

# The Width of a Circle

David Bowie

In the corner of the morning in the past  
I would sit and blame the master first and last  
All the roads were straight and narrow  
And the prayers were small and yellow  
And the rumour spread that I was aging fast  
Then I ran across a monster who was sleeping  
By a tree  
And I looked and frowned and the monster was me Well, I said hello and I said hello  
And I asked, why not, and I replied, I don't know  
So we asked a simple black bird, who was happy as can be  
And he laughed insane and quipped Kahlil Gibran  
And I cried for all the others till the day was nearly through  
For I realized that God's a young man too Ho  
Oh I said so long and I waved bye-bye  
And I smashed my soul and traded my mind  
Got laid by a young bordello  
Who was vaguely half asleep  
For which my reputation swept back home in drag  
And the moral of this magic spell  
Negotiates my hide  
When God did take my logic for a ride  
(Riding along) Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh He swallowed his pride and puckered his lips  
And showed me the leather belt round his hips  
My knees were shaking my cheeks aflame  
He said you'll never go down to the Gods again  
(Turn around, go back) He struck the ground a cavern appeared  
And I smelt the burning pit of fear  
We crashed a thousand yards below  
I said do it again, do it again  
(Turn around, go back) His nebulous body swayed above  
His tongue swollen with devil's love  
The snake and I, a venom high  
I said do it again, do it again  
(Turn around, go back) Breathe, breathe, breathe deeply  
And I was seething, breathing deeply  
Spitting sentry, horned and tailed  
Waiting for you, oh Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

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