

Oh, You Pretty Things

David Bowie

Wake up you sleepy head
Put on some clothes, shake up your bed
Put another log on the fire for me
I've made some breakfast and coffee
I look out my window what do I see
A crack in the sky and a hand reaching down to me
All the nightmares came today
And it looks as though they're here to stay What are we coming to
No room for me, no fun for you
I think about a world to come
Where the books were found by the Golden ones
Written in pain, written in awe
By a puzzled man who questioned
What we work here for
All the strangers came today
And it looks as though they're here to stay Oh You Pretty Things (Oh You Pretty Things)
Don't you know you're driving your
Mamas and Papas insane
Oh You Pretty Things (Oh You Pretty Things)
Don't you know you're driving your
Mamas and Papas insane Let me say it again
You gotta make way for the Homo Superior Look out at your children
See their faces in golden rays
Don't kid yourself they belong to you
They're the start of a coming race
The earth is a bitch
We've finished our news Homo Sapiens have outgrown their use
All the strangers came today
And it looks as though they're here to stay
Oh You Pretty Things (Oh You Pretty Things)
Don't you know you're driving your
Mamas and Papas insane
Oh You Pretty Things (Oh You Pretty Things)
Don't you know you're driving your
Mamas and Papas insane
Let me make it plain
You gotta make way for the Homo Superior

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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