

Fly on the Windscreen

Ane Brun

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)
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)
Come here (touch me)
Kiss me (touch me)
Now (touch me)
(Touch me)

Come here (touch me)
Kiss me (touch me)
Now (touch me)
(Touch me)
Come here (touch me)
Kiss me (touch me)
Now (touch me)

(Touch me)

Come here (touch me)

Kiss me (touch me)

Now (touch me)

(Touch me)

Come here (touch me)

Kiss me (touch me)

Now (touch me)

(Touch me)

Come here

Kiss me

Now