

# 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 last It 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 you I'm the cream  
Of the great Utopia dream  
And you're the gleam  
In the depths of your banker's spleen I'm a Phallus in pigtales  
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 day So now, you could spend the morning walking with me  
Quite amazed  
As I am unwashed and somewhat slightly dazed I 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 scream So now you could spend your morning talking with me  
Quite amazed  
Look out, I'm raving mad and somewhat slightly dazed Now 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 catching So 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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