

# Queen Bitch (live Santa Monica '72)

## David Bowie

I'm up on the eleventh floor  
And I'm watching the cruisers below  
He's down on the street  
And he's trying hard to pull sister Flo  
Oh, my heart's in the basement  
My weekend's at an all time low  
'Cause she's hoping to score  
So I can't see her letting him go  
Walk out of her heart  
Walk out of her mind  
Oh, not her  
She's so swishy in her satin and tat  
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat  
Oh God, I could do better than that  
She's an old-time ambassador  
Of sweet talking, night walking games  
And she's known in the darkest clubs  
For pushing ahead of the dames  
If she says she can do it  
Then she can do it, she don't make false claims  
But she's a Queen, and such are queens  
That your laughter is sucked in their brains  
Now she's leading him on  
And she'll lay him right down  
Yes she's leading him on  
And she'll lay him right down  
But it could have been me  
Yes, it could have been me  
Why didn't I say, why didn't I say,  
No, no, no  
She's so swishy in her satin and tat  
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat  
Oh God, I could do better than that  
So I lay down a while  
And I gaze at my hotel wall  
Oh the cot is so cold  
It don't feel like no bed at all  
Yeah I lay down a while  
And I look at my hotel wall  
But he's down on the street  
So I throw both his bags down the hall  
And I'm phoning a cab  
'Cause my stomach feels small  
There's a taste in my mouth  
And it's no taste at all  
It could have been me  
Oh yeah, it could have been me  
Why didn't I say, Why didn't I say,  
No, no, no  
She's so swishy in her satin and tat

In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat  
Oh God, I could do better than that  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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