

# Black Tie White Noise (3rd Floor US Radio Mix)

## David Bowie

Getting my facts from a Benneton ad  
I'm lookin' through African eyes  
Lit by the glare of an L.A. fire  
I've got a face, not just my race, Bang Bang I've got you babe  
Sun comes up and the man goes down  
And the woman comes again  
Just an hour or so to be safe from fear  
Then we jump through hoops, we're divisible now, just disappear  
We reach out over race and hold each other's  
hands  
Then die in the flames singing "we shall overcome"  
Whoa! What's going on?  
There'll be some blood no doubt about it  
But we'll come through don't doubt it  
I look into your eyes and I know you won't kill me  
You won't kill me  
You won't kill me  
But I look into your eyes  
And I wonder sometimes Oh Lord, just let him see me  
Lord, Lord just let him hear me  
Let him call me brother  
Let him put his arms around me  
Let him put his hands together. Reach over race and hold each other's hands  
Walk through the night thinking we are the world  
Woa! What's going on?  
There'll be some blood no doubt about it  
But we'll come through don't doubt it I look into your eyes and I know you won't kill me  
You won't kill me  
You won't kill me  
But I wonder why  
Yes, and I wonder why sometimes They'll show us how to break the rules  
But never how to make the rules  
Reduce us down to witless punks  
Facist cries both black and white, who's got the blood, who's got the gun. Putting on the black tie, cranking out  
the white noise

Songwriters

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