David Bowie, Queen Bitch

I'm up on the eleventh floor
And I'm watching the cruisers below
He's down on the street
And he's trying hard
to pull sister Flo
My heart's in the basement
My weekend's at an all time low

'Cause she's hoping to score
So I can't see her
letting him go
Walk out of her heart
Walk out of her mind

[CHORUS]
She's so swishy in her satin and tat
In her frock coat
and bipperty-bopperty hat
Oh God, I could do better than that

She's an old-time ambassador
Of sweet talking, night walking games
And she's known in the darkest clubs
For pushing ahead of the dames
If she says she can do it
Then she can do it,
she don't make false claims
But she's a Queen,
and such are queens
That your laughter
is sucked in their brains
Now she's leading him on
And she'll lay him right down
But it could have been me
Yes, it could have been me
Why didn't I say,
why didn't I say, no, no, no

[CHORUS]

So I lay down a while
And I gaze at my hotel wall
Oh the cot is so cold
It don't feel like no bed at all
Yeah I lay down a while
And I gaze at my hotel wall
But he's down on the street
So I throw both his bags down the hall
And I'm phoning a cab
'Cause my stomach feels small
There's a taste in my mouth
And it's no taste at all

It could have been me
Oh yeah, it could have been me
Why didn't I say,
Why didn't I say, no, no, no

[CHORUS]