

David Bowie, We Are The Dead

Something kind of hit me today
I looked at you and wondered if you saw things my way

People will hold us to blame
It hit me today, it hit me today

We're taking it hard all the time
Why don't we pass it by?
Just reply, you've changed your mind
We're fighting with the eyes of the blind
Taking it hard, taking it hard

Yet now
We feel that we are papers, choking on you nightly
They tell me "Son, we want you, be elusive, but don't walk far"
For we're breaking in the new boys, deceive your next of kin
For you're dancing where the dogs decay, defecating ecstasy
You're just an ally of the leecher
Locator for the virgin King, but I love you in your fuck-me pumps
And your nimble dress that trails
Oh, dress yourself, my urchin one, for I hear them on the rails
Because of all we've seen, because of all we've said
We are the dead

One thing kind of touched me today

I looked at you and counted all the times we had laid
Pressing our love through the night

Knowing it's right, knowing it's right

Now I'm hoping some one will care
Living on the breath of a hope to be shared

Trusting on the sons of our love
That someone will care, someone will care

But now
We're today's scrambled creatures, locked in tomorrow's double feature
Heaven's on the pillow, its silence competes with hell
It's a twenty-four hour service, guaranteed to make you tell

And the streets are full of press men
Bent on getting hung and buried
And the legendary curtains are drawn 'round Baby Bankrupt
Who sucks you while you're sleeping
It's the theater of financiers
Count them, fifty 'round a table
White and dressed to kill

Oh caress yourself, my juicy
For my hands have all but withered
Oh dress yourself my urchin one, for I hear them on the stairs
Because of all we've seen, because of all we've said

We are the dead
We are the dead
We are the dead