

David Bowie, I'm Not Losing Sleep

Yes, I've read the morning papers
Telling me that you've made money
Do you think I'm gonna crawl, then think again
Though I'm dressed in rags, I'm richer
Though I eat from tins, I'm healthier
Though I live in slums, I'm purer than you, my friend
Too bad, I'm not losing sleep
[Too bad] I'm just counting sheep
[Too bad] I'm not losing sleep, my friend
Look around and see the friends
The ones you left, our friends deserted
See the guys that used to talk and drink with you
Don't look down your nose at me
'Cause I won't ask your sympathy
I won't be your yes-sir man for anything
Too bad, I'm not losing sleep
[Too bad] I'm just counting sheep
[Too bad] I'm not losing sleep, my friend
I would walk with you
Talk with you, drink with you
If you drop that halo that you're wearing on the ground
Too bad, I'm not losing sleep
[Too bad] I'm just counting sheep
[Too bad] I'm not losing sleep, my friend
I can't get my satisfaction
Knowing you won't get reaction
What makes me the big attraction anyway
It's too bad, I'm not losing sleep
[Too bad] I'm just counting sheep
[Too bad] I'm not losing sleep, my friend
Too bad, I'm not losing sleep
[Too bad] I'm just counting sheep
[Too bad] I'm not losing sleep, my friend
Oh, it's too bad, I'm not losing sleep
[Too bad] I'm just counting sheep
[Too bad] I'm not losing sleep, my friend