

# The Loneliest Guy

David Bowie

Streets damp and warm  
Empty smell metal  
Weeds between buildings  
Pictures on my hard drive  
Well I'm the luckiest guy  
Not the loneliest guy  
Steam under floor  
Shards by the mirrors frame  
Clouds green and low  
No sign, no nothing now

Well I'm the luckiest guy  
Not the loneliest guy  
All the pages that have turned  
All the errors left unlearned, oh  
Well I'm the luckiest guy  
Not the loneliest guy in the world  
Not me  
Not me

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