

# Baby Grace (a Horrid Cassette)

David Bowie

Test, testing, testing  
This, hmm, Grace is my name and, and I was, hm  
It was that phot, a fading photograph of  
A patch, a patchwork quilt And they've put me on these  
Ramona put me on these interest drugs  
So I'm thinking very, too, bit too fast like a brain hatch  
And, ah, they won't let me see anybody  
If I want to sometimes and I ask I can still hear some pop, popular musics and aftershocks  
I've been watching a television of, um, in the homelands  
That's the new homelands and, um, and that's all I can remember  
And now they just want me to be quiet  
And I think something is going to be horrid

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>