

David Bowie "Queen Bitch"

Visit "[Queen Bitch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ah yeah
Oh yeah

I'm up on the eleventh floor
And I'm watching the cruisers below
He's down on the street
And he's try hard to pull sister Flo

Oh, my heart's in the basement
My weekend's at an all time low
'Cause she's hoping to score
So I can't see her letting him go

Walk out of her heart
Walk out of her mind
Oh, not her

She's so swishy in her satin and tat
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat
Oh God, I could do better than that
Oh, yeah

She's an old-time ambassador
Of sweet talking, night walking games
And she's known in the darkest clubs
For pushing ahead of the dames

If she says she can do it
Then she can do it, she don't make false claims
But she's a queen and such a queen
Such a laughter is sucked in their brains

Now she's leading him on
And she'll lay him right down
Yes, she's leading him on

And she'll lay him right down

But it could have been me
Yes, it could have been me
Why didn't I say, why didn't I say?
No, no, no

She's so swishy in her satin and tat
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat
Oh God, I could do better than that

So I lay down a while
And I gaze at my hotel wall
Oh, the cot is so cold
It don't feel like no bed at all

Yeah, I lay down a while
And look at my hotel wall
And he's down on the street
So I throw both his bags down the hall

And I'm phoning a cab
'Cause my stomach feels small
There's a taste in my mouth
And it's no taste at all

It could have been me
Oh yeah, it could have been me
Why didn't I say, why didn't I say?
No, no, no

She's so swishy in her satin and tat
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat
Oh God, I could do better than that
Oh

You betcha
Oh yeah
Uh hu
Mmm

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

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