

David Bowie, Rubber Band

Rubber band

There's a rubber band that plays tunes out of tune
In the library garden Sunday afternoon
While a little chappie waves a golden wand

Rubber band

In 1910 I was so handsome and so strong
My moustache was stiffly waxed and one foot long

And I loved a girl while you played teatime tunes

Dear Rubber band, you're playing my tunes out of tune, oh

Rubber band, Won't you play a haunting theme again to me

While I eat my scones and drink my cup
of tea

The sun is warm but it's a lonely afternoon
Oh, play that theme

Rubber band

How I wish that I could join your Rubber band
We could play in lively parks throughout the land
And one Sunday afternoon I'd find my love

Rubber band

In '14-'18 war I went to sea
Thought my Sunday love was waiting home for me

And now she's married to the leader of the band, oh
[spoken]

Oh sob: I hope you break your baton