Uncle Arthur

David Bowie

Strikes the bell for 5 o'clock, uncle arthur closes shop
Screws the tops on all the bottles, turns the lights out, locks it up
Climbs across his bike and he's away
Cycles past the gasworks, past the river, down the high street
Back to mother, it's another empty dayUncle arthur likes his mommy
Uncle arthur still reads comics
Uncle arthur follows batmanRound and round the rumours fly, how he ran away from mum
On his 32nd birthday, told her that he'd found a chum
Mother cried and raved and yelled and fussed
Arthur left her no illusion, brought the girl round, save confusion
Sally was the real thing, not just lustUncle arthur vanished quickly
Uncle arthur and his new bride
Uncle arthur follows sallyRound and round goes arthur's head, hasn't eaten well for days
Little sally may be lovely, but cooking leaves her in a maze
Uncle arthur packed his bags and fled
Back to mother, all's forgiven, serving in the family shop
He gets his pocket money, he's well fedUncle arthur past the gasworks
Uncle arthur past the river
Uncle arthur down the high street
Uncle arthur follows mother

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