

# 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

-----