

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