

David Bowie, Wood Jackson

Jackson made twenty tapes
in a day
To give away
A give away
And he play
The tunes they'd call creative
when they're running out of names
Heaven knows he's really torn it now
But the names it hurt
poor Jackson
stopped the haters in his way
Heaven knows he's for it
Sha-a-a-me!
Hey hey
He was never quite unsure
but really sane
Wants to play
Jackson stole twenty souls in a day
To take away
A take away
He takes away
And no complaints
Heart's upon his sleeve and his blade
Wood Jackson took the beating
every day, given out,
passed away, another way
Hey hey
Just wants to play
And how he played
The mob they bleed and tremble
when they're running after life
Heaven knows he's really torn it now
The words that killed
Wood Jackson's friends
were written on the wall
Heaven knows he's for it
Shame!
Just wants to play
It's a shame
Shame
It's a shame
Wants to play
It's a shame
It's a shame
Just wants to play