

David Bowie, Wild Eyed Boy From Freecloud

Solemn faced
The village settles down
Undetected by the stars
And the hangman plays the mandolin before he goes to sleep
And the last thing on his mind
Is the Wild Eyed Boy imprisoned
'Neath the covered wooden shaft
Folds the rope
Into its bag
Blows his pipe of smolders
Blankets smoke into the room
And the day will end for some
As the night begins for one

Staring through the message in his eyes
Lies a solitary son
From the mountain called Freecloud
Where the eagle dare not fly
And the patience in his sigh
Gives no indication
For the townsmen to decide
So the village Dreadful yawns
Pronouncing gross diversion
As the label for the dog
Oh "It's the madness in his eyes"
As he breaks the night to cry:

"It's really Me
Really You
And really Me
It's so hard for us to really be
Really You
And really Me
You'll lose me though I'm always
really free"

And the mountain moved its eyes
To the world of realize
Where the snow had saved a place
For the Wild Eyed Boy
from Freecloud

And the village Dreadful cried
As the rope began to rise
For the smile stayed on the face
Of the Wild Eyed Boy
from Freecloud
And the women once proud
Clutched the heart of the crowd
As the boulders smashed down from the mountain's hand

And the Magic in the stare
Of the Wild Eyed Boy said
"Stop, Freecloud
They won't think to cut me down"
But the cottages fell
Like a playing card hell
And the tears on the face
Of the Wise Boy
Came tumbling down
To the rumbling ground
And the missionary mystic of peace/love
Stumbled to cry among the clouds
Kicking back the pebbles

From the Freecloud mountain
Track.