

# I Have Not Been To Oxford Town

David Bowie

Baby Grace is the victim  
She was fourteen years of age  
And the wheels are turning, turning  
For the finger points at me All's well  
(Eee eee)  
(But I have not been to Oxford town)  
All's well  
(But I have not been to Oxford town)  
Toll the bell  
Pay the private eye  
All's well  
Twentieth century dies And the prison priests are decent  
My attorney seems sincere  
I fear my days are numbered  
Lord, get me out of here All's well  
(Feel's feel)  
(But I have not been to Oxford town)  
All's well  
(But I have not been to Oxford town)  
Toll the bell  
(Baby, baby)  
Pay the private eye  
(Baby, baby)  
All's well  
(Baby, baby)  
Twentieth century dies  
(Baby, baby) This is your shadow on my wall  
This is my flesh and blood  
This is what I could've been And the wheels are turning and turning  
As this Twentieth century dies  
If I had not ripped the fabric  
If time had not stood still  
If I had not met Ramona  
If I had only make paid my bill All's well  
(But I have not been to Oxford town)  
All's well  
(But I have not been to Oxford town)  
Toll the bell  
Pay the private eye

All's well  
Twentieth century dies This is my bunk with two sheets  
This is my food though foul  
This is what I could have been Toll the bell  
(Baby)  
Pay the private eye  
(Baby) All's well  
(Baby)  
Twentieth century dies  
(Baby)  
Toll the bell  
(Baby)  
Pay the private eye  
(Baby) All's well  
(Baby)  
Twentieth century dies  
(Baby)  
All's well  
(Baby)  
Twentieth century dies  
(Baby)  
All's well  
(Baby)  
All's well  
(Baby)  
All's well  
(Baby)  
Toll the bell  
(Baby)  
Pay the private eye  
(Baby) All's well  
(Baby)  
Twentieth century dies  
(Baby)  
Toll the bell  
(Baby)  
Pay the private eye  
(Baby) All's well  
(Baby)  
Twentieth century dies  
(Baby) Baby  
Baby  
Baby

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