

Flying Through The Smoke

New Model Army

Red dots, close my eyes, tunnel vision
The cooling towers like Cathedrals
Pitch black dark, brighter than the sun
Less than zero, more than infinity
Forever the graphics curling on the screen
Forever the numbers counting on and on
Flying through the smoke, flying through the smoke

See the body of people move across the floor
Dancing turning wheeling in the spinning lights
I remember the music and the noise so loud
All I could see was you moving your mouth
Tell me what was it you were trying to say
Tell me what was it you were trying to say
And all the time everything was moving away
Like a slo-mo shot as the camera pulls across the crowd
Across the faces caught in the last few seconds of life
And you, like a ghost at the feast
Your eyes so small and dark and dead, you were uninvited
And me, trying to remember how nobody saw you
Sitting next to me on the bus as it turned into Mainstreet
And the bomb in the bag at your feet
What was it you were trying to say
Tell me what was it you were trying to say
Flying through the smoke in a deafening roar
Screaming in the panic as the whirlwind hits
Tell me what was it you were trying to say
Too late to listen now