

David Bowie, LOVE IS LOST

It's the darkest hour, you're 22
The voice of youth, the hour of dread
It's the darkest hour, and your voice is new
Love is lost, and lost is love

Your country's new, your friends are new
Your house, and even your eyes are new
Your maid is new, and your accent, too
But your fear is as old as the world

Say goodbye to the thrills of life
When love was good, when love was bad
Wave goodbye to the life without pain
Say hello, your beautiful girl

Say hello to the greater men
Tell them your secrets they're like the grave
Oh what you have done, oh what you have done
Love is lost, lost is love

You know so much, it's making me cry
You refuse to talk, but you think like mad
You've cut out your zone and the things have fold
Oh what have you done, oh what have you done
Oh what have you done, oh what have you done