

## David Bowie

# "Silver Treetop School for Boys"

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Here's the town in which I live petunia green  
Here's the shop and here's the man who sold me laces  
for my shoes  
There is mr.marcus. boys they say he's mad  
'here's the battle that they won' silver treetop school for  
boys

Early days were good as gold  
An apple here an apple there  
And everywhere a 'yes sir', 'no sir'  
They made me roll the cricket pitch once a day  
I've never been so happy than at silver treetop school  
for boys

The mowing machine was leaving small piles of grass  
That when the ? ? ? had risen to the pipe of mr.marcus  
The smell of teaching fell upon the cricket field  
Smiling, laughing, rolling about at silver treetop school  
for boys.

Hey there  
They call in the staff room  
They call in the canteen  
"hey come and look at what I found"  
"i found some boys and masters sitting  
On the cricket ground at silver treetop school for boys"

The english master, sir, he wears a purple mask  
And the head, was usually sad, was swinging from a  
tree  
Mr.brown the physics man is off his head  
And everyone just loves the grass at silver treetop  
school for boys  
Lalalalalalala lalala lalalalalalalalala lalalalalalalalala  
lalalalalalalalala

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