

Lights Out

Elegant Weapons

Wind blows back and the batons charging
It winds all the way
Right to the butt of my gun
Maybe now your time has come

From the back streets there's a rumblin'
Smell of anarchy
No more nice time, bright boy shoe shines
Pie in the sky dreams

Lights out, lights out in London
Hold on tight 'til the end
Better now you know we'll never
Wait 'til tomorrow
Lights out, lights out in London
Hold on tight 'til the end
God knows when I'm comin' on my run

Heaven help those who help themselves
That's the way it goes
The frightening thoughts of what's been taught
And now it shows

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God knows when I'm comin' on my run

You keep comin', there's no runnin'
Tried a thousand times
Under your feet grass is growin'
Time we said goodbye

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