

## David Bowie

# "Can't Help Thinking About Me"

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Question-time that says  
I brought dishonor  
My head's bowed in shame  
It seems that  
I've blackened the family name  
Mother says that  
she can't stand the neighbors' talking

I've gotta pack my bags,  
leave this home,  
start walking, yeah  
I'm guilty  
I wish that I was sorry this time  
I wish that I could pay for my crime

I can't help  
thinking about me

Remember when we used to go  
to church on Sundays  
I lay awake at night,  
terrified of school  
on Mondays  
Oh, but it's too late now  
I wish I was a child again I wish  
I felt secure again

I can't help  
thinking about me

As I pass a recreation ground  
I remember my friends,  
always been found  
and I can't

I can't help  
thinking about me

Now I leave them all  
in the never-never land  
The station seems so cold,  
the ticket's in my hand

My girl calls my name  
"Hi Dave  
Drop in, see you around, come back  
If you're this way again"  
Oh, I'm on my own  
I've got a long way to go  
I hope I make it on my own

I can't help  
thinking about me

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