

Ricochet

David Bowie

Like weeds on a rock face, waiting for the scythe

Ricochet

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The world is on a corner waiting for jobs

Ricochet

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Turn the holy pictures so they face the wall And who can bear to be forgotten March of flowers, march of dimes

These are the prisons, these are the crimes Men wait for news while thousands are still asleep

Dreaming of tramlines, factories, pieces of machinery

Mine shafts things like that March of flowers, march of dimes

These are the prisons, these are the crimes

Sound of thunder, sound of gold

Sound of the devil breaking parole

Ricochet, it's not the end of the world Sound of thunder, sound of gold

Sound of the devil breaking parole

Ricochet, ricochet

These are the prisons, these are the crimes

Teaching life in a violent new way

Ricochet, ricochet

Turn the holy pictures so they face the wall And who can bear to be forgotten

And who can bear to be forgotten March of flowers, march of dimes

These are the prisons, these are the crimes Early, before the sun, they struggle off to the gates

In their secret fearful places they see their lives

Unraveling before them March of flowers, march of dimes

These are the prisons, these are the crimes

Sound of thunder, sound of gold

Sound of the devil breaking parole

Ricochet, it's not the end of the world But when they get home, damp eyed and weary

They smile and crush their children to their heaving chests

Making unfulfillable promises

For who can bear to be forgotten

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