

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

It's too late

It's too late

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It's too late

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

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