

David Bowie, Can't Help Thinking About Me

Question-time that says I brought dishonour
My head's bowed in shame
It seems that I've blackened the family name
Mother says that she can't stand the neighbours talking
I've gotta pack my bags, leave this home, start walking, yeah
I'm guilty
I wish that I was sorry this time
I wish that I could pay for my crime
I can't help thinking about me
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Remember when we used to go to church on Sundays
I lay awake at night, terrified of school on Mondays
Oh, but it's too late now
I wish I was a child again
I wish I felt secure again
I can't help thinking about me
I can't help thinking about me
I can't help thinking about me
As I pass a recreation ground
I remember my friends, always been found and I can't
I can't help thinking about me
I can't help thinking about me
I can't help thinking about me
Now I leave them all in the never never land
The station seems so cold the ticket's in my hand
My girl calls my name Hi Dave
Drop in, see around, come back
If you're this way again
Oh, I'm on my own
I've got a long way to go
I hope I make it on my own
I can't help thinking about me
I can't help thinking about me
I can't help thinking about me
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