

# Cactus

## David Bowie

Sittin' here wishing on a cement floor  
Just wishin' that I had just something you wore  
I put it on when I go lonely  
Will you take off your dress and send it to me? I miss your kissin' and I miss your head  
And a letter in your writing doesn't mean you're not dead  
Just run outside in the desert heat  
Make your dress all wet and send it to me I miss your soup and I miss your bread  
And a letter in your writing doesn't mean you're not dead  
So spill your breakfast and drip your wine  
Just wear that dress when you dine D A V I D Sittin' here wishing on a cement floor  
Just wishin' that I had just something you wore  
So bloody your hands on a cactus tree  
Wipe it on your dress and send it to me Sittin' here wishing on a cement floor  
Just wishing that I had just something you wore

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