

David Bowie "Baby Grace"

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Test, testing, testing
This, hmm, Grace is my name and, and I was, hm
It was that phot, a fading photograph of
A patch, a patchwork quilt

And they've put me on these
Ramona put me on these interest drugs
So I'm thinking very, too, bit too fast like a brain hatch
And, ah, they won't let me see anybody
If I want to sometimes and I ask

I can still hear some pop, popular musics and
aftershocks
I've been watching a television of, um, in the
homelands
That's the new homelands and, um, and that's all I can
remember
And now they just want me to be quiet
And I think something is going to be horrid

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