

David Bowie, Baby Grace (A Horrid Cassette)

Test, testing, testing
This, hmmm, Grace is my name
And and I was...um...
It was that phot... a fading photograph of a patch..., a patchwork quilt.
And they've put me on these...
Ramona put me on
these interest drugs

So I'm thinking very too bit too fast like a brain hatch

And ah they won't let me see anybody
If I want to sometimes ... and I ask
I can still hear some pop...popular musics and aftershocks. (Ahhh-choo)
See I've been watching a television of um...
in the homelands
That's the new homelands and um that's all I can remember
And now they just want me to be quiet
And I think something is going to be horrid