

Rubber Band

David Bowie

Rubber band

There's a rubber band that plays tunes out of tune

In the library garden Sunday afternoon

While a little chappie waves a golden wand

Rubber band

In 1910 I was so handsome and so strong

My mustache was stiffly waxed and one foot long

And I loved a girl while you played teatime tunes

Dear rubber band, you're playing my tune out of tune

Oh

Rubber band

Won't you play a haunting theme again to me?

While I eat my scones and drink my cup of tea

The sun is warm but it's a lonely afternoon

Oh, play that theme

Rubber band

How I wish that I could join your rubber band

We could play in lively parks throughout the land

And one Sunday afternoon, I'd find my love

Rubber band

In the '14-'18 war I went to sea

Thought my Sunday love was waiting home for me

And now she's married to the leader of your band, oh

Oh, yeah, I hope you break your baton

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