

A Small Plot of Land (Basquiat Version)

David Bowie

Poor soul
Spit upon that
Poor soul
He never knew what hit him
And it hit him so Poor dunce
He pushed back the pigmen
The Barbs laughed
The fool is dead Poor 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 days
The talk of your life
Standing so near
To innocent eyes
Poor dunce Swings through the tunnels
And claws his way
Is small life so manic
Are these really the days Poor dunce
Poor dunce Poor soul
Poor soul
Poor soul

Songwriters

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