

Genesis, Fly On A Windshield

There's something solid forming in the air,
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
And I'm hovering like a fly, waiting for the windshield on the freeway.