

David Bowie, Cactus

Sitting here
wishing on a cement floor
Just wishing that
i had just something you wore
I put it on when I go lonely
Will you take off your dress
and send it to me?

I miss your kissin'
and i miss your head
And a letter in your writing
doesn't mean you're not dead

Just run outside in the desert heat
Make your dress all wet
and send it to me
I miss your soup and I miss your bread
And a letter in your writing
doesn't mean you're not dead
So spill your breakfast
and drip your wine
Just wear that dress when you dine

D-A-V-I-D

So, sitting here wishing
on a cement floor
Just wishing that i had just something you wore
Bloody your hands on a cactus tree
Wipe'em on your dress
and send it to me
Sitting here wishing on a cement floor
Just wishing that i had just something you wore