

## David Bowie

# "Ballad Of The Adventurers"

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Sickened by sun, with rainstorms lashing him rotten  
A looted wreath crowning his tangled hair  
Every moment of his youth apart from its dream was  
forgotten  
Gone the roof overhead, but the sky was always there

Oh you, who are flung out, alike from heaven and from  
Hades  
You murderers who've been so bitterly repaid  
Why did you part from the mothers who nursed you as  
babies  
It was peaceful and you slept and there you stayed

Still he explores and rakes the absinthe green oceans  
Though his mother has given him up for lost

Grinning and cursing with a few odd tears of contrition  
Always in search of that land where life seems best

Loafing through hells and flocked through paradises  
Calm and grinning, with a vanishing face  
At times he still dreams of a small field he recognises  
With a blue sky overhead and nothing else

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