

Pretty Pink Rose (& David Bowie)

[Adrian Belew](#)

Yeah, she's just been to Russia and they're dying, their faces
They're dying over there
A pretty pink rose That rock 'n' roll lady takes a spaceship ride
She's out of this world
A pretty pink rose And we're living for you my love
We're living for you
And we're dying for you my love
Pretty pink rose She tore down Paris on the tail of Thom Paine
But the left wing's broken the right's insane
A pretty pink rose Have a nice day, it's a killer, turn a cheek
It's a Christian code
A pretty pink rose And we're living for you my love
Yes, we're living for you
And we're dying for you my love
Pretty pink rose She's the poor man's gold, she's the anarchist crucible
Flyin' in the face of the despot cannibal
Pretty pink rose Never let it rain
Never rain on the heart of the pretty pink rose
Pretty pink rose And we're living for you my love
We're living for you
And we're dying for you my love
Pretty pink rose Get me through the pain
Through the pain of the thorn on the pretty pink rose
Never let it rain, never rain, never rain
On the pretty pink rose Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart of the pretty pink rose
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart of the pretty pink rose
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart of the pretty pink rose
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart

Songwriters

BOWIE Published by

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