

Maid of Bond Street

David Bowie

This girl is made of lipstick
 Powder and paint
 Sees the pictures of herself
Every magazine on every shelfThis girl is maid of bond street
 Hailing cabs, lunches with executives
 Gleaming teeth sip aperitifsThis girl is a lonely girl
 Takes the train from paddington to oxford circus
 Buys the daily news
But passengers don't smile at her, don't smile at herThis girl is made of loneliness
 A broken heart
 For the boy that she once knew
Doesn't want to know her any moreAnd this girl is a lonely girl
 Every thing she wants is hers
But she can't make it with the boy she really wants to be with
 All the time, to love, all the timeThis boy is made of envy
 Jealousy
 He doesn't have a limousine
Really wants to be a star himselfThis girl, her world is made of flashlights and films
Her cares are scraps on the cutting room floorAnd maids of bond street drive round in chauffered cars
 Maids of bond street picture clothes, eyes of stars
 Maids of bond street shouldn't have worldly cares
 Maids of bond street shouldn't have love affairs

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