

# Station To Station

## David Bowie

The return of the Thin White Duke  
throwing darts  
in lovers' eyes

Here are we one magical moment  
Such is the stuff from  
where dreams are woven

Bending soundDredging the ocean lost in my circle  
Here am I

Flashing no colour tall in this room  
overlooking the oceanHere are weOne magical movement  
from Kether to Malkuth 1

There are you

You drive like a demonfrom station to station

The return of the Thin White Dukethrowing dartsin lovers' eyes

The return of the Thin White Dukethrowing darts  
in lovers' eyes

The return of the Thin White Duke,  
making sure white stains

Once there were mountains on mountains  
And once there were sunbirds to soar with  
And once I could never be down  
Got to keep searching and searching

Oh, what will I be believing and who will connect me with love?  
Wonderful, wonder who, wonder when  
Have you sought fortune, evasive and shy?  
Drink to the men who protect you and I

Drink, drink, drain your glass, raise your glass high  
It's not the side-effects of the cocaine  
I'm thinking that it must be love  
It's too late - to be grateful  
It's too late - to be late again  
It's too late - to be hateful  
The european cannon is here  
I must be only one in a million  
I won't let the day pass without her  
It's too late - to be grateful  
It's too late - to be late again  
It's too late - to be hateful  
The european cannon is here

Should I believe that I've been stricken?  
Does my face show some kind of glow?

It's too late - to be grateful

It's too late - to be late again

It's too late - to be hateful

The european cannon is here, yes it's here

It's too late

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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