

David Bowie

"Ching-a-Ling"

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Whilst flying thru an azure cloud
A crystal girl I'd spy
She kissed the blue bird's honey tongue
And stuttered as she sighed
I wish to sing the ching-a-ling song
Ching-a-ling song is fine
I'd give my jewels and caviar
To make the daydeam mine
While stepping thru a heaven's eye
Two lover souls we spied
They wished the cloud boys sang to me
A cheerful happy cry
We love to play our love-strong hearts
No better do we know
No gifts of money do we give
For love is all we own

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