

Mick Ronson

"Life On Mars"

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I'm a poor excuse for a man, with you
Forgotten the plan
Can't go on in love with you

Is there life on Mars
All those candy bars
Just make me ill don't fulfil
I'd like to be you

Can you hold my hand
It's in the pan, next to your nightie's
My hearts in my mouth, I'd like to go South
Except on Friday's

Is there life next door
I can't tell no more
Maybe they're dead, in bed
Or in your heart dear

Can you hold my hand
It's in the pan, next to your nightie's
My hearts in my mouth I'd like to go South
Except on Friday's

Is there life next door
I can't tell no more
Just make me ill, don't fulfil
Maybe they're dead, in bed
I'd like to heart you
I'd like to be you

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