

David Bowie, I Have Not Been To Oxford Town

Baby Grace is the victim
She was 14 years of age
And the wheels are turning, turning
For the finger points at me
All's well
But I have not been to Oxford Town
All's well
No I have not been to Oxford Town

[CHORUS]
Toll the bell
Pay the private eye
All's well
20th century dies

And the prison priests are decent
My attorney seems sincere
I fear my days are numbered
Lord get me out of here
All's well
But I have not been to Oxford Town
All's well
But I have not been to Oxford Town

[CHORUS]
This is your shadow on my wall
This is my flesh and blood
This is what I could've been

And the wheels are turning and turning
As the 20th century dies

If I had not ripped the fabric
If time had not stood still
If I had not met Ramona
If I'd only paid my bill
All's well
But I have not been to Oxford Town
All's well
But I have not been to Oxford Town

[CHORUS]
This is my bunk with two sheets
This is my food though foul
This is what I could have been

[CHORUS (ad lib.)]