

## David Bowie "The Cygnet Committee"

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I bless you madly  
Sadly as I tie my shoes.  
I love you badly  
Just in time, at times, I guess.  
Because of you I need to rest,  
Because it's you that sets the test.  
So much has gone and little is new  
And as the sparrow sings  
Dawn chorus for  
Someone else to hear,  
The Thinker sits alone growing older  
And so bitter.  
"I gave Them life,  
I gave Them all.  
They drained my very soul...dry.  
I crushed my heart to ease Their pains  
No though for me remains there.  
Nothing can They spare.  
What of me?  
Who prai  
sed Their efforts to be free?  
Words of strength and care and sympathy.  
I opened doors that would have blocked Their way.  
I braved Their cause to guide, for little pay.  
I ravaged at my finance just for Those,  
Those whose claims were steeped in pea  
ce, tranquility.  
Those who said a new world, new ways ever free.  
Those whose promises stretched in hope and grace for  
me."  
I bless you madly  
Sadly as I tie my shoes.  
I love you badly  
Just in time, at times, I guess.  
Because of You I need to rest, oh yea,  
Because it's You that sets the test.  
So much has gone and little is new  
And as the sunrise stream  
Flickers on me,  
My friends talk  
Of glory, untold dream, where all is God and God is just  
a word.

"We had a friend, a talking man  
Who spoke of many powers th  
at he had.  
Not of the best of men, but Ours.  
We used him.  
We let him use his powers.  
We let him fill Our needs.  
Now We are strong.  
And the road is coming to its end.  
Now the damned have no time to make amends.  
No purse of token fortunes st  
ands in Our way.  
The silent guns of love will blast the sky.  
We broke the ruptured structure built of age.  
Our weapons were the tongues of crying rage.  
Where money stood  
We planted seeds of rebirth  
And stabbed the backs of fathers,  
Sons of d  
irt.  
Infiltrated business cesspools,  
Hating through Our sleeve,  
Yes, and We slit the Catholic throat  
Stoned the poor on slogans such as  
'Wish You Could Hear,'  
'Love Is All We Need,'  
'Kick Out The Jams,'  
'Kick Out Your Mother,'  
'Cut Up Y  
our Friend,'  
'Screw Up Your Brother or He'll Get You In the End.'

And We Know the Flag of Love is from Above.  
And We Can Force You to Be Free  
And We Can Force You to Believe."  
And I close my eyes and tighten up my brain,  
For I once read a book in which lovers were slain,  
For they knew not the words of the Free States' refrain,  
It said:  
"I believe in the Power of Good.  
I Believe in the State of Love.  
I Will Fight For the Right to be Right.  
I Will Kill for the Good of the Fight for the Ri  
ght to be Right."  
And I open my eyes to look around,  
And I see a child laid slain on the ground.  
As a love machine lumbers through desolation rows,  
Ploughing down man, woman, listening to its command.  
But not hearing anymore-  
Not hearing anymore,  
Just the shrieks from the old rich.

And I Want to Believe  
In the madness that calls 'Now',  
And I Want to Believe  
That a light's shining through  
Somehow.

And I Want to Believe  
And You Want to Believe  
And We Want to Believe  
And We Want to Live  
Oh, We Want to Live  
We Want to Live  
We Want to Live  
We Want to Live  
We Want to Live  
We Want to Live  
I Want to Live  
I Want to Live  
I Want to Live  
I Want to Live  
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