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)
Ouvre le Chien
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