

## David Bowie "Algeria Touchriek"

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My name is mr. touchshriek  
Of touchshriek with mail over and fantasy  
My shop sells egg shells off the shesores and empty  
females  
I'm thinking of leasing the room above my shop  
To a mr. walloff domburg  
A reject from the world wide internet  
He's a broken man  
I'm also a broken man  
It would be nice to have company  
We could have great conversations

Looking through windows for demons  
And watching the young advance in all electric  
Some of the houses around here still have inhabitants  
in them  
I'm not sure if they're from this country or not  
I don't get to speak much to anyone or that sort of thing  
If I had another broken name  
Oh, I dream of something like that

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