

Tin Machine

"Sacrifice Yourself"

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David Bowie/Tony Sales/Hunt Sales)

Some days he feels so empty

Just a talking head

Married to a Klingon

Who could cream him in the press

God could detonate him

God's the one we pick to curse us

And 35 years pass him

Like an evening at the circus

CHORUS

Don't sacrifice yourself

Sacrifice yourself

Surprise yourself

Don't sacrifice yourself

There it is, the look, the winner you

Once talked of being

Give her one last kiss and

Dive right out the window screaming

No truth decent, It was summer from the waist down

She blew the troops right off your feet

She tells you she's God's grammy

CHORUS

Her, the only game in town, a queen of competence

Blind in front of mirrors, proving nothings says a lot

Wham bam thank you Charlie

Vanity is all

You wander lonely to the scene

A crawling up the walls

CHORUS

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