

Queen Bitch (with Lou Reed)

David Bowie

Oh yeah
I'm up on the eleventh floor and I'm watching the cruisers below
He's down on the street and he's trying hard to pull sister Flo
Oh, my heart's in the basement, my weekend's at an all-time low
'Cause she's hoping to score, so I can't see her letting him go
Walk out of her heart, walk out of her mind, oh not herShe's so swishy in her satin and tat
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat
Oh God, I could do better than thatShe's an old-time ambassador of sweet-talking, night-walking games
And she's known in the darkest clubs for pushing ahead of the dames
If she says she can do it, then she can do it, she don't make false claims
But she's a queen and such are queens that your laughter is sucked in their brains
Now she's leading him on, and she'll lay him right down
Yes, she's leading him on, and she'll lay him right down
But it could have been me, yes, it could have been me
Why didn't I say, why didn't I say, no, no, noShe's so swishy in her satin and tat
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat
Oh God, I could do better than thatSo I lay down a while and I gaze at my hotel wall
Oh, the cot is so cold it don't feel like no bed at all
Yeah, I lay down a while and I look at my hotel wall
And he's down on the street, so I throw both his bags down the hall
And I'm phoning a cab 'cause my stomach feels small
There's a taste in my mouth and it's no taste at all
It could have been me, oh yeah it could have been me
Why didn't I say, why didn't I say, no, no, noShe's so swishy in her satin and tat
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat
Oh God, I could do better than thatYou betcha
Oh, yeah
Uh-huh

Songwriters

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