

## **David Bowie**

### **"I'd Rather Be High"**

Visit "[I'd Rather Be High](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Nabokov is sun-licked now  
Upon the beach at Grunewald  
Brilliant and naked just  
The way that authors look

Clare and Lady Manners drink  
Until the other cows go home  
Gossip till their lips are bleeding  
Politics and all

I'd rather be high  
I'd rather be flying  
I'd rather be dead  
Or out of my head  
Than training these guns on those men in the sand  
I'd rather be high

The Thames was black, the tower dark  
I flew to Cairo, find my regiment  
City's full of generals  
And generals full of shit

I stumble to the graveyard and I  
Lay down by my parents, whisper  
Just remember duckies  
Everybody gets got

I'd rather be high  
I'd rather be flying  
I'd rather be dead  
Or out of my head  
Than training these guns on those men in the sand  
I'd rather be high

I'm seventeen my looks can prove it  
I'm so afraid that I will lose it

I'd rather smoke and phone my ex  
Be pleading for some teenage sex,  
Yeah

I'd rather be high  
I'd rather be flying  
I'd rather be dead  
Or out of my head  
Than training these guns on the men in the sand  
I'd rather be high

Visit [David Bowie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.