

# Depeche Mode, Fly On The Windscreen

Death is everywhere  
There are flies on the windscreen  
For a start  
Reminding us  
We could be torn apart  
Tonight

Death is everywhere  
There are lambs for the slaughter  
Waiting to die  
And I can sense  
The hours slipping by  
Tonight

Come here  
Kiss me  
Now  
Come here  
Kiss me  
Now

Death is everywhere  
The more I look  
The more I see  
The more I feel  
A sense of urgency  
Tonight

Come here  
Touch me  
Kiss me  
Touch me  
Now  
Touch me  
Touch me

There are flies on the windscreen  
There are lambs for the slaughter  
There are flies on the windscreen

Come here  
Touch me  
Kiss me  
Touch me  
Now  
Touch me  
Touch me