

The Width of a Circle

David Bowie

In the corner of the morning in the past
I would sit and blame the master first and last
All the roads were straight and narrow
And the prayers were small and yellow
And the rumour spread that I was aging fast
Then I ran across a monster who was sleeping
By a tree
And I looked and frowned and the monster was me Well, I said hello and I said hello
And I asked, why not, and I replied, I don't know
So we asked a simple black bird, who was happy as can be
And he laughed insane and quipped Kahlil Gibran
And I cried for all the others till the day was nearly through
For I realized that God's a young man too
Oh I said so long and I waved bye-bye
And I smashed my soul and traded my mind
Got laid by a young bordello
Who was vaguely half asleep
For which my reputation swept back home in drag
And the moral of this magic spell
Negotiates my hide
When God did take my logic for a ride
(Riding along) Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh He swallowed his pride and puckered his lips
And showed me the leather belt round his hips
My knees were shaking my cheeks aflame
He said you'll never go down to the Gods again
(Turn around, go back) He struck the ground a cavern appeared
And I smelt the burning pit of fear
We crashed a thousand yards below
I said do it again, do it again
(Turn around, go back) His nebulous body swayed above
His tongue swollen with devil's love
The snake and I, a venom high
I said do it again, do it again
(Turn around, go back) Breathe, breathe, breathe deeply
And I was seething, breathing deeply
Spitting sentry, horned and tailed
Waiting for you, oh Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>