

**David Bowie****"So She"**

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"Look into my eyes," he tells her  
"I'm gonna say goodbye," he says, yeah  
(?)  
All the day(?) she thinks of is love, yeah

They whip him through the streets (?)  
The gormless and the baying crowd right there  
I can't get enough of that doomsday song  
You can't get enough of it all  
Listen!

Listen to the whores, he tells her  
He fashions paper sculptures of them  
He drags them to the river's bank in the car  
Their soggy paper bodies wash ashore in the dark  
And the priest (?)stiff in hate(?) (?)  
Of his(?) women dressed as men for the pleasure of  
that priest

Here I am, not quite dying  
My body left to rot in a hollow tree  
It's branches forming shadows on the gallows (?)for  
me(?)  
And the next day, and the next, and another day

Ignoring the pain of their particular diseases  
They chase him through the alleys, chase him down the  
steps  
They're crawling through the mud and they chant for  
his death  
And drag him to the feed of the purple-headed reek(?)

First they give you everything that you want  
Then they take back everything that you have  
They live upon their feet and they die upon their knees  
They can work with Satan while they dress like the  
saints  
They know god exists for the devil to (?)  
And they scream my name aloud down into the world  
below

Here I am, not quite dying  
My body left to rot in a hollow tree  
It's branches forming shadows on the gallows (?)for  
me(?)  
And the next day, and the next, and another day

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