

Algeria Touchshriek

David Bowie

My name is Mr. Touchshriek
Of Touchshriek with mail over and fantasy
My shop sells egg shells
Off the seashores and empty females I'm thinking of leasing the room above my shop
To a Mr. Walloff Domburg
A reject from the world wide Internet
He's a broken man, I'm also a broken man It would be nice to have company
We could have great conversations
Looking through windows for demons
And watching the young advance in all electric Some of the houses around here still have inhabitants in them
I'm not sure if they're from this country or not
I don't get to speak much to anyone or that sort of thing
If I had another broken name
Oh, I dream of something like that

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