

Get Real

David Bowie

Oh hideous year we angels have lead
We're dead, we're sick and hanging by thread
Get real, get real You can't stop meaningful teenage cries
From deep behind fifty year old eyes
Get real, get real I'm scared to touch, too tense to be undone
I walk the streets not expecting morning sun
Against the voice of doom failures fall all over town
I guess I should, I feel I should, get real, get real What's up? What happened when I wasn't around?
Who did what? What went down?
Get real, get real Think about myself it happens to me
It happens in the tunnel when I let myself feel
Get real, get real I'm scared to touch, too tense to be undone
I walk the streets not expecting morning sun
I feel it all through breakdowns falling all over town
I feel I should, I guess I should, get real, get real
Get real, get real The dazzle of light, the rape of life
The seed, the curse, the jazz of life
Get real, get real, get real

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