

David Bowie, After All

Please trip them gently, they don't like to fall, Oh by jingo

There's no room for anger, we're all very small, Oh by jingo

We're painting our faces and dressing in thoughts from the skies,
From paradise

But they think that we're holding a secretive ball.

Won't someone invite them

They're just taller children, that's all, after all

Man is an obstacle, sad as the clown, Oh by jingo

So hold on to nothing, and he won't let you down, Oh by jingo

Some people are marching together and some on their own

Quite alone

Others are running, the smaller ones crawl

But some sit in silence, they're just older children

That's all, after all

I sing with impertinence, shading impermanent chords, with my words

I've borrowed your time and I'm sorry I called

But the thought just occurred that we're nobody's children At all, after all

Live till your rebirth and do what you will, Oh by jingo

Forget all I've said, please bear me no ill, Oh by jingo

After all, after all