

Sue (Or In a Season of Crime)

David Bowie

Sue, I got the job
Weâ€™ll buy the house
Youâ€™ll need to rest
But now weâ€™ll make it

Sue, the clinic called
The x-rayâ€™s fine
I brought you home
I just said home

Sue, you said you wanted writ
â€œSue the virginâ€• on your stone
For your grave

Why too dark to speak the words?
For I know that you have a son
Oh, folly, Sue

Ride the train Iâ€™m far from home
In a season of crime none need atone
I kissed your face

Sue, I pushed you down beneath the weeds
Endless faith in hopeless deeds
I kissed your face
I touched your face
Sue, Good-bye

Sue, I found your note
That you wrote last night
It canâ€™t be right
You went with him

Sue, I never dreamed
Iâ€™m such a fool
Right from the start
You went with that clown

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>