

David Bowie, Maid Of Bond Street

This girl is made of lipstick
Powder and paint
Sees the picture of herself
Every magazine on every shelf
This girl is maid of bond street
Hailing cabs, lunches with executives
Gleaming teeth sip aperitifs
This girl is a lonely girl
Takes the train from Paddington to Oxford Circus
Buys the Daily News
But passengers don't smile at her, don't smile at her
This girl is made of loneliness
A broken heart
For the boy she once knew
Doesn't want to know her any more
And this girl is a lonely girl
Everything she wants is hers
But she can't make it with the boy she really wants to be with
All the time, to love, all the time
This boy is made of envy
Jealousy
He doesn't have a limousine
Really wants to be a star himself
This girl, her world is made of flashlights and films

Her cares are scraps on the cutting room floor

And maids of bond street drive round in chauffeured cars
Maids of Bond street picture clothes, eyes of star
Maids of Bond street shouldn't have worldly cares

Maids of Bond street shouldn't have love affairs