

Song For Bob Dylan

David Bowie

Oh, hear this Robert Zimmerman I wrote a song for you
About a strange young man called Dylan
With a voice like sand and glue
Some words of truthful vengeance they could pin us to the floor
Brought a few more people on and put the fear in a whole lot more
Ah, here she comes, here she comes here she comes again
The same old painted lady from the brow of a super brain
She'll scratch this world to pieces as she comes on like a friend
And a couple of songs from your old scrapbook
Could send her home again
You gave your heart to every bedsit room at least a picture on the wall
And you sat behind a million pair of eyes and told them how they saw
Then we lost your train of thought the paintings are all your own
While troubles are rising we'd rather be scared together than alone
Ah, here she comes, here she comes here she comes again
The same old painted lady from the brow of a super brain
She'll scratch this world to pieces as she comes on like a friend

And a couple of songs from your old scrapbook
Could send her home again
Now hear this Robert Zimmerman though I don't suppose we'll meet
Ask your good friend Dylan if he'd gaze a while down the old street
Tell him we've lost his poems so they're writing on the walls
Give us back our unity give us back our family
You're every nation's refugee don't leave us with their sanity
Ah, here she comes, here she comes here she comes again
The same old painted lady from the brow of a super brain
She'll scratch this world to pieces as she comes on like a friend
But a couple of songs from your old scrapbook
Could send her home again
Come on a couple of songs from your old scrapbook
Could send her home again
Oh, here she comes, oh, here she comes
Oh, here she comes, oh

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