

# David Bowie, Unwashed And Somewhat Slightly

Spy, spy, pretty girl  
I see you see me through your window  
Don't turn your nose up  
Well, you can if you need to, you won't be the first or last

It must strain you to look down so far from your father's house  
And I know what a louse like me in his house could do for you  
I'm the Cream  
Of the Great Utopia Dream  
And you're the gleam  
In the depths  
of your banker's spleen

I'm a phallus in pigtails  
And there's blood on my nose  
And my tissue is rotting  
Where the rats chew my bones  
And my eye sockets empty  
See nothing but pain  
I keep having this brainstorm  
About twelve times a day  
So now, you could spend the morning walking with me, quite amazed  
As I'm Unwashed  
and Somewhat Slightly Dazed

I got eyes in my backside  
That see electric tomatoes  
On credit card rye bread  
There are children in washrooms  
Holding hands with a queen  
And my heads full of murders  
Where only killers scream  
So now you could spend the morning talking with me quite amazed  
Look out, I'm raving mad and Somewhat Slightly Dazed

Now you run from your window  
To the porcelain bowl  
And you're sick from your ears  
To the red parquet floor  
And the Braque on the wall  
Slides down your front  
And eats through your belly  
It's very catching  
So now, you should spend the mornings lying to your father quite amazed  
About the strange Unwashed and Happily Slightly Dazed.