

Tin Machine, Sorry

(David Bowie/Reeves Gabrels)

Between the dead ring ash of extreme defense
The lonely groups of company boys snapping pics
Of scrawny limbs and toothy grins
These are children riding naked on their tourist pals
While the hollows that pass for eyes swell from withdrawal
As he lies on a mattress in a rat infested room
Talking 'bout his family and the cold back home

CHORUS

Between the dull cold eyes and the mind unstable
No one over here reads the papers pal
Between the dull cold eyes and the mind unstable
He's a clean trick and he's shopping for girls
A small black someone jumps over the crazy white god
Cranking up the volume on a Michael Jackson song

CHORUS

Where the frangipani scents the air
She mouths a word that breaks his stare
He grunts his reply in a garrulous croak
That's a mighty big word for a nine year old

CHORUS

You gaze down in to her eyes for a million miles
You wanna give her a name and a clean rag doll
