

Blackout

David Bowie

Oh you, you walk on past
Your lips cut a smile on your face
Your scalding face
To the cage, to the cage
She was a beauty in a cage Too, too high a price
To drink rotting wine from your hands
Your fearful hands
Get me to a doctor's I've been told
Someone's back in town the chips are down
I just cut and blackout
I'm under Japanese influence
And my honour's at stake
The weather's grim, ice on the cages
Me, I'm Robin Hood and I puff on my cigarette
Panthers are steaming, stalking, screaming If you don't stay tonight
I will take that plane tonight
I've nothing to lose, nothing to gain
I'll kiss you in the rain
Kiss you in the rain
Kiss you in the rain
In the rain
Get me to the doctor Get me off the streets (get some protection)
Get me on my feet (get some direction)
Hot air gets me into a blackout
Oh, get me off the streets
Get some protection
Oh get me on my feet (wo-ooh!)
While the streets block off
Getting some skin exposure to the blackout (get some protection)
Get me on my feet (get some direction, wo-ooh!)
Oh get me on my feet
Get me off the streets (get some protection)
In a *?* second *?*

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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