

Queen Bitch

David Bowie

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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

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