

The Pretty Things Are Going To Hell

David Bowie

What to do
What to say
What to wear on a sunny day
Who to phone
Who to fight
Who to dance with on a Sunday night Reaching the very edge, you know
Reaching the very edge
Going to the other side this time
Reaching the very edge CHORUS
You're still breathing but you don't know why
Life's a bit and sometimes you die
You're still breathing but you just can't tell
Don't hold your breath but the pretty things are going to hell I am a drug
I am a dragon
I am the best jazz you've ever seen
I am a dragon
I am the sky
I am the blood at the corner of your eye
I found the secrets, I found gold
I find you out before you grow old
I find you out before you grow old What is eternal?
What is damned?
What is clay and what is sand?
Who to dis?
Who to truss?
Who to listen to?
Who to suss? I'm reaching the very edge, you know
I'm reaching the very edge
I'm going to the other side this time
I'm reaching the very edge CHORUS I am a dragon
I am a drug
I am the best jazz you've ever heard
I am a dragon
I am the sky
I am the blood at the corner of your eye
I found the secrets, I found gold
I find you out before you grow old
I find you out before you grow old REPEAT (4x)
The pretty things are going to hell

They wore it out but they wore it well
You're still breathing but you don't know why
You're still breathing but you just can't tell
Don't hold your breath but the pretty things are going to hell

Songwriters

DAVID BOWIE, GABRIEL REEVES

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