

# Pretty Pink Rose (With Adrian Belew)

David Bowie

She's just been to russia and they're dying their faces  
They're dying over there  
A pretty pink rose  
That r'n'r lady takes a space-ship 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 tall of thom paine  
But the left wings broken the right 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, we're living for you  
And we're dying for you my love  
Pretty pink rose  
She's the poor mans gold she's the anarchist crucible  
Flying in the face of the despot cannible  
She's a pretty pink rose  
Never let it rain, never let it 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 thru the pain, thru the pain of the thorn on the pretty pink rose  
Never let it rain, never rain never rain, 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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