

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.