

Slow Burn - 1/1

Interprété par David Bowie.

Here shall we live in this terrible town
Where the price for our eyes shall squeeze them tight like a fist
And the walls shall have eyes
And the doors shall have ears
But we'll dance in the dark
And they'll play with our lives

Like a Slow Burn
Leading us on and on and on
Like a Slow Burn
Turning us round and round and round

But who are we
So small in times such as these
Slow Burn
Slow Burn

Oh, these are the days
These are the strangest of all
These are the nights
These are the darkest to fall

But who knows?
Echoes in tenement halls
Who knows?
Though the years snare them all

Like a Slow Burn
Leading us on and on and on
Like a Slow Burn
Twirling us round and round and upside down

There's fear overhead
There's fear overground
Slow Burn
Slow Burn

Like a Slow Burn
Leading us on and on and on
Like a Slow Burn
Turning us round and round and round

And here are we
At the center of it all
Slow Burn
Slow Burn
Slow Burn