

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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