

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

