

'Tis a Pity She Was a Whore

David Bowie

Man, she punched me like a dude
Hold your mad hands, I cried
'Tis a pity she was a whore
'Tis my curse, I suppose
That was patrol
That was patrol
This is the war
Black struck the kiss, she kept my cock
Smote the mistress, drifting on
'Tis a pity she was a whore
She stole my purse, with rattling speed
That was patrol
This is the war
'Tis a pity she was a whore
'Tis a pity she was a whore
Man, she punched me like a dude
Hold your mad hands, I cried
'Tis a pity she's was a whore
'Tis my face, I suppose
That was patrol
That was patrol
'Tis a pity she was a whore

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