

The Loneliest Guy

David Bowie

Streets damp and warm
Empty smell metal
Weeds between buildings
Pictures on my hard drive Well I'm the luckiest guy
Not the loneliest guy Steam under floor
Shards by the mirrors frame
Clouds green and low
No sign, no nothing now Well I'm the luckiest guy
Not the loneliest guy All the pages that have turned
All the errors left unlearned, oh Well I'm the luckiest guy
Not the loneliest guy in the world
Not me
Not me

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