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David Bowie "Betty Wrong"

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(Bowie/Gabrels)

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Till the sun blisters and sprays And every lamb ceases to graze When the kiss of the comb Tears my face from the bone

CHORUS I'll be your light When the shadows fall down the walls Then life will be done And it just won't matter at all

I was carved from a hand Nurtured on grime, goodwill and screams Now your breath fills my step Now there is you till life is gone

CHORUS I'll roll your ball Till the stars can't make me cry Then life will be done And it just won't matter at all Not at all

When the kiss of the comb Tears my face

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