

# David Bowie, Heathen

Steel on the skyline  
Sky made of glass  
Made for a real world  
All things must pass  
Oo-o  
Waiting for something  
Looking for someone  
Is there no reason?  
Have I stared too long?  
Oo-o  
Oo-o  
You say you'll leave me  
And when the sun is low  
And the rays high  
I can see it now  
I can feel it die  
Oo-o  
Oo-o