

# All The Madmen

## David Bowie

Day after day  
They send my friends away  
To mansions cold and grey  
To the far side of town  
Where the thin men stalk the streets  
While the sane stay underground  
Day after day  
They tell me I can go  
They tell me I can blow  
To the far side of town  
Where it's pointless to be high  
'Cause it's such a long way down  
So I tell them that  
I can fly, I will scream  
I will break my arm  
I will do me harm  
Here I stand, foot in hand  
Talking to my wall  
I'm not quite right at all, am I?  
Don't set me free  
I'm as heavy as can be  
Just my Librium and me  
And my EST makes three  
'Cause I'd rather stay here with all the madmen  
Than perish with the sad men roaming free  
And I'd rather play here with all the madmen  
For I'm quite content they're all as sane as me  
Where can the horizon lie  
When a nation hides?  
It's organic minds  
In a cellar, dark and grim  
They must be very dim  
Day after day  
They take some brain away  
Then turn my face around  
To the far side of town  
And tell me that it's real  
Then ask me how I feel?  
Here I stand, foot in hand

Talking to my wall  
I'm not quite right at all  
Don't set me free  
I'm as helpless as can be  
My libido's split on me  
Give me some good 'ole lobotomy  
'Cause I'd rather stay here with all the madmen  
Than perish with the sad men roaming free  
And I'd rather play here with all the madmen  
For I'm quite content they're all as sane as me

Zane, Zane, Zane

Ouvre le Chien

Zane, zane, zane

Ouvre le Chien

Zane, Zane, Zane

(Ah, ah, ah)

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