

Dead Against It

David Bowie

And when she drowns
Within and in the fizzy gin, begins to sigh
"Good God, oh my", I cry
And die, and lie beside She is the apple in my eye
She talked to God
I couldn't cope or'd hope eloped
A dope she roped this salty lie And when she's dreaming, I believe
And when she's reading, I retreat
Can't believe her telling me she's dead again
Telling me she's dead against it And deep my wound
Within for every second chance it was thy tore
From deep within despite the rain
My words are worn She loves to talk into the phone
No matter who, no matter when
No matter where
No better than the faulty line And when she's dreaming, I believe
And when she's reading, I retreat
Can't believe her telling me she's dead again
Telling me she's dead against it

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