

David Bowie, The Next Day

Look into my eyes he tells her
I'm gonna say goodbye he says yea
Do not cry she begs of him goodbye yea
All that day she thinks of his love yea

They whip him through the streets and alleys there
The gormless and the baying crowd right there
They can't get enough of that doomsday song
They can't get enough of it all

Whisper

Ignoring the pain of their particular diseases
They chase him through the alleys chase him down the steps
They haul him through the mud and they chant for his death
And drag him to the feet of the purple headed priest

First they give you everything that you want
Then they take back everything that you have
They live upon their feet and they die upon their knees
They can work with satan while they dress like the saints
They know god exists for the devil told them so
They scream my name aloud down into the well below

Here I am
Not quite dying
My body left to rot in a hollow tree
Its branches throwing shadows
On the gallows for me
And the next day
And the next
And another day
/2x

Listen!