

Heathen (The Rays)

David Bowie

Steel on the skyline
Sky made of glass
Made for a real world
All things must pass
Oo-oWaiting for something
Looking for someone
Is there no reason?
Have I stared too long?
Oo-o, Oo-oYou say you'll leave meAnd when the sun is low
And the rays high
I can see it now
I can feel it die
Oo-o, Oo-o

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