

David Bowie "My Death"

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My death waits
like an old rou?
So confident I'll go his way
Whistle to him and the passing time
My death waits
like a bible truth
At the funeral of my youth
Weep loud for that
and the passing time
My death waits
like a witch at night
As surely as our love is bright
Let's not think about the passing time

CHORUS

But what ever lies behind the door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil, I don't care
For in front of that door, there is you
My death waits
like a beggar blind
Who sees the world
through an unlit mind
Throw him a dime
for the passing time
My death waits there
between your thighs
Your cool fingers
will close my eyes
Let's not think of that
and the passing time
My death waits
to allow my friends
A few good times before it ends
So let's drink to that
and the passing time

CHORUS

My death waits there among the leaves
In magicians' mysterious sleeves
Rabbits and dogs and the passing time
My death waits there among the flowers

Where the blackest shadow,
blackest shadow cowers
Let's pick lilacs for the passing time
My death waits there
in a double bed
Sails of oblivion at my head
So pull up the sheets
against the passing time

CHORUS

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