

David Bowie, Slow Burn

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