Heathen

David Bowie

Steel on the skyline
Sky made of glass
Made for a real world
All things must pass
Ooo
Waiting for something
Looking for someone
Is there no reason?
Have I stared too long?

Ooo, ooo
You say you'll leave me
And when the sun is low
And the rays high
I can see it now
I can feel it die
Ooo, ooo

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