

# David Bowie, Algeria Touchshriek

My name is Mr. Touchshriek  
Of Touchshriek with mail over and fantasy  
My shop sells egg shells off the shesores and  
empty females

I'm thinking of leasing the room above my shop  
To a Mr. Walloff Domburg  
A reject from the world wide Internet

He's a broken man  
I'm also a broken man

It would be nice to have company  
We could have great conversations  
Looking through windows for demons  
And watching the young advance in all electric

Some of the houses around here  
still have inhabitants in them  
I'm not sure if they're from this country or not  
I don't get to speak much to anyone  
or that sort of thing  
If I had another broken name  
Oh, I dream of something like that