

# 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]