

Bowie David

"Station To Station"

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The return of the Thin White Duke
Throwing darts in lovers' eyes
Here are we, one magical moment, such is the stuff
From where dreams are woven
Bending sound, dredging the ocean, lost in my circle
Here am I, flashing no colour
Tall in this room overlooking the ocean

Here are we, one magical movement from Kether to
Malkuth
There are you, drive like a demon from station to
station
The return of the Thin White Duke, throwing darts in
lovers' eyes
The return of the Thin White Duke, throwing darts in
lovers' eyes
The return of the Thin White Duke, making sure white
stays

Once there were mountains on mountains
And once there were sunbirds to soar with
And once I could never be down
Got to keep searching and searching
Oh, what will I be believing and who will connect me
with love?
Wonderful, wonderful, wonder when
Have you sought fortune, evasive and shy?
Drink to the men who protect you and I
Drink, drink, drain your glass, raise your glass high

It's not the side-effects of the cocaine
I'm thinking that it must be love
It's too late - to be grateful
It's too late - to be late again
It's too late - to be hateful
The european cannon is here

I must be only one in a million
I won't let the day pass without her
It's too late - to be grateful
It's too late - to be late again

It's too late - to be hateful
The european cannon is here

Should I believe that I've been stricken?
Does my face show some kind of glow?
It's too late - to be grateful
It's too late - to be late again
It's too late - to be hateful
The european cannon is here, yes it's here
It's too late
It's too late, it's too late, it's too late, it's too late

The european cannon is here
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