

## **Bowie David**

### **"Maid Of Bond Street"**

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This girl is made of lipstick  
Powder and paint  
Sees the pictures of herself  
Every magazine on every shelf

This girl is maid of Bond Street  
Hailing cabs, lunches with executives  
Gleaming teeth sip aperitifs

This girl is a lonely girl  
Takes the train from Paddington to Oxford Circus  
Buys the Daily News  
But passengers don't smile at her, don't smile at her

This girl is made of loneliness  
A broken heart  
For the boy that she once knew  
Doesn't want to know her any more

And this girl is a lonely girl  
Every thing she wants is hers  
But she can't make it with the boy she really wants to be  
with  
All the time, to love, all the time

This boy is made of envy  
Jealousy  
He doesn't have a limousine  
Really wants to be a star himself

This girl, her world is made of flashlights and films  
Her cares are scraps on the cutting room floor

And maids of Bond Street drive round in chauffeured  
cars  
Maids of Bond Street picture clothes, eyes of stars  
Maids of Bond Street shouldn't have worldly cares  
Maids of Bond Street shouldn't have love affairs

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