

We Are the Dead

David Bowie

Something kind of hit me today I looked at you
Wondered if you saw things my way
People will hold us to blame
It hit me today, it hit me today We're taking it hard all the time, why don't we pass it by?
Just reply, you've changed your mind
We're fighting with the eyes of the lie
Taking it hard, taking it hard, but now We feel that we are paid for, choking on you nightly
They tell me, "Son, we want you" be elusive, but don't walk far
For we're breaking in the new boys, deceive your next of kin
For your dancing where the dogs decay, defecating ecstasy You're just an ally of the lecher pro creator for the
virgin king
But I love you in your funky pumps and your nimble dress betrayals
Oh, dress yourself, my urchin one, for I hear them on the rails
Because of all we've seen, because of all we've said we are the dead One thing kind of touched me today
I looked at you and counted all the times we had laid
Pressing our love through the night
Knowing it's right, knowing it's right Now I'm hoping some one will care
Living on the breath of a hope to be shared
Trusting on the sums of our love,
That some one will care, some one will care, but no I ho We're today's scrambled creatures locked in tomorrow's
double feature
Heavens on the pillow, it's silence competes with hell
It's a twenty-four hour service, guaranteed to make you tell
And the streets are full of brass men, bent on getting hung and buried And the legendary curtains are drawn
'round baby bankrupt
Who sucks you while you're sleeping
It's the theater of financiers, count them, fifteen 'round the table
White and dressed to kill Oh, caress yourself, my juicy, for my hands have all but withered
Oh, dress yourself my urchin one, for I hear them on the stairs
Because of all we've seen, because of all we've said
We are the dead we are dead we are the dead

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