

Tis a Pity She Was a Whore

David Bowie

Man, she punched me like a dude
Hold your mad hands, I cried
â€™Tis a pity she was a whore
â€™Tis my curse I suppose
That was patrol
That was patrol
This is the war

Black struck the kiss, she kept my cock
Smote the mistress, drifting on
â€™Tis a pity she was a whore
She stole my purse, with rattling speed
That was patrol
This is the war
â€™Tis a pity she was a whore

Man, she punched me like a dude
Hold your mad hands, I cried
â€™Tis a pity she was a whore
â€™Tis my face I suppose
That was patrol
That was patrol
â€™Tis a pity she was a whore

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