

Tin Machine, Betty Wrong

(David Bowie/Reeves Gabrels)

Now that he has no sense of destination

Now he's running for the love of speed

When the child goes bad it's no cause for celebration

Like Jimmy Dean he don't talk back to me

CHORUS

Failures as fathers, mothers to chaos

No baby, no baby, no baby no

Hallo humans can you feel me thinking

I assume you're seeing everything I'm thinking

Hallo humans nothing starts tomorrow

I'm the baby now

Baby Universe, Baby Universe, Baby Universal

A speck of dust has settled in my eye

It doesn't matter I've seen everything anyway

CHORUS
