

Fly on a Windshield

Steve Hackett

There's something solid forming in the air
And 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