

# David Bowie, Width Of A Circle

In the corner of the morning in the past  
I would sit and blame the master first and last  
All the roads were straight and narrow  
And the prayers were small and yellow  
And the rumour spread that I was aging fast  
Then I ran across a monster who was sleeping by a tree.

And I looked and frowned and the monster was me

Well, I said hello and I said hello  
And I asked "Why not?" and I replied "I don't know";  
So we asked a simple black bird, who was happy as can be

And he laughed insane and quipped "KAHLIL GIBRAN";  
So I cried for all the others till the day was nearly through  
For I realized that God's a young man too

So I said "So long" and I waved "Bye-bye";  
And I smashed my soul and traded my mind

Got laid by a young bordello  
I was vaguely half asleep  
For which my reputation swept back home in drag

And the moral of this magic spell  
Negotiates my hide  
When God did take my logic for a ride  
(Riding along)

He swallowed his pride and puckered his lips  
And showed me the leather belt round his hips  
My knees were shaking my cheeks aflame  
He said "You'll never go down to the Gods again";  
(Turn around, go back!)

He struck the ground a cavern appeared  
And I smelt the burning pit of fear  
We crashed a thousand yards below  
I said "Do it again, do it again";  
(Turn around, go back!)

His nebulous body swayed above  
His tongue swollen with devil's love  
The snake and I, a venom high  
I said "Do it again, do it again";  
(Turn around, go back!)

Breathe, breathe, breathe deeply

And I was seething, breathing deeply  
Spitting sentry, horned and tailed

Waiting for you