A Small Plot Of Land

David Bowie

Poor soul
Spit upon that
Poor soul
He never knew what hit him
And it hit him soPoor dunce
He pushed back the pigmen
The barbs laughed
The fool is deadPoor dunce
He's less than within us the
Brains talk
But the will to live is dead
And prayer can't
Travel so far these daysThe talk of your lives
Standing so near
Two innocent eyes
Poor dunceSwings through the tunnels
And claws his way
Is small life so manic
Are these really the days
Poor dunce
Poor duncePoor soul
Spit upon that
Poor soul
He never knew what hit him
And it hit him so
He pushed back the pigmenPoor soul
Poor soul

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