

The Pretty Things Are Going To Hell

David Bowie

What to wear, what to say
What to do on a sunny day
Who to phone, who to fight
Who to dance with on a Sunday night?
Reaching the very edge you know
Reaching the very edge
I'm going to the other side of this town
Reaching the very edge
You're still breathing but you don't know why
Life's a bit and sometimes you die
You're still breathing but you just can't tell
Don't hold your breath
But the pretty things are going to hell
Well, I am a drug, I am a dragon
I am your best jazz you've ever seen
I am the dragon, I am the sky
I am the blood at the corner of your eye
I found the secrets, I found gold
I found you out before you grow old
I found you out before you grow old
What is eternal, what is damned
What is clay and what is sand?
Who to dis, who to trust
Who to listen to and who to suss?
I'm reaching the very edge you know
I'm reaching the very edge
I'm going to the other side of this town
I'm reaching the very edge
You're still breathing but you don't know why
Life's a bit and sometimes you die
You're still breathing but you just can't tell
Don't hold your breath
But the pretty things are going to hell
I am a dragon, I am a drug
I am your best jazz you've ever had
I am the dragon, I am the sky
I am the blood at the corner of your eye
I found the secrets, I found gold
I found you out before you grow old

I found you out before you grow old
The pretty things are going to hell
 They wore it out
 But they wore it well
The pretty things are going to hell
 They wore it out
 But they wore it well
The pretty things are going to hell
 They wore it out
 But they wore it well
The pretty things are going to hell
 They wore it out
 But they wore it well
You're still breathing but you don't know why, we got
 You're still breathing but you just can't tell
Don't hold your breath but the pretty things are going to hell

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