

The Informer

David Bowie

I took the call, IAnnotate packed the bag
I ride the train to the pick-up point
I'll be telling myself
There was no other way
That you brought it on yourself
Now my heart's aflame
At the end of your life
It's the end of your lifeI've got a pool of blood
On this bathroom floor
The mirror's broke
There's a crack in the door
There's a broken window
That I'll be crawling through
Then I'll change my life
And we won't have you
We won't have you
No, we won't have youGood or evil
Saint or whore
The mythical public
I don't recall
You were on the ledger
Your name was double crossed
You were a prime assignment
So help me ChristI've got major questions
About the Lord above
About Satan below
About the way we love
About the rule at the top
And the people coming up
And I still don't know
What we were looking for
But it wasn't you
No, it wasn't you
No, It wasn't you

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>