David Bowie, Please Mr. Gravedigger

There's a little churchyard just along the way
It used to be Lambeth's finest array
Of tombstones, epitaphs, wreaths, flowers all that jazz
Til the war come along and someone dropped a bomb on the lot

And in this little yard, there's a little old man
With a little shovel in his little bitty hand

He seems to spend all his days puffing fags and digging graves
He hates the reverend vicar and he lives all alone in his home
"Ah-choo, excuse me"
Please Mr. Gravedigger, don't feel ashamed
As you dig little holes for the dead and the maimed
Please Mr. Gravedigger, I couldn't care
If you found a golden locket full of some girl's hair

And you put it in your pocket
"God, it's pouring down"
Her mother doesn't know about your sentimental joy
She thinks it's down below with the rest of her toys
And Ma wouldn't understand, so I won't tell
So keep your golden locket all safely hid away in your pocket
Yes, Mr. GD, you see me every day
Standing in the same spot by a certain grave
Mary-Ann was only 10 and full of life and oh so gay

And I was the wicked man who took her life away
Very selfish, oh God
No, Mr. GD, you won't tell
And just to make sure that you keep it to yourself
I've started digging holes myself
And this one here's for you
"Lifted our girl, she apparently doesn't know of it
Hello misses, thought she'd be a little girl
Bloody obscene, catch pneumonia or something in this rain"