

Please Mr. Gravedigger

David Bowie

There's a little churchyard just along the way
Of tombstones, epitaphs, wreaths, flowers all that jazz
It used to be Lambeth's finest array
Till the war came along and someone dropped a bomb on the lot
With a little shovel in his little bitty hand
And in this little yard, there's a little old man
He seems to spend all his days puffing fags
and digging graves
He hates the reverend vicar and he lives all alone in his home
Ah-choo ! excuse me
Please Mr. Gravedigger, don't feel ashamed
Please Mr. Gravedigger, I couldn't care
If you found a golden locket full of some girl's hair
As you dig little holes for the dead and the maimed
And you put it in your pocket
God, it's pouring down
Her mother doesn't know about your sentimental joy
She thinks it's down below with the rest of her toys
And ma wouldn't understand, so I won't tell
So keep your golden locket all safely hid away in your pocket
Standing in the same spot by a certain grave
Yes, Mr. Gd, you see me every day, stah choo !
Mary-ann was only 10, full of life and oh so gay
And I was the wicked man who took her life away
Very selfish, oh god
No, Mr. Gd, you won't tell I've started digging holes myself
And just to make sure that you keep it to yourself
And this one here's for you
Lifted our girl, she apparently doesn't know of it
Hello misses, thought she'd be a little girl
Bloody obscene, catch pneumonia or something in this rain

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