

David Bowie

"Dead Against It"

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(Bowie)

And when she drowns
Within and in the fizzy gin,
begins to sigh

"Good god" or "My"
I cry and die and lie
beside

She is the apple in my eye
She talked to god
I couldn't cope
Or'd hope eloped
A dope she roped
This salty lie

CHORUS

And when she's dreaming, I believe
And when she's reading, I retreat
Can't believe her
Telling me she's dead again
Telling me she's dead against it

And deep my wound
Within for every second chance
it was deign-torn

From deep within, despite the rain, my words are worn

She loves to talk into the phone
No matter who
No matter when
No matter where
No better than the faulty line

CHORUS

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