

# Fly On A Windshield

Genesis

There's something solid forming in the air,  
And the wall of death is lowered in Times Square.  
No-one seems to care,  
They carry on as if nothing was there.

The wind is blowing harder now,  
Blowing dust into my eyes.  
The dust settles on my skin,  
Making a crust I cannot move in

Em Em/maj7 Em6

Em/maj7

And I'm hovering like a fly, waiting for the windshield on the freeway.

Echoes of the Broadway Everglades,  
With her mythical madonnas still walking in their shades:  
Lenny Bruce, declares a truce and plays his other hand.  
Marshall McLuhan, casual viewin', head buried in the sand.  
Sirens on the rooftops wailing, but there's no ship sailing.  
Groucho, with his movies trailing, stands alone with his punchline  
failing.

(as above except for last line)

Klu Klux Klan serve hot soul food and the band plays 'In the Mood'  
The cheerleader waves her cyanide wand, there's a smell of  
peach blossom and bitter almonde.  
Caryl Chessman sniffs the air and leads the parade, he knows  
in a scent, you can bottle all you made.

There's Howard Hughes in blue suede shoes, smiling at the  
majorettes smoking Winston Cigarettes.  
And as the song and dance begins, the children play at home  
with needles; needles and pins.