

# David Bowie, Tryin' To Get To Heaven

The air is getting hotter  
There's a rumbling in the skies  
I've been wading through the high muddy water  
With the heat rising in my eyes  
Every day your memory grows dimmer  
It doesn't haunt me like it did before  
I've been walking through the middle of nowhere  
Trying to get to heaven before they close the door  
When I was in Missouri  
They would not let me be  
I had to leave there in a hurry  
I only saw what they let me see  
You broke a heart that loved you  
Now you can seal up the book and not write anymore  
I've been walking that lonesome valley  
Trying to get to heaven before they close the door  
People on the platforms  
Waiting for the trains  
I can hear their hearts a-beatin'  
Like pendulums swinging on chains  
When you think that you lost everything  
You find out you can always lose a little more  
I'm just going down the road feeling bad  
Trying to get to heaven before they close the door  
I'm going down the river  
Down to New Orleans  
They tell me everything is gonna be all right  
But I don't know what "all right" even means  
I was riding in a buggy with Miss Mary-Jane  
Miss Mary-Jane got a house in Baltimore  
I been all around the world, boys  
Now I'm trying to get to heaven before they close the door  
Gonna sleep down in the parlor  
And relive my dreams  
I'll close my eyes and I wonder  
If everything is as hollow as it seems  
Some trains don't pull no gamblers  
No midnight rambles, like they did before  
I been to Sugar Town, I shook the sugar down  
Now I'm trying to get to heaven before they close the door