

The Bewlay Brothers (2015 Remastered Version)

David Bowie

And so the story goes
they wore the clothes
They said the things
to make it seem improbable
 The whale of a lie
 like they hope it was
And the Goodmen of Tomorrow
 Had their feet in the wallow
 And their heads of Brawn
 were nicer shorn
And how they bought their positions with saccharin and trust
 And the world was asleep
 to our latent fuss
 Sighing, the swirl through the streets
 Like the crust of the sun
 The Bewlay Brothers
 In our Wings that Bark
 Flashing teeth of Brass
 Standing tall in the dark
 Oh, And we were Gone
 Hanging out with your Dwarf Men
 We were so turned on
 By your lack of conclusions

I was Stone and he was Wax
 So he could scream,
 and still relax, unbelievable
And we frightened the small children away
 And our talk was old
 and dust would flow
 Thru our veins and Lo!
 it was midnight
 Back o' the kitchen door
 Like the grim face
 on the Cathedral floor
And the solid book we wrote
 Cannot be found today

And it was Stalking time

for the Moonboys
The Bewlay Brothers
With our backs on the arch
In the Devil-may-be-here
But He can't sing about that
Oh, And we were Gone
Real Cool Traders
We were so Turned On
You thought we were Fakers

Now the dress is hung,
the ticket pawned
The Factor Max that proved the fact
Is melted down
And woven on the edging of my pillow
Now my Brother lays upon the Rocks
He could be dead, He could be not
He could be You
He's Camelian, Comedian, Corinthian and Caricature
"Shooting-up Pie-in-the-Sky"
The Bewlay Brothers
In the feeble and the Bad
The Bewlay Brothers
In the Blessed and Cold
In the Crutch-hungry Dark
Was where we flayed our Mark
Oh, and we were Gone
Kings of Oblivion
We were so Turned On
In the Mind-Warp Pavilion

Lay me place and bake me Pie
I'm starving for me Gravy
Leave my shoes, and door unlocked
I might just slip away
Just for the Day, Hey!
Please come Away, Hey! [repeat ad inf.]

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