

David Bowie, 1984

Someday they won't let you, so now you must agree
The times they are a-telling,
and the changing isn't free
You've read it in the tea leaves, and the tracks are on TV
Beware the savage jaw
Of 1984

They'll split your pretty cranium, and fill it full of air
And tell that you're eighty, but brother, you won't care
You'll be shooting up on anything, tomorrow's neverthere
Beware the savage jaw
Of 1984

[CHORUS]

Come see, come see, remember me?

We played out an all night movie role

You said it would last, but I guess we enrolled

In 1984 (who could ask for more)
1984 (who could ask for mor-or-or-or-ore)
(Mor-or-or-or-ore)

I'm looking for a vehicle, I'm looking for a ride
I'm looking for a party, I'm looking for a side

I'm looking for the treason that I knew in '65

Beware the savage jaw
Of 1984

[CHORUS]

1984 [ad lib]