

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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