

# Sunday

## David Bowie

Nothing remains  
We could run when the rain slows  
Look for the cars or signs of life  
Where the heat goes  
Look for the drifters  
We should crawl under the bracken  
Look for the shafts of light  
On the road where the heat goes  
Everything has changed  
For in truth, it's the beginning of nothing  
And nothing has changed  
Everything has changed  
For in truth, it's the beginning of an end  
And nothing has changed  
Everything has changed

In your fear  
Of what we have become  
Take to the fire  
Now we must burn  
All that you are  
Rise together  
Through these clouds  
As on wings  
This is the trip  
And this the business we take  
This is our number  
All my trials  
Lord, will be remembered  
Everything has changed

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