

David Bowie, The Motel

For we're living
in a safety zone
Don't be holding back from me
We're living from hour to hour down here
And we'll take it when we can
It's a kind of living which recognises
The death of the odourless man
When nothing is vanity nothing's too slow
It's not Eden but it's no sham

There is no hell
There is no shame
There is no hell
Like an old hell
There is no hell
And it's lights up, boys
Lights up boys

Explosion falls upon deaf ears
While we're swimming in a sea of sham
Living in the shadow of vanity
A complex fashion for a simple man

And there is no hell
And there is no shame
And there is no hell
Like an old hell
There is no hell

And the silence flies
on its brief flight
A razor sharp crap shoot affair
And we light up our lives
And there's no more of me exploding you
Re-exposing you
Like everybody do
Re-exploding you
I don't know what to use
Make somebody move
Me exploding
Me exploding you