

Station to Station

David Bowie

The return of the Thin White Duke
Throwing darts in lovers' eyes
Here are we, one magical moment, such is the stuff From where dreams are woven
Bending sound, dredging the ocean, lost in my circle
Here am I, flashing no color Tall in this room overlooking the ocean
Here are we, one magical movement from Kether to Malkuth
There are you, you drive like a demon from station to station The return of the Thin White Duke, throwing darts
in lovers' eyes
The return of the Thin White Duke, throwing darts in lovers' eyes
The return of the Thin White Duke, making sure white stays Once there were mountains on mountains
And once there were sun birds to soar with
And once I could never be down Got to keep searching and searching
Oh, what will I be believing and who will connect me with love?
Wonderful, wonderful, wonder when Have you sought fortune, evasive and shy?
Drink to the men who protect you and I
Drink, drink, drain your glass, raise your glass high It's not the side-effects of the cocaine
I'm thinking that it must be love
It's too late to be grateful It's too late to be late again
It's too late to be hateful
The European cannon is here I must be only one in a million
I won't let the day pass without her
It's too late to be grateful It's too late to be late again
It's too late to be hateful
The European cannon is here Should I believe that I've been stricken?
Does my face show some kind of glow?
It's too late to be grateful It's too late to be late again
It's too late to be hateful
The European cannon is here, yes it's here It's too late
It's too late, it's too late, it's too late, it's too late
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