

David Bowie "An Occasional Dream"

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I recall how we lived
On the corner of a bed
And we'd speak of a Swedish room
Of hessian and wood
And we'd talk with our eyes
Of the sweetness in our lives
And tomorrows of rich surprise...
Some things we could do.
In our madness
We burnt one hundred days,
Time takes time to pass
And I still hold some ashes to me,
An Occasional Dream.
And we'd sleep, oh so close,
But not really close our eyes
'Tween the sheets of summer bathed in blue...
Gently weeping nights
It was long, long ago
And I can't touch your name.
For the days of fate were strong for you...
Danced you far from me.
In my madness
I see your face in mine.
I keep a photograph,
It burns my wall with time
Time,
An Occasional Dream
Of mine.
An Occasional Dream
Of mine.
An Occasional Dream
Of mine.
Wild Eyed Boy From Freecloud

Solemn faced,
The village settles down,
Undetected my the stars,
And the hangman plays the mandolin before he goes
to sleep
And the last thing on his mind
Is the Wild Eyed Boy imprisoned
'Neath the covered wooden shaft.

Folds the rope
Into its bag.
Blows his pipe of smolders,
Blankets smoke into the room.
And the day will end for some
As the night begins for one.
Staring through the message in his eyes
Lies a solitary son
>From the mountain called the Freecloud
Where the eagle dare not fly.
And the patience in his sigh
Gives no indication
For the townsmen to decide.
So the village Dreadful yawns
Pronouncing gross diversion
As the label for the dog.
Oh "It's the madness in his eyes"
As he breaks the night to cry:
"It's really Me.
Really You
And really Me.
It's so hard for us to really be
Really You
And really Me.
You'll lose me though I'm always really free."
And the mountain moved its eyes
To the world of realize
Where the snow had saved a place
For the Wild Eyed Boy from Freecloud
And the village Dreadful cried
As the rope began to rise

For the smile stayed on his face
Of the Wild Eyed Boy from Freecloud.
And the women once proud
Clutched the heart of the crowd
As the boulders smashed down from the mountain's
hand
And the Magic in the stare
Of the Wild Eyed Boy said:
"Stop,Freecloud
They won't think to cut me down."
But the cottages fell
Like a playing card hell
And the tears on the face
Of the Wise Boy
Came trembling down
To the rumbling ground
And the missionary mystic of peace/love
Stumbled back to cry among the clouds,
Kicking back the pebbles

>From the Freecloud mountain
Track.

God Knows I'm Good

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I was walking through the counters of a national
concern
And a cash machine was spitting by my shoulder.
And I saw the multitude of faces, honest, rich and clean
As the merchandise exchanged and money roared.
And a woman hot with worry slyly slipped a tin of
stewing steak
Into the paper bag at her side.
And her face was white with fear in case her actions
were observed
So she closed her eyes to keep her conscience blind.
Crying

"God knows I'm good,
God knows I'm good,
God knows I'm good,
God may look the other way today.
God knows I'm good,
God knows
I'm good,
God knows I'm good,
God may look the other way today."

Then she moved towards the exit clutching tightly at
her paper bag.

Perspiration trickled down her forehead.
And her heart it leapt inside her as the hand laid
upon her shoulder,
She was led away bewildered and amazed.
Through her deafened ears the cash machines were
shrieking on the counter
As her escort asked her softly for her name.
And a crowd of honest people rushed to help a tired
old lady
Who had fainted to the whirling wooden floor.

Crying
" God knows I'm good,
God knows I'm good,
God knows I'm good,

Surely God won't look the other way
God knows I'm good,
God knows I'm good,
God knows I'm good,
Surely God won't look the other way "

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