

David Bowie "Planet of Dreams"

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Nothing on smoke today
Nothing dies on the wing
Wing's been losing time
An anarchy born in pain
Pain that comes and goes
It goes against all you see
You see I got gables eyes
And eisenhower blames the poor
The poor huddled on the curb
Gotta get back in shape

We're backing up a major plan
We're treading on ? ? ? ? lights
We're walking under golden sun

We're living in a planet of dreams
We're living in a planet of dreams
We're living in a planet of dreams
We're living in a planet of dreams
We're living in a planet of dreams
We're living in a planet

(5 more times)

Do do do do

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