death is everywhere
The more I look
The more I see
The more I feel
A sense of urgency
Tonight

Come here
Touch me
Kiss me
Touch me
Now
Touch me
Touch me

There are flies on the windscreen
There are lambs for the slaughter
There are flies on the windscreen

Come here
Touch me
Kiss me
Touch me
Now
Touch me
Touch me