

# David Bowie, Karma Man

Fingertip sun at sideshow stalls, they throw the balls  
At coconut fur that hides behind coloured shades that blind your eyes  
Every child's mother holds an ice-cream cone, they circle round  
Perceived unknown by an eye that peers from a hole in the tent where no one goes  
A figure sitting cross-legged on the floor he's clogged and clothed in saffron robes  
His beads are all he owns  
Slow down, slow down  
Someone must have said that slow him down  
Slow down, slow down  
It's pictured on the arms of the Karma Man  
Fairy tale skin, depicting scenes from human zoos  
Impermanent toys like peace and war a gentle face you've seen before  
Karma Man tattooed on your side, the wheel of life  
I see my times and who I've been I only live now and I don't know why  
I struggle hard to take these pictures in, but  
All my friends can see is just the pinkness of his skin  
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