

Bowie David**"Unwashed and Somewhat Slightly Dazed"**

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Spy,spy,pretty girl,
I see you see me through your window.
Don't turn your nose up,
Well, you can if you need to, you won't be the first or
the last.
It must strain you to look down so far from your father's
house,
And I know what a louse like me in his house could do
for you.
I'm the Cream
Of the Great Utopia Dream.
And you're the gleam
In the depths of your banker's spleen.
I'm a phallus in pigtails
And there's blood on my nose,
And my tissue is rotting
Where the rats chew my bones,
And my eye sockets empty
See nothing but pain.
I keep having this brainstorm
About twelve times a day.
So now,You could spend the morning walking with
me,quite amazed
As I'm Unwashed and Somewhat Slightly Dazed.
I got eyes in my backside
That see electric tomatoes
On credit card rye bread.
There are children in washrooms
Holding hands with a queen.
And my heads full of murders
Where only killers scream.
So now you could spend the morning talking with me
quite amazed
Look out,I'm raving mad and Somewhat Slightly Dazed.
Now you run from your window
To the porcelain bowl.
And you're sick from your ears
To the red parquet floor.
And the Braque on the wall
Slides down your front
And eats through your belly.

It's very catching.
So now, you should spend the mornings lying to your
father quite amazed
About the strange Unwashed and Happily Slightly
Dazed

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