

David Bowie

"Algeria Touchshriek"

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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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