

Black Tie White Noise (3rd Floor US radio mix)

David Bowie

Getting my facts from a Benneton ad
I'm lookin' through African eyes
Lit by the glare of an L.A. fire
I've got a face, not just my race, Bang Bang I've got you babe
Sun comes up and the man goes down
And the woman comes again
Just an hour or so to be safe from fear
Then we jump through hoops, we're divisible now, just disappear
We reach out over race and hold each other's
hands
Then die in the flames singing "we shall overcome"
Whoa! What's going on?
There'll be some blood no doubt about it
But we'll come through don't doubt it
I look into your eyes and I know you won't kill me
You won't kill me
You won't kill me
But I look into your eyes
And I wonder sometimes Oh Lord, just let him see me
Lord, Lord just let him hear me
Let him call me brother
Let him put his arms around me
Let him put his hands together. Reach over race and hold each other's hands
Walk through the night thinking we are the world
Woa! What's going on?
There'll be some blood no doubt about it
But we'll come through don't doubt it I look into your eyes and I know you won't kill me
You won't kill me
You won't kill me
But I wonder why
Yes, and I wonder why sometimes They'll show us how to break the rules
But never how to make the rules
Reduce us down to witless punks
Facist cries both black and white, who's got the blood, who's got the gun. Putting on the black tie, cranking out
the white noise

Songwriters

DAVID BOWIE Published by

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