

Unwashed and Somewhat Slightly Dazed

David Bowie

Spy, spy, pretty girl
I see you see me through your window
Don't turn your nose up
Well, you can if you need to
You won't be the first or last It must strain you to look down
So far from your father's house
And I know what a louse like me
In his house could do for you I'm the cream
Of the great Utopia dream
And you're the gleam
In the depths of your banker's spleen I'm a Phallus in pigtales
And there's blood on my nose
And my tissue is rotting
Where the rats chew my bones
And my eye socket's empty
See nothing but pain
I keep havin' this brainstorm
About twelve times a day So now, you could spend the morning walking with me
Quite amazed
As I am unwashed and somewhat slightly dazed I got eyes in my backside
That see electric tomatos
On credit card rye bread
There are children in washrooms
Holding hands with a Queen
And my heads full of murders
Where only killers scream So now you could spend your morning talking with me
Quite amazed
Look out, I'm raving mad and somewhat slightly dazed Now you run from your window
To the porcelain bowl
And you're sick from your ears
To the red parquet floor
And the braque on the wall
Slides down your front
And eats through your belly
It's very catching So now, you should spend the morning, lying to your father
Quite amazed
About the strange unwashed and happily slightly dazed
I'm not following

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