

David Bowie, Aladdin Sane

Watching him dash away,
swinging an old bouquet
- dead roses

Sake and strange divine Uh-h-h-uh-h-uh you'll make it
Passionate bright young things,
takes him away to war -
don't fake it
Saddening glissando strings
Uh-h-h-uh-h-uh - you'll make it

Who'll love Aladdin Sane
Battle cries and champagne just in time for sunrise
Who'll love Aladdin Sane

Motor sensational, Paris or maybe hell - I'm waiting
Clutches of sad remains
Waits for Aladdin Sane - you'll make it

Who'll love Aladdin Sane
Millions weep a fountain,
just in case of sunrise

Who'll love Aladdin Sane

We'll love Aladdin Sane
Love Aladdin Sane

Who'll love Aladdin Sane
Millions weep a fountain,
just in case of sunrise

Who'll love Aladdin Sane

We'll love Aladdin Sane
We'll love Aladdin Sane