

Lights Out '95

UFO

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 them tight till the end
Better now you know we'll never
Wait till tomorrow

Lights out, lights out in London
Hold them tight till the end
God knows when I'm comin' on my run
You keep comin', there's no runnin'
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
Listen to you is like the moon in June
I've tried a thousand times
Under your feet the grass is growin'
The time we said goodbye

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