

My Death

David Bowie

My death waits like an old roue'
So confident, I'll go his way
Whistle to him and the passing timeMy death waits like a Bible truth
At the funeral of my youth
Are we proud for that and the passing time?My death waits like a witch at night
As surely as our love is right
Let's not think about the passing timeBut whatever lies behind the door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil, I don't care
For in front of that door there is you

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