

Song for Bob Dylan

David Bowie

Oh, hear this Robert Zimmerman
I wrote a song for you
About a strange young man called Dylan
With a voice like sand and glue
Some words had truthful vengeance
That could pin us to the floor
Brought a few more people on
And put the fear in a whole lot more Ah, here she comes
Here she comes, here she comes again
The same old painted lady
From the brow of the superbrain
She'll scratch this world to pieces
As she comes on like a friend
Couple of songs from your old scrapbook
Could send her home again Gave your heart to every bedsit room, at least a
Picture on my wall
And you sat behind a million pair of eyes
And told them how they saw
Then we lost your train of thought
Your paintings are all your own
While troubles are rising, we'd rather be scared
Together than alone Ah, here she comes
Here she comes, here she comes again
The same old painted lady
From the brow of the superbrain
She'll scratch this world to pieces
As she comes on like a friend
But a couple of songs from your old scrapbook
Could send her home again Now hear this, Robert Zimmerman
Though I don't suppose we'll meet
Ask your good friend Dylan
If he'd gaze a while down the old street
Tell him we've lost his poems
So we're writing on the walls
Give us back our unity
Give us back our family
You're every nation's refugee
Don't leave us with their sanity Ah, here she comes
Here she comes, here she comes again

The same old painted lady
From the brow of the superbrain
She'll scratch this world to pieces
As she comes on like a friend
But a couple of songs from your old scrapbook
Could send her home againAh, couple of songs from your old scrapbook
Could send her home again
Oh, here she comes
Here she comes, and here she comes

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