

David Bowie, The Pretty Things Are Going To Hell

What to do?
What to say?
What to wear on a sunny day?
Who the phone?
Who to fight?
Who to dance with on a Sunday night?

I'm reaching the very edge you know
Reaching the very edge
I'm going to the other side this time
Reaching the very edge

[CHORUS]

You're still breathing but you don't know why
Life's a bit and sometimes you die
You're still breathing but you just can't tell
Don't hold your breath
But the pretty things are going to hell

I am a drug, I am a dragon
I am your best jazz you ever seen
I am the dragon, I am the sky
I am the blood at the corner of your eye
I found the secrets I found gold
I find you out before you grow old
I find you out before you grow old

What is eternal? What is damned?
What is clay and what is sand?
Who to diss? Who to trust?
Who to listen to? Who to suss?

I'm reaching the very edge you know
I'm reaching the very edge
I'm going to the other side this time
I'm reaching the very edge

[CHORUS]

I am the dragon, I am the drug
I am your best jazz you've ever heard
I am the dragon, I'm the sky
I am the blood at the corner of your eye
I found the secrets I found gold
I found you out before you grow old
I found you out before you grow old
The pretty things are going to hell
They wore it out but they wore it well