

Lights Out

The Michael Schenker Group

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 rumbling
Smell of anarchy
No more nice time, black boy shoe shines
Pie in the sky dreams

Lights out, lights out in London, hold on tight till the end
Better now you know we'll never wait till tomorrow
Lights out, lights out in London, hold on tight till the end
God knows when I'm coming 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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You keep coming, there's no running
Tried a thousand times
Under your feet grass is growing
Time we said goodbye

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