

David Bowie

"Segue: Baby Grace [A Horrid Cassette]"

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Test, testing, testing
This, hmm, Grace is my name
And, and I was, hmm
It was that phot, a fading photograph of
A patch, a patchwork quilt

And they've put me on these
Ramona put me on these interest drugs
So I'm thinking very too, bit too fast like a brain hatch

And ah, they won't let me see anybody
If I want to sometimes and I ask
I can still hear some pop, popular musics
And aftershocks

See I've been, I've been watching a television
Of um, in the homelands
That's the new homelands

And um, that's all I can remember
And now they just want me to be quiet
And I think something is going to be horrid

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