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David Bowie "A Small Plot Of Land"

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Poor soul Spit upon that Poor soul He never knew what hit him And it hit him so

Poor dunce He pushed back the pigmen The barbs laughed The fool is dead

Poor dunce He's less than within us the Brains talk But the will to live is dead And prayer can't Travel so far these days

The talk of your lives Standing so near Two innocent eyes Poor dunce

Swings through the tunnels And claws his way Is small life so manic Are these really the days Poor dunce Poor dunce

Poor soul Spit upon that Poor soul He never knew what hit him And it hit him so He pushed back the pigmen

Poor soul Poor soul

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