

Future Legend

David Bowie

And in the death, as the last few corpses lay
Rotting on the slimy thoroughfare
The shutters lifted in inches
In temperance building high on poacher's hill
And red mutant eyes gaze down on hunger city
No more big wheels Fleas the size of rats sucked on rats the size of cats
And ten thousand peoploids split into small tribes
Coveting the highest of the sterile skyscrapers
Like packs of dogs assaulting the glass fronts of love-me avenue
Ripping and rewrapping mink and shiny silver fox, now legwarmers
Family badge of sapphire and cracked emerald, any day now
The year of the diamond dogs

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