

David Bowie

"Love Is Lost"

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It's the darkest hour, you're twenty two
The voice of youth, the hour of dread
The darkest hour and your voice is new
Love is lost, lost is love

Your country's new
Your friends are new
Your house and even your eyes are new
Your maid is new and your accent too
But your fear is as old as the world

Say goodbye to the thrills of life
Where love was good, no love was bad
Wave goodbye to the life without pain
Say hello
You're a beautiful girl

Say hello to the lunatic men
Tell them your secrets
They're like the grave
Oh, what have you done?
Love is lost, lost is love

You know so much, it's making you cry
You refuse to talk but you think like mad
You've cut out your soul and the face of thought
Oh, what have you done?

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