

## Slow Burn

David Bowie

Here shall we live in this terrible town  
Where the price for our minds  
shall squeeze them tight like a fist  
And the walls shall have eyes  
And the doors shall have ears  
But we'll dance in their dark  
And they'll play with our lives

Like a Slow Burn  
Leading us on and on and on  
Like a Slow Burn  
Turning us round and round and round Hark who are we  
So small in times such as these  
Slow Burn  
Slow Burn

Oh, these are the days  
These are the strangest of all  
These are the nights  
These are the darkest to fall  
But who knows?  
Echoes in tenement halls  
Who knows?  
Though the years spare them all

Like a Slow Burn  
Leading us on and on and on  
Like a Slow Burn  
Twirling us round and round  
and upside down  
There's fear overhead  
There's fear overground  
Slow Burn  
Slow Burn  
Like a Slow Burn  
Leading us on and on and on  
Like a Slow Burn  
Turning us round and round and  
'Round And here are we  
At the center of it all  
Slow Burn  
Slow Burn  
Slow Burn