

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 cageToo, 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, screamingIf 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 doctorGet 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-oooh!)
 While the streets block off
Getting some skin exposure to the blackout (get some protection)
 Get me on my feet (get some direction, wo-oooh!)
 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.