

David Bowie, Sue (Or in a Season of Crime)

Sue, I got the job
We'll buy the house
You'll need to rest
But now we'll make it

Sue, the clinic called
The x-ray's fine
I brought you home
I just said home

Sue, you said you wanted writ
Sue the virgin on your stone
For your grave
Why too dark to speak the words?
'Fore I know that you have a son
Oh, folly, Sue

Ride the train, I'm far from home
In a season of crime none need atone
I kissed your face!
Sue, I pushed you down beneath the weeds
Endless faith in hopeless deeds
I kissed your face!
I touched your face!

Sue, goodbye!

Sue, I found your note
That you wrote last night
It can't be right
You went with him
Sue, I never dreamed
I'm such a fool
Right from the start
You went with that clown