

# Soul Love

David Bowie

Stone love, she kneels before the grave  
A brave son, who gave his life  
To save the slogans  
That hovers between the headstone and her eyes  
For they penetrate her grieving  
New love, a boy and girl are talking  
New words, that only they can share in  
New words, a love so strong it tears their hearts  
To sleep through the fleeting hours of morning  
Love is careless in its choosing  
Sweeping over cross a baby  
Love descends on those defenseless  
Idiot love will spark the fusion  
Inspirations have I none  
Just to touch the flaming dove  
All I have is my love of love  
And love is not loving  
Soul love, the priest that tastes the word and  
Told of love, and how my God on high is  
All love, though reaching up my loneliness evolves  
By the blindness that surrounds him

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