

Five Years

David Bowie & The Spiders from Mars

Pushing through the market square
So many mothers sighing
News had just come over
We had five years left to cry in
News guy wept and told us
Earth was really dying
Cried so much his face was wet
Then I knew he was not lying
I heard telephones
opera house
favorite melodies
I saw boys
toys
electric irons and TV's
My brain hurt like a warehouse
It had no room to spare
I had to cram so many things
to store everything in there
And all the fat, skinny people
and all the tall, short people
and all the nobody people
and all the somebody people
Never thought I'd need so many people
A girl my age went off her head
hit some tiny children
If the black hadn't a-pulled her off
I think she would have killed them
A soldier with a broken arm
fixed his stare to the wheels of a Cadillac
A cop knelt and kissed the feet of a priest
And the queer threw up at the sight of that
I think I saw you in an ice cream parlor
drinking milk shakes cold and long
smiling and waving and looking so fine
Don't think you knew you were in this song
And it was cold and it rained
so I felt like an actor
And I thought of ma
and I wanted to get back there
Your face
your race
the way that you talk
I kiss you
you're beautiful
I want you to walk
We've got five years

stuck on my eyes
Five years
What a surprise
We've got five years
My brain hurts a lot
Five years
That's all we've got
We've got five years
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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