

Unwashed and Somewhat Slightly Dazed

David Bowie

Spy, spy, pretty girl
I see you see me through your window
 Don't turn your nose up
 Well, you can if you need to
You won't be the first or lastIt must strain you to look down
 So far from your father's house
 And I know what a louse like me
In his house could do for youI'm the cream
 Of the great Utopia dream
 And you're the gleam
In the depths of your banker's spleanI'm a Phallus in pigtails
 And there's blood on my nose
 And my tissue is rotting
Where the rats chew my bones
 And my eye socket's empty
 See nothing but pain
 I keep havin' this brainstorm
About twelve times a daySo now, you could spend the morning walking with me
 Quite amazed
As I am unwashed and somewhat slightly dazedI got eyes in my backside
 That see electric tomatos
 On credit card rye bread
There are children in washrooms
 Holding hands with a Queen
 And my heads full of murders
Where only killers screamSo now you could spend your morning talking with me
 Quite amazed
Look out, I'm raving mad and somewhat slightly dazedNow you run from your window
 To the porcelain bowl
 And you're sick from your ears
 To the red parquet floor
 And the braque on the wall
 Slides down your front
 And eats through your belly
It's very catchingSo now, you should spend the morning, lying to your father
 Quite amazed
 About the strange unwashed and happily slightly dazed
 I'm not following

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