Eight Line Poem (2015 Remastered Version)

David Bowie

The tactful cactus by your window
Surveys the prairie of your room
The mobile spins to its collision
Clara puts her head between her paws
They've opened shops down West side
Will all the cacti find a home
But the key to the city
Is in the sun that pins
the branches to the sky

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/