

# Five Years

David Bowie

Pushing through the market square, so many mothers sighing  
News had just come over, we had five years left to cry in  
News guy wept and told us, earth was really dying  
Cried so much his face was wet, then I knew he was not lying  
I heard telephones, opera house, favorite melodies  
I saw boys, toys electric irons and T.V.'s  
My brain hurt like a warehouse, it had no room to spare  
I had to cram so many things to store everything in there  
And all the fat-skinny people, and all the tall-short people  
And all the nobody people, and all the somebody people  
I never thought I'd need so many people  
A girl my age went off her head, hit some tiny children  
If the black hadn't a-pulled her off, I think she would have killed them  
A soldier with a broken arm, fixed his stare to the wheels of a Cadillac  
A cop knelt and kissed the feet of a priest, and a queer  
Threw up at the sight of that  
I think I saw you in an ice-cream parlor, drinking milk shakes cold and long  
Smiling and waving and looking so fine, don't think  
You knew you were in this song  
And it was cold and it rained so I felt like an actor  
And I thought of Ma and I wanted to get back there  
Your face, your race, the way that you talk  
I kiss you, you're beautiful, I want you to walk  
We've got five years, stuck on my eyes  
Five years, what a surprise  
We've got five years, my brain hurts a lot  
Five years, that's all we've got  
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