

God Knows I'm Good

David Bowie

I was walking through the counters of a national concern
And a cash machine was spitting by my shoulder
And I saw the multitude of faces, honest, rich and clean
As the merchandise exchanged and money roared
And a woman hot with worry
Slyly slipped a tin of a stewing steak
Into the paper bag at her side
And her face was white with fear
In case her actions were observed
So she closed her eyes
To keep her conscience blind
Crying, "God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good"
God may look the other way today
"God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good"
God may look the other way today
Then she moved toward the exit
Clutching tightly at her paper bag
Perspiration trickled down her forehead
And her heart it leapt inside her
As the hand laid on her shoulder
She was led away bewildered and amazed
Through her deafened ears the cash machines
Were shrieking on the counter
As her escort asked her softly for her name
And a crowd of honest people
Rushed to help a tired old lady
Who had fainted to the whirling wooden floor
Crying, "God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good"
Surely God won't look the other way
"God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good"
Surely God won't look the other way
Hey

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