

# David Bowie, Life On Mars?

It's a God awful small affair  
To the girl with the mousey hair,  
But her mummy is yelling, No!  
And her daddy has told her to go,  
But her friend is no where to be seen.  
Now she walks through her sunken dream  
To the seats with the clearest view  
And she's hooked to the silver screen,  
But the film is sadd'ning bore  
For she's lived it ten times or more.  
She could spit in the eyes of fools  
As they ask her to focus on  
Sailors  
Fighting in the dance hall.  
Oh man!  
Look at those cavemen go.  
It's the freakiest show.  
Take a look at the lawman  
Beating up the wrong guy.  
Oh man!  
Wonder if he'll ever know  
He's in the best selling show.  
Is there life on Mars?  
It's on America's tortured brow  
That Mickey Mouse has grown up a cow.  
Now the workers have struck for fame  
'Cause Lennon's on sale again.  
See the mice in their million hordes  
From Ibeza to the Norfolk Broads.  
Rule Britannia is out of bounds  
To my mother, my dog, and clowns,  
But the film is a sadd'ning bore  
'Cause I wrote it ten times or more.  
It's about to be writ again  
As I ask you to focus on  
Sailors  
Fighting in the dance hall.  
Oh man!  
Look at those cavemen go.  
It's the freakiest show.  
Take a look at the lawman  
Beating up the wrong guy.  
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Is there life on Mars?