

David Bowie, The Loneliest Guy

Streets damp and warm
Empty smell metal
Weeds between buildings
Pictures on my hard drive
But I'm the luckiest guy
Not the loneliest guy

Steam under floor
Shards by the mirrors frame
Clouds green and low
No sign, no nothing now
But I'm the luckiest guy
Not the loneliest guy

All the pages that have turned
All the errors left unlearned, oh
Well I'm the luckiest guy
Not the loneliest guy
In the world
Not me
Not me