

All the Madmen

David Bowie

Day after day
They send my friends away
To mansions cold and grey
To the far side of town
Where the thin men stalk the streets
While the sane stay underground Day after day
They tell me I can go
They tell me I can blow
To the far side of town
Where it's pointless to be high
'Cause it's such a long way down So I tell them that
I can fly, I will scream, I will break my arm
I will do me harm
Here I stand, foot in hand, talking to my wall
I'm not quite right at all, am I? Don't set me free, I'm as heavy as can be
Just my librium and me
And my E.S.T. makes three 'Cause I'd rather stay here
With all the madmen
Than perish with the sad men roaming free
And I'd rather play here
With all the madmen
For I'm quite content they're all as sane
As me (Where can the horizon lie
When a nation hides
Its organic minds
In a cellar, dark and grim
They must be very dim) Day after day
They take some brain away
Then turn my face around
To the far side of town
And tell me that it's real
Then ask me how I feel Here I stand, foot in hand, talking to my wall
I'm not quite right at all Don't set me free, I'm as helpless as can be
My libido's split on me
Gimme some good 'ole lobotomy 'Cause I'd rather stay here
With all the madmen
Than perish with the sad men
Roaming free
And I'd rather play here

Songwriters

DAVID BOWIE Published by

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