

# David Bowie, God Knows I'm Good

I was walking through the counters of a national concern  
And a cash machine was spitting by my shoulder

And I saw the multitude of faces, honest, rich and clean  
As the merchandise exchanged and money roared  
And a woman hot with worry slyly slipped a tin of stewing steak  
Into the paper bag at her side  
And her face was white with fear in case her actions were observed  
So she closed her eyes to keep her conscience blind

Crying  
"God knows I'm good  
God knows I'm good  
God knows I'm good  
God may look the other way today

God knows I'm good  
God knows I'm good  
God knows I'm good  
God may look the other way today"

Then she moved toward the exit clutching tightly at her paper bag  
Perspiration trickled down her forehead  
And her heart it leapt inside her as the hand laid on her shoulder  
She was led away bewildered and amazed  
Through her deafened ears the cash machines were shrieking on the counter  
As her escort asked her softly  
for her name  
And a crowd of honest people rushed to help a tired old lady  
Who had fainted to the whirling  
wooden floor

Crying  
"God knows I'm good  
God knows I'm good  
God knows I'm good  
Surely God won't look  
the other way

God knows I'm good  
God knows I'm good  
God knows I'm good  
Surely God won't look  
the other way"