

## David Fonseca

# "Playing Bowies With Me"

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One more strive  
Of the drink and drive  
With the crashes within

One just gets to hound  
The other one rebounds  
And no prize to win

You trip and stumble  
As you try to juggle  
Those staged sorries

Like papercuts  
They just build up  
One slower defeat

What is there left to prove?  
Is there something left to lose?  
You've been playing bowies with me  
Tell me who are you supposed to be  
Cus I don't know you anymore

Rabbits out of hats  
The amazing trapeze cats  
It won't do it for me

Cus I can perceive  
The tricks of your sleeve  
Your magician days are gone

What is there left to prove?  
Is there something left to lose?  
You've been playing Bowies with me  
Tell me who are you supposed to be  
Cus I don't know you anymore

Cus I can't do this anymore  
I'm tired, I'm tired of being alone  
You've been playing bowies with me  
Tell me who are you supposed to be  
Cus I don't know you

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