

David Bowie, Beat Of Your Drum

Photograph king, watches you go
Fashions may change, heaven knows,
but you still leave a stain on me
Supplement queen,
your colours may fade
Seasons may change, weather blows, but you still leave a
mark on me

Wrong-negative fades-never the twain, reckless and tame

I like the beat of your drum
I like to look in your eyes
I like to look thru your things
I'd like to beat on your drum

I like the smell of your flesh
I like the dirt that you dish
I like the clothes that you wear
I'd like to beat on your drum

Disco brat-follow the pack
Watching you peel, heaven knows, prison can't hold all
this greedy intention

Vanity's child-picture you now
Music may change-hi-di-ho keen to follow your nose

Wrong-love out of tune
Sweet is the night,
bright light destroys me

[CHORUS]

I like the beat of your drum
I like to look in your eyes
I like to look thru your things
I'd like to beat on your drum

I like the smell of your flesh
I like the dirt that you dish
I like the clothes that you wear
I'd like to beat on your drum

I'd like to beat on your drum
I'd like to beat on your drum
I like your face in the crowd
I'd like to beat on your drum

I'd like to beat on your drum
I'd like to beat on your drum
I'd like to blow on your horn
I'd like to beat on your drum