

After All

David Bowie

Please trip them gently, they don't like to fall
(Oh by jingo)
There's no room for anger, we're all very small
(Oh by jingo)We're painting our faces and dressing in thoughts
From the skies, from paradise
But they think that we're holding a secretive ball
Won't someone invite them they're just taller children
That's all, after allMan is an obstacle, sad as the clown
(Oh by jingo)
So hold on to nothing, and he won't let you down
(Oh by jingo)Some people are marching together
And some on their own quite alone
Others are running, the smaller ones crawl
But some sit in silence, they're just older children
That's all, after allI sing with impertinence, shading impermanent chords
With my words
I've borrowed your time and I'm sorry I called
But the thought just occurred that we're nobody's children
At all, after allLive to your rebirth and do what you will
(Oh by jingo)
Forget all I've said, please bear me no ill
(Oh by jingo)After all, after all

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