

David Bowie, Lady Grinning Soul

She'll come, she'll go.
She'll lay belief on you
Skin sweet with musky oil
The lady from another grinning soul

Cologne she'll wear. Silver and Americard
She'll drive a beetle car
And beat you down at cool Canasta

And when the clothes are strewn
don't be afraid of the room
Touch the fullness of her breast.
Feel the love of her caress
She will be your living end

She'll come, she'll go.
She'll lay belief on you
But she won't stake her life on you
How can life become
her point of view

And when the clothes are strewn
don't be afraid of the room
Touch the fullness of her breast.
Feel the love of her caress
She will be your living end [repeat]