best of bowie

Contains all 39 songs from the hit album, plus bonus song. Arranged for piano & voice, with guitar chord boxes.
best of bowie

{ Space Oddity
{ The Man Who Sold The World
{ Oh! You Pretty Things
{ Changes
{ Life On Mars?
{ Starman
{ Ziggy Stardust
{ Suffragette City
{ John, I'm Only Dancing
{ The Jean Genie
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Young Americans
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{ "Heroes"
{ Boys Keep Swinging
{ Under Pressure
{ Ashes To Ashes
{ Fashion
{ Scary Monsters (& Super Creeps)
{ Let's Dance
{ China Girl
{ Modern Love
{ Blue Jean
{ This Is Not America
{ Loving The Alien
{ Dancing In The Street
{ Absolute Beginners

Jump They Say
{ Hallo Spaceboy (PSB remix)
{ Little Wonder
{ I'm Afraid Of Americans (V1)
{ Slow Burn (radio edit)
{ Everybody Says "Hi!"
take your protein pills and put your helmet on.

Ten
Nine
Eight
Seven

com-mence-ing count-down, en-gines on,

Six
Five
Four
Three
Two
One

God's love be with you.

lift-off.
This is Ground Control to Major Tom, you've really made the grade.

and the papers want to know whose shirts you wear.

Now it's time to leave the capsule if you dare.

This is Major Tom to Ground Control.
I'm stepping through the door, and I'm floating in a most peculiar way, and the stars look very different today. For here am I sitting in a tin can.
Ground Control to Major Tom, your

Circuits dead, there's something wrong, can you hear me Major Tom, can you

D.S. al Coda

Can you hear me Major Tom, can you hear me Major Tom?

Ω Coda

Repeat ad lib. to fade
he said I was his friend, which came as some surprise. I spoke into his eyes, I thought you died alone, a long, long time ago. Oh no.
not me, { I we } never lost control...

You're face to face with the

To Coda

man who sold the world.

11
[1.

Dm

2. I laughed and shook his

D.S. al Coda

Who knows...

Coda

F

— — —

| — — — |

| — — — |

— — —

| — — — |

— — —

| — — — |

— — —

| — — — |

— — —

| — — — |
Verse 2:
I laughed and shook his hand
And made my way back home.
I searched for form and land
For years and years I roamed
I gazed a gazely stare
At all the millions here
We must have died alone
A long, long time ago.

Who knows? Not me
We never lost control
You’re face to face
With the man who sold the world.
Oh! You Pretty Things

Words & Music by David Bowie.

Wake up you sleepy head,
put on some clothes, shake up your bed,
put another log on the fire for me.
I've made some breakfast and coffee.
Look out my window, what do I see?

A crack in the sky, and a hand reaching down to me,
All the nightmares came today.

And it looks as though they're here to stay.

What are we coming to?
No room for me, no fun for you, I think about a world to come, where the books were found by the Golden Ones, written in pain, written in awe, by a puzzled man who questioned what we were here for. All the strangers came to clay, and it looks as though they're here to stay.
Oh! You pretty things... don't you know you're driving your
camas and papas insane?

Oh! You pretty things...
don't you know you're driving your
camas and papas insane?

Let me make it plain.

gota make way for the Homo Superior. Look out at your children.
Look out at your children
See their faces in golden rays
Don't kid yourself they belong to you
They're the start of the coming race.

The earth is a bitch
We've finished our news
Homo sapiens have outgrown their use.
All the strangers came today
And it looks as though they're here to stay.

Oh! You pretty things etc.
Life On Mars?
Words & Music by David Bowie.

1. It's a God awful small affair to the
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

Con pedale

girl with the mousy hair.
But her mummy is yelling 'no'

and her daddy has told her to go.
But her
friend is no-where to be seen,
now she walks through her sunk-en dream,
to the seat with the clear-est view
and she's hooked to the sil-ver screen.
But the film is a sad-d'ning bore
for she's lived it ten times—or more.
She could
spit in the eyes of fools
as they ask her to focus on
sailors fighting in the dance hall.
Oh man.
look at those cavemen go,
it's the freakiest show.
Take a look at the lawman
beating up the wrong guy.
Oh, man, wonder if he'll ever know

he's in the best selling show.

Is there life on Mars?

To Coda
Verse 2:
It's on Amerika's tortured brow that Mickey Mouse has grown up a cow
Now the workers have struck for fame 'cause Lennon's on sale again
See the mice in their million hordes, from Ibiza to the Norfolk Broads
Rule Britannia is out of bounds to my mother, my dog and clowns
But the film is a saddening bore 'cause I wrote it ten times or more
It's about to be writ again as I ask her to focus on

Sailors fighting in the dance hall etc.
Changes

Words & Music by David Bowie.

Oh yeah,

1. Still don't know what I was waiting for, and my (Verse 2 see block lyric)

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time was running wild, a million dead end streets, and every time I thought I'd

got it made—it seemed the taste was not so sweet. So I
turned myself to face me, but I've never caught a glimpse

of how the others must see—the faker, I'm much too
fast to take that test.
Ch-ch-ch-changes. Turn and face the strange

ch-ch-ch-changes,
don't want to be a richer man.

Ch-ch-ch-changes. Turn and face the strange.

Ch-ch-ch-changes.

it's gonna have to be a different man.
Time may change
me, but I can't trace time.

Strange fascination, fasci

ating me, oh, changes are
taking the pace I'm going thru. Ch-ch-ch-changes.
Turn and face the strange changes,
ooh, look out you rock and rollers.

Ch-ch-ch-changes, Turn and face the strange
changes, pretty soon now you're gonna get older.

Time may change me, but I can't trace time, I said that
Verse 2:
I watch the ripples change their size
But never leave the stream of warm impermanence and
So the days float thru' my eyes
But still the days seem the same.

And these children that you spit on
As they try to change their worlds
Are immune to your consultations
They're quite aware of what they're going thru'.

Ch-ch-ch-changes
Turn and face the strange
Ch-ch-changes
Don't tell them to grow up and out of it.
Ch-ch-ch-changes
Turn and face the strange
Ch-ch-changes
Where's your shame
You've left us up to our necks in it
Time may change me
But you can't trace time.
Starman

Words & Music by David Bowie.

\[ \text{Verse 1:} \text{ Did-n't know what time it was, the lights were low, I leaned back on my radio...} \]

Verse 2 (see block lyric)

Then the loud sound did seem to fade,
came back like a slow voice on a wave of phase.
That weren't no D. J. that was
ha - zy cos - mic jive.
There's a

star - man waiting in - the sky.
he'd like to come - and meet us but he
C7

F

Dm

thinks he'll blow our minds. There's a star man waiting in the sky, he's

Am

C/G

C7

told us not to blow it 'cause he knows it's all worthwhile. He told me,

Bm

Bm7

F

D/F# Gm

C7

'Let the children lose it, let the children use it, let all the children boogie.'
2. Star man waiting in the sky, he'd like to come and meet us but he thinks he'll blow our minds. There's a star man waiting in the sky, he's told us not to blow it 'cause he knows it's all worthwhile. He told me.
Verse 2:
I had to phone someone so I picked on you
Hey, that’s far out so you heard him too!
Switch on the T.V. we may pick him up on channel two
Look out your window, I can see his light
If we can sparkle he may land tonight
Don’t tell your poppa or he’ll get us locked up in fright.

There’s a stamian etc.
Suffragette City
Words & Music by David Bowie.

Hey man, oh, leave me a-lone, you know,

Hey man, oh Henry get off the phone, I gotta, hey man, I gotta
straight-en my face, this mel-low thighed chick just put my spine out of place.

Hey man, my school-days insane, hey man, my

work's down the drain, hey man, well she's a to-tal blam-blam, she

said she had to squeeze it but she, and then she. Oh... don't.
lean on me man 'cause you can't afford the ticket.

I'm back on Suffragette City.

Oh, don't lean on me man 'cause you ain't got time to check it.

You know my Suffragette City is outta sight.

She's all right.

Mm...
2.

-right. Oh, hit me.

D  F  G  A  B

D  F  G  A

Oh, don’t lean on me man ‘cause you can’t afford the tick-er. I’m back on Suf-fra-gette Ci-
Oh, don’t lean on me man ‘cause you ain’t got time to check it.

You know my Suffragette City.

Don’t

ty is outta sight, oh, she’s al-

right.

A Suffragette City.
Hey man, oh Henry don't be unkind, go away
Hey man, I can't take you this time, no way
Hey man, say Droogie don't crash here
There's only room for one and here she comes, here she comes.

Oh don't lean on me etc.
Ziggy Stardust

Words & Music by David Bowie.

Ziggy played guitar... jamming good—with Weird and Gil-ly, and The Spi-ders from Mars.
He played it left-hand, but made it too far.

became the special man, then we were Ziggy's band.

Ziggy really sang,... screwed up eyes and screwed down hair-do, like some cat from Japan.

He could lick 'em by smiling, he could leave 'em to hang. They came on so
Am7

loaded man,
well hung and
snow white tan.

So where were the spi-
ders
while the fly tried to break

our balls?
With just the bea-
light to guide us,
so we

bitched a-
about his fans
and should we

Oh!
1.

Cadd\(9\)  G/B  Am\(7\)  G  D

Mm.

2.

Cadd\(9\)  G/B  Am\(7\)  G  D  Cadd\(9\)  G/B  Am\(7\)

Oh  yeah.

Free time
Cadd\(9\)

Ziggy played guitar.

2nd

Ziggy played for time
Jiving us that we were Voodoo
The Kids were just crass
He was the nazz
With God-given ass
He took it all too far
But boy, could he play guitar.

Making love with his ego
Ziggy sucked up into his mind
Like a leper Messiah
When the kids had killed the man
I had to break up the band.
John, I'm Only Dancing

Words & Music by David Bowie.

1. Annie's very sweet she always eats her meat and Joey comes on strong.
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

2. 

bet your life he's putting us on. Oh Lawd-y, oh Lawd-y.
you know I need some loving.
Hold me, touch me.

John, I'm only dancing.
She turns me on... but I'm only dancing.
She turns me on...
1. but don't get me wrong. I'm only dancing.

2. John, I'm only dancing.

She turns me on but I'm only dancing.
She turns me on, but don't get me wrong.

I'm only dancing.

Dancing.

Won't someone dance with me.
Verse 2:
Shadow love is quick and clean
Life's a well-thumbed machine
I saw you watching from the stairs
You're everyone that ever cared.
Oh Lawdy, oh Lawdy
You know I need some loving
Hold me, touch me.

John, I'm only dancing etc.
The Jean Genie
Words & Music by David Bowie.

1. Small Jean Ge-nie snuck off to the ci-ty, strung out on la-sers and

(Verse 2 see block lyric)

slash-back blaz-ers and ate all your ra-zors while pull-ing the wait-ers.
Talkin' 'bout Monroe and walking on Snow White.

New York's a go-go and ev'rything tastes nice, poor little Green-ie.

Ooh...

Jean Genie lives on his back. The Jean Genie
loves chimney stacks. He's outrageous, he screams and he bawls.

Jean Genie, let yourself go!

3. He's
so simple-minded, he can't drive his module, he bites on the neon, and

sleeps in a capsule. Loves to be loved,

loves to be loved.
Jean Genie, lives on his back. The Jean Genie loves chim-ne-y stacks. He's out-rage-ous, he screams and he bawls.

Jean Genie, let your-self go! Go!
Verse 2:
Sits like a man but he smiles like a reptile
She loves him, she loves him but just for a short while
She'll scratch in the sand, won't let go his hand
He says he's a beautician and sells you nutrition
And keeps all your dead hair for making up underwear
Poor little Greenie, ooh!
Drive-In Saturday
Words & Music by David Bowie.

1. Let me put my arms around your head.
   (Verse 2 see block lyric)
   Gee it's hot let's go to bed.

   Don't forget to turn on the light.
   Don't laugh babe, it'll be all right.
Pour me out another phone, I'll ring and see if your friends are home.

Perhaps the strange ones in the dome can lend us a book we can read up alone. And

try to get it on like once before, when

people stared in Jagger's eyes and scored, like the video films we saw.

His
name was always Buddy and he'd shrug and ask to stay. She'd

sigh like Twig the Wonder Kid and turn her face away. She's un-

certain if she likes him but she knows she really loves him. It's a crush course...for the ravens, it's a

drive-in Saturday.
Verse 2:
Jung the foreman prayed at work
That neither hands nor limbs would burst
It's hard enough to keep formation
Amid this fall out saturation
Cursing at the Astronette
That stands in steel by his cabinet
He is crashing out with Sylvian
Bureau supply for ageing men
With snorting head he gazes to the shore
Where once it raged, the sea that raged no more
Like the video films we saw.

His name was always Buddy etc.
Sorrow

Words & Music by Bob Feldman, Jerry Goldstein & Richard Gottehrer.

With your long blond hair and your eyes of blue, the only thing I ever got from you was
Sorrow...

acted funny tryin' to spend my money, you're out there playing your...

high class games of sorrow...

You never do what you
With your long blonde hair
I couldn't sleep last night. With your long blonde hair
2nd.
I tried to find her
'Cuz I can't resist her
I never knew just how much I miss her
Sorrow, sorrow.

With your long blond hair
And your eyes of blue
The only thing I ever got from you
Was sorrow, sorrow.
Rebel Rebel

Words & Music by David Bowie.

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1. You got your Mother in a whirl,
she's not sure if you're a boy or a girl.
   Hey babe, your hair's alright.
   Hey babe, let's go out tonight.
   You like me and I like it all.
   We like dancing and we look divine.
You love bands when they play it hard. You want more and you want it fast.
They put you down, they say I'm wrong.

You tacky thing, you put them on. Rebel rebel, you've torn your dress.
Rebel rebel your face is a mess.
Rebel rebel, how could they know?

Hot tramp, I love you so.

Don't ya.

Do do do do do.
Do do do do do do do do do.
Rebel rebel, you've
torn your dress.
Rebel rebel, your face is a mess.

Rebel rebel, how could they know?
Hot tramp, I

love you so.
You've torn your dress, your face is a mess. You can't get enough, but enough ain't the test. You've got your transmission and a live wire. You've got your cue lines and a handful of ludes. You wanna be there when they count up the dudes. And I
love your dress.
You're a juvenile success.

because your face is a mess.
So how could they know,
I said how could they know?

So what cha wanna know
Ca - la - mi - ty's child? — chi-child.
chi-child, Oh where d'ya wanna go?

What can I do for you? Looks like I

been there too—because you've torn your dress—and your

face is a mess—

Ooh your

face is a mess—

Ooh, ooh, so
Verse 2:
You got your mother in a whirl
'Cause she’s not sure if you’re a boy or a girl
Hey babe, your hair’s alright
Hey babe, let’s stay out tonight
You like me and I like it all.
We like dancing and we look divine
You love bands when they play it hard
You want more and you want it fast.

They put you down, they say I’m wrong
You tacky thing, you put them on
Rebel rebel, you’ve torn your dress
Rebel rebel, your face is a mess
Rebel rebel, how could they know?
Hot tramp I love you so.
Spoken: This ain’t rock ‘n’ roll. This is genocide!
pulled you out of the oxygen tent you asked for the latest par-

(Verse 2 see block lyric)

ty. With your silicone hump and your ten-inch stump.

dressed like a priest you was—Tod Browning’s freak you was—Crawling down the alley on your

(8 see block lyric)

hands and knee, I’m sure you’re not protected for it’s plain to see—
D

diamond dogs are poachers and they hide behind trees...
Hunt you to the ground they will,

A

mannequins with kill appeal...
(Will they come?)
I'll keep a friend serene...
(Will they come?)

E

Oh baby, come unto me...
(Will they come?)
Well she's

G

come, been and gone...
Come out of the garden baby.
you'll catch your death in the fog.
Young girl.
they

call them the diamond dogs.
Young girl.
they

1.
call them the diamond dogs.

2. The

2, 3.
Ooh ooh ooh ooh!
Call them the diamond dogs.
Ooh ooh!

3. In the

Bow wow, woof woof, bow bow, wow. Call

them the diamond dogs.

Dogs!

Call them the diamond dogs.
them—the, call them. Call them the diamond dogs.

Call them, call them. Call them the diamond dogs.

Keep cool.

Spoken: Diamond dogs rule O.K.
Verse 2:
Now Halloween Jack is a real cool cat
And he lives on top of Manhattan Chase
The elevators broke so he slides down a rope
Onto the street below, oh Tarzie go man, go.
Meet his little hussy with his ghost town approach
Her face is sans feature but she wears a Dali brooch
Sweetly reminiscent, something Mother used to bake
Wrecked up and paralyzed, diamond dogs are sableized.

(Will they come?) etc.

On 8:
In the year of the scavenger, the season of the bitch
Sashay on the broadwalk, scurry to the ditch
Just another future song, lonely little kitsch
(There’s gonna be sorrow) try and wake up tomorrow.

(Will they come?) etc.
1. They pulled in just behind the bridge. He lays her down, he frowns.

2. He kissed her then and there. She took his ring, took his babies. It

(Verse 3 see block lyric)
took him minutes, took her nowhere, heaven knows she'd have taken anything.

(All night) She wants the young American.

(Young American, young American, she wants the young American.)

All right) But she wants the young American.
right) but he wants the young American.

Do you remember your President Nixon? Do you remember the bills you have to pay, or even yesterday?
4. You ain't a pimp and you ain't a hustler. A pimp's got a Ca-di and a lady got a Chry-sler.

Black's got re-spect and white's got a soul-train. Ma-ma's got cramps and look at your hands-ache.

5. (I heard the news to-day oh boy) I got a suite and you got de-feat.

Ain't there a man who can say no more? And ain't there a wo-man I can sock on the jaw? 6. And
ain't there a child I can hold with-out judg-ing? And ain't there a pen that will write be-fore they die?

Ain't you proud that you've still got fa-ces? Ain't there one damn song that can make me break down and cry?

a tempo

All night I want the young Amer-i-can.
Verse 3:
All the way from Washington
Her bread-winner begs off the bathroom floor
"We live for just these twenty years
Do we have to die for the fifty more?"

All night etc.
TVC 15

Words & Music by David Bowie.

1. Up ev'ry ev'n'ing 'bout half eight or nine, I give my complete at-tention to a ve-ry good friend of mine.

He's quad-ro-phonic he's a, he's got more chan-nels.

So ho-lo-gram-ic, oh my T V C one five.

2. I brought my ba-by home she, she sat a-round for-lorn.

She saw my T V C one
five, baby's gone. She, she crawled right in my, my, my,
she crawled right in my, so hologram-ic, oh my TVC one five.

Oh, so demonic, oh my TVC one five.

TVC one five. Transition.
Transmission.

Transmission.

Oh my TVC one five.

Oh my TVC one five.
Verse 3:
Maybe if I pray every
Each night I sit there pleading
"Send back my dream test baby
She's my main feature"
My TVC one five he
He just stares back unblinking
So hologramic, oh my TVC one five.
One of these nights etc.

Verse 4 & 8:
One of these nights I may just
Jump down that rainbow way
Be with my baby, then
We'll spend some time together
So hologramic, oh my TVC one five
My baby's in there someplace
Love's rating in the sky
So hologramic, oh my TVC one five.

Transition etc.
Fame

Words & Music by David Bowie, John Lennon & Carlos Alomar.

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Fame makes a man take things over.

Fame lets him loose, hard to swallow.

Fame puts you there where things are hollow.

(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyrics)
Fame.

It's not your brain, it's Fame.

To Coda ⊕

just the flame that burns your change to keep you insane.
Verse 2:
Fame, what you like is in the limo
Fame, what you get is no tomorrow
Fame, what you need you have to borrow
Fame.
Fame, "Mine, it's mine!" is just his line
To bind your time, it drives you to crime
Fame.

Verse 3:
Is it any wonder I reject you first?
Fame, fame, fame, fame
Is it any wonder you're too cool to fool?
Fame.
Fame, bully for you, chilly for me
Gotta get a raincheck on pain
Fame.
Golden Years

Words & Music by David Bowie.
Golden years, gold, whop, whop, whop.

Don’t let me hear you say life’s taking you nowhere, angel.

Come get up, my baby. Look at that sky, life’s begun. Nights are warm and the days are young.

Come get up, my baby. There’s my baby, lost that’s all.
Once I'm begging you save her little Golden years,
gold. whoop, whoop, whoop. Come get up my baby.

Last night they loved you, opening doors and pulling some strings, angel.

Come get up my baby. In walked luck and you looked in time. Never look back, walk tall, act
Come get up my baby. I'll stick with you baby for a thousand years.

Nothing's gonna touch you in these golden years.

To Coda

Gold. Golden years.

Come get up my baby.
Some of these days and it won't be long. Gonna drive back down where you once belonged in the
back of a dream car, twenty foot long. Don't cry my sweet don't break my heart.

Doing alright but you gotta get smart. Wish upon, wish upon, day upon day, I'll be-

lieve oh Lord, I'll believe all the way. Come get up my baby.

Run for the shadows.
Don't let me hear you say life's taking you nowhere, angel
Come get up my baby,
Run for the shadows, run for the shadows
Run for the shadows in these golden years
I'll stick with you baby for a thousand years
Nothing's gonna touch you in these golden years
Gold.

Golden years etc.
Wild Is The Wind

Words by Ned Washington.
Music by Dimitri Tiomkin.
I. Love me, love me, love me, love me, say you do,

Let me fly away with you.

For my love is like the wind,
and wild is the wind.

Wild is the wind.

2. Give me more than one ca-
(Verse 3 & 8 see block lyric)

Satisfy this

hun-griness.

Let the
wind blow through your heart,

Oh wild is the wind

You touch me

I hear the sound
Free time

all things to me. Don't you know you're life it -

1. a tempo
2. a tempo

D.S. al Coda

Drums

And wild is

Am/G

the wind. Wild is the wind.
Verse 3 & 4:
Like the leaf clings to the tree
Oh, my darling cling to me
For we're like creatures of the wind
Wild is the wind
Wild is the wind.

You touch me etc.
Clothes always fit ya.
Life is a pop of the cherry
g-
y when you're a boy.
(When you're a boy.)

You can wear a uniform.
(When you're a boy.)
Other boys

check you out (You get a girl.)
These are your favorite things.
(When you're a boy)
un-furl the flag.

Luck just kissed-- you "hel-lo,"

when you're a boy.

They'll ne-ver clone ya.

You're al-ways first on the line.

when you're a boy.

(When you're a boy.)
You can buy a home of your own. (When you're a boy.)

Learn to drive and everything. (You'll get your share when you're a boy.)

D.S. to fade
Sound And Vision

Words & Music by David Bowie.
C6 G C6 G
Do do do do do do do do do do do do do do
C6 G
Am
Do.
D Em G
Don't you wonder sometimes
Am
"bout sound and vision?"
Blue, blue, electric blue, that's the colour of my room,
where I will live.
Blue, blue,
pale blinds drawn all day, nothing to read, nothing to say.
Blue, blue.

I will sit right down, waiting for the gift of sound and vision.

And I will sing, waiting for the gift of sound and vision.

Drifting in-
to my solitude, over my head. Don’t you wonder sometimes 'bout sound and vision?
"Heroes"

Words by David Bowie.
Music by David Bowie & Brian Eno.

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1. I wish you could swim.
(Verse 2 see block lyric)
like the dolphins.

Though nothing,
no-thing will keep us to-geth-er.

We can
beat them forever and ever.

Oh we can be heroes just for one day.

1. I can remember (I remember)
2. I can remember (I remember)
Standing by the wall.

(By the wall) And the guns

Shot above our heads. (Over our heads) And we kissed

As though nothing could fall. (Nothing could fall)
And the shame—

was on the

other side.

Oh we can beat them

for ever and ever,

then we could be heroes
Verse 2:
I, I will be King
And you, you will be Queen
Though nothing will drive them away
We can be heroes, just for one day
We can be us, just for one day.
Under Pressure

Words & Music by David Bowie, Freddie Mercury, Roger Taylor, John Deacon & Brian May.

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\[
\text{Boom boom bah bah, boom boom bah bay, b-b boom bah bay bay,}
\]
D  A/D
Pressure pushing down on me, pressing

G/D  A/D  D
down on you no man ask for. Under pressure that burns a

A/C#  G/B  A  G/A
building down, splits a family in two, puts people on streets.

D  A/C#  Dsus/B
Boom bah bah bay, boom bah bah bay, do day dah, do day dah.
That's O.K. That's the terror of knowing what this world is about.

Watching some good friends screaming "Let me out!" Pray tomorrow takes me higher, pressure on people, people on streets.

Do do do. Ba da ba ba ba. O.K.
Chipping around, kick my brains on the floor. These are the days.

It never rains but it pours.

People on streets.

(Vocals ad lib.)

It's the
terror of knowing what this world is about,

watching some good friends screaming "Let me out!" Pray tomorrow, take me

higher higher

Pressure on people, people on streets.

Turned away from it all like a blind man,
sat on a fence but it don't work. Keep com-ing up with love but it's so
slashed and torn, why. Why. Why?

Love, love, love, love. In-

-san-i-ty laughs, un-der pres-ure we're crack-ing, can't we give our-selves one more
chance? Why can’t we give love one more chance? Why can’t we

give love, give love, give love, give love, give love, give love, give love.
‘Cause

love’s such an old fashioned word and love dares you to

care for the people on the edge of the night and love dares you to
change our way of caring about ourselves this is our
last dance. This is ourselves. Under pressure.

Under pressure.

Pressure.
Ashes To Ashes
Words & Music by David Bowie.

1. Do you re-
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

- mem-ber a guy— that's been—
in such an ear-ly song?
I've heard a rumour from Ground Control, oh no, don't say it's true.
They got a message from the Action Man.
I'm happy, hope you're happy too,
I've loved all — I've needed love, —
sordid details following:
The shrinking of nothing is killing just, pictures of Jap girls in synthesis. And I ain't got no money and I ain't got no hair.

But I'm hoping to kick but the planet is glowing. (echo)

Ashes to ashes funk to funky.

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We know Major Tom's a junky. Strung out in heaven's high hitting an

time low.

1, 2. 3. D.S. al Coda

My mamma said, to get things done, you'd
Verse 2:
Time and again I tell myself
I'll stay clean tonight
But the little green wheels are following me
Oh, no, not again
I'm stuck with a valuable friend
I'm happy, hope you're happy too
One flash of light but no smoking pistol
I've never done good things
I've never done bad things
I never did anything out of the blue
Want an axe to break the ice
Want to come down right now.

Ashes to ashes
Funk to funky etc.
Scary Monsters (& Super Creeps)

Words & Music by David Bowie.
(1) horror of rooms, she was tired, you can’t hide best.
(2) asked me to stay and I stole her room.

When I looked in her eyes... they were blue but nobody home.
She asked for my love and I gave her a dangerous mind.

Well she could’ve been a killer if she
Now she’s stupid in the street and she
didn’t walk the way she do, and she do...
She can’t socialise.

Well I love...
opened strange doors that we'd never close again.

the little girl and I'll love her till the day she dies.

She began to wait.

She waits, Jimmy's guitar sound,
jealousies scream.

waiting at the light,

waiting at the light, know what I mean?

Scary monsters,
super creeps, keep me running.

To Coda

running scared. Scary monsters,

super creeps, keep me running.

A

1. E

2. E

running, running scared. 2. She scared.
Fashion
Words & Music by David Bowie.

J = 114

N.C.

1. There's a brand new dance but I don't know its name.

(2.) brand new talk but it's not very clear.

that people from bad homes do a-

(Ooh bop.)
gain and a - gain._   (Ooh)   bop!   Fash - ion!)

talk - ing this year._

It's

big and it's bland._   full of ten - sion and fear...

love and it's taste - less and I've heard it be - fore._

(Ooh  bop!)

They do it ov - er there but we don't do it here._

You shout it while you're danc - ing on the__ dance - floor...

(Ooh  bop!  Fash - ion!)

Fash - ion!  Turn to the left:
Fashion! Turn to the right. Ooh, fashion! 2° Fashion

We are the goon squad and we're coming to town, beep beep!

Beep, beep! ad lib.

Listen to me, don't listen to me, talk to me, don't talk to me.
dance with me, don't dance with me, no. Beep, beep.

2. There's a Beep, beep! Ooh bop!

Do do do do do do do do. Fa-fa-fa-fa-fashion

2. 4.

fashion! La la la la la la la la.
Let's Dance

Words & Music by David Bowie.

\[ J = 118 \]

\[ E^b \]

Ah.

ah.

ah.

ah.

\[ B^b\text{sus}^4 \]

\[ E^b \]

\[ G^b \]

\[ B^b\text{m} \]

1. Let's

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dance,
for fear your grace should fall.

Let's dance
to the song they're playing on the
radio.

Let's sway, while
you could
colour lights up your face.
look into my eyes.

Let's
sway, through the crowd, to an empty space.
un - der the moon - light, the ser - i - ous moon - light.

(And) If you say run, I'll run with you.

(And) If you say hide, we'll hide.

Because my love for you would break.
my heart in two
If you should fall

into my arms (and) tremble like a flower

Let's dance.

Let's flow--er
1. Let's dance
   put on your red shoes and sway
   put on your red shoes and

2. dance the blues...
   Let's sway,
   Let's sway.

Under the moonlight,
   The serious moonlight.

Let's dance, let's dance, let's dance.
This Is Not America
Words & Music by David Bowie, Pat Metheny & Lyle Mays.

\[ \text{This is not } \text{America}, \]
\[ \text{shala-shala-shala-shala...} \]
\[ \text{Little piece of you, the little peace in me will die,} \]
\[ \text{for this is not America.} \]
Blossom fails to bloom this season
promise not to stare too long.

for this is not the miracle.
There was a time.

storm that blew so pure,
for this could be the biggest sky.

I could have the faintest idea,
for this is not America,
This is not America, no,

This is not

la, la, la, melting from the inside,

la, la, la, falcon spirals to the ground,

so bloody red tomorrow's clouds,
a little piece of you,  
the little peace in me will

die,  
for this is not America.

There was a time,  
a wind that blew so young.

for this could be the biggest sky,  
and I could have the faintest idea,
but this is not America.

(1st only)

This is not America, no, this is not, shala-la-la,

this is not America, no, this is not.
China Girl

Words & Music by David Bowie & Iggy Pop.

\[ \text{N.C.} \]

\[ \text{G} \]

(Oh, oh, oh,

\[ \text{Am} \]

...little China Girl.

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Oh, oh, oh, oh, little China
Girl.) I could escape this feeling with my China Girl.
I feel a wreck without my little China Girl._
I hear her
G

heart beating loud as thunder.

Am

Saw these stars crashing.

G

I'm a mess without my little China Girl.

G

Wake up in the morning; where's my little China Girl?
I hear our hearts beating loud as thunder.

I saw these stars crashing down.

I feel tragic like I'm Marlon Brando.

when I look at my China Girl.
And I could pretend nothing really meant too much when I look at my China Girl.
I stumble into town

just like a sacred cow, visions of swastikas in my head.

plans for everyone. It's in the white of my eyes...
the world. And when I get excited,

my little China Girl says "Oh baby, just you shut your mouth!"

She says "Shh."

(2 & 3° Instrumental)

She says "Shh."

171
She says

And when I get excited,

My little Chihuahua girl says

"Oh baby, just shut your mouth!"

She says (2nd Instrumental)
"Ssh."
She says.

(Oh, oh, oh, oh, little China)

Repeat to fade

Girl.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, little China
Modern Love
Words & Music by David Bowie.

\[ \text{Guitar (dampened strings)} \quad \text{add Drums} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{D/E} & \text{Em} \\
\hline
\text{D/C} & \text{Dsus}^{2}/C \\
\hline
\text{Spoken: I know when to go out.} & \text{I know when to stay in,} \\
\text{get things done.} \\
\end{array} \]
1. I catch the paper boy, but
2. There's no sign of life, it's

things don't really change,
just the pow'r to charm,

I'm standing in the wind,
I'm lying in the rain,

but I never wave bye-bye,
but I never wave bye-bye,

But I try,
(Church on time,) terrifies me. (Church on time,)

makes me party. (Church on time,) puts my trust in

God and man. (God and man,) no confession. (God and man,) no religion.
Em7  Em  Fmaj7  F
(God and man,) don't believe on modern love.

D/E  Em  D/C  Dsus7/C

D  Dsus7  D/E  Em

C

3. Instrumental  4. It's not really work... it's just the power to
G

churn.

Still standing in the wind, but I never wave bye-

bye.

But I try. I try.

D.S. repeat Chorus to fade

Never gonna fall for.
Blue Jean

Words & Music by David Bowie.

C G D

1. Blue Jean, I just met a girl named Blue Jean.
2. One day, I'm gonna write a poem in a

Blue Jean, she got a camouflage face and no模式.
One day, I'm gonna get the faculty to

Remember, they always let you down when you
Remember, like everybody has to wait in

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Oh Blue Jean, is heaven any sweeter than Blue
look out world, ah you know I've got

Jean? mine.
She got a police bike.

She got Latin roots.

She got a turned up nose.
She got every thing.

Sometimes I feel like,

(oh, the whole human race)

jazz-in' for Blue Jean.
(Oh, and when my Blue Jean's blue)

Blue Jean can send me. (Oh, somebody send me.)

Somebody send me. (Oh, somebody send me.)

To Coda

somebody send me.)
Sometimes I feel like

Some-body, some-body, (oh,

Some-body send me)

(Oh,

Some-body send me.)
Dancing In The Street


Callin' out around the world, are you ready for a brand new beat?

Summer's here and the time is right for
dancing in the street, they're dancing in Chicago,
down in New Orleans, in New York City.

All we need is music, sweet music,
there'll be music everywhere. There'll be
Swing, sway, records playing, dancing in the street. Oh...

It doesn't matter what you wear just as long as you are there, so come on,

every guy grab a girl, everywhere around the world, there'll be dance-

Dancing, dancing in the street. It's an
invitation across the nation, a chance for folks to meet. There'll be

Baltimore and D.C. now, don't forget the motor city, on the streets of Brazil. Back in the U.S.S.R.
don't matter where you are. All we need is mu-

sic, sweet mu-sic, there'll be mu-sic ev-ry where. There'll be

swim-ing, sway-ing, re-cords play-ing, dan-cing in the street. Oh,

it does-n't mat-ter what you wear just as long as you are there.
so come on, ev'ry guy, grab a girl, ev'rywhere a-
round the world they'll be danc-
ing.
dancing in the street.
lay down in L.A.,
don't you know they'll be danc-
ing.
Repeat ad lib. to fade
(for ever and a day) dancing in the street,
(me and you)
A    Asus⁴    G/A    A    Asus⁴    G/A

ooh, ba-ba-ba ooh, ba-ba-ba

D

I've nothing much to offer,
Nothing much could happen,
ooh....

Amaj⁷    Em⁷/G    F⁷/F♯

there's nothing much to take,
nothing we can't shake,

G    D

I'm an absolute beginner,
well we're absolute beginners,
but I'm absolutely sane,
with nothing much at stake.

As long as we're together,
As long as you're still smiling,

the rest can go to hell,
there's nothing more I need.

I absolutely love you,
I absolutely love you,
but we're absolute beginners.
but we're absolute beginners.

With eyes completely open,
your love,

but nervous all the same.
we're certain to succeed.
If our
Bm

hard lines, it's absolutely true.

Ba-ba-ba

A

true.

D

G

Bm

1, 3.

Em7

A

2, 4.

A

Repeat ad lib to fade

195
Jump They Say

Words & Music by David Bowie.

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Striped with blood and em-blazed tat-too.

Streak-ing ca-th-dral spire they say, they say,
born again. They say:
look at him climb. They say

"Jump!"

They say

"Jump!"

They say

They say
They say:

he has two gods. They say:

he has no fear. They say:

he has no eyes. They say:

he has no mouth.

They say, hey, that's really something, they feel he should get
some time. I say he should watch his ass, my friend,

don't listen to the crowd, they say, "Jump!"

They say, "Jump!"

(Watch out!)
(Ad lib. solo)

(Watch out!)

D.S. al Coda

1. "Jump!"
2. "Jump!"

Got to believe somebody.
They say
1. Watching them come and go,
   the Temp-lars and the Knights who'd give you
   Pa-le-stine a to-mor-rows and their

2. Thing-ing of a dif-f'rent time:
   Sa-ra-cens. an-y thing,
   mod-ern prob-lem, yes-ter-days,

3. Think-ing of a come and go.
   Sa-ra-cens. an-y thing,
   mod-ern prob-lem, yes-ter-days,
op - en - ing te - le - grams, oh ho._

sal - va - tion for the mir - ror blind, oh ho._

ter - ror in a best - laid plan, oh ho._

hang - ing by the cross and nail, oh ho._

2. Tor - ture comes and

But if you pray

all your sins are hooked up - on

the sky.

Pray

and

the heath - en life will dis - ap - pear.
they hide the saddest view; believing the strangest things,
loving the alien.
And your pray’rs.
they break the sky in two;
believing the strang-
est things,
loving the a-
li-en

To Coda

D.S. al Coda

Coda

You'll pray
till the break of
dawn.
believing the strangest things.

loving the alien...
And you'll believe you're loving the alien.
believing the strangest things.
loving the alien.
Hallo Spaceboy

Words by David Bowie.
Music by David Bowie & Brian Eno.

\[ J = 130 \]

N.C.

Spoken: If I fall, moon dust

will cover me.

\[ Bm6 \]

\[ Gmaj7_b5 \]
1. Space boy, you're sleepy now,
   - or: bye-bye Tom,
   - Your silhouette

2. Ground to Major...
   - is so stationary.
   - Death is succoured, count down from...

You're released, but your custody calls...
   Planet Earth is control
And I wanna be free.
Do you wanna be free?

Don't you wanna be free?
Do you like girls or boys?
It's confusing these days.

But moon dust will cover you.
Cover you. So bye-bye love.

Yeah, bye-bye love.

Hallo Space-boy.

(This chaos is killing me.)

Hallo Space-boy.
Spaceman,
you're sleepy now...
This chaos is
killing me...
This chaos is killing me.
So bye-bye love.

Yeah, bye-bye love... (Instrumental)

Do you wanna be free?

Yes, I wanna be free.

Hallo Space-boy,
Little Wonder

Words by David Bowie.
Music by David Bowie, Reeves Gabrels & Mark Plati.

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You little wonder, little wonder you. 

tits and explosions. Sleepy time,
sit on my Karma. Dame Meditation. Take me away.

Little wonder, then; little wonder. You little wonder, little wonder you.
Sending me so far away.

So far away.

1, 2.

So far away. So, so far away.
So, so far a way.

Lit-tle won-der.

You lit-tle won-der you._

N.C.
(Whisper)

You_ lit-tle won-der you._
You little wonder, little wonder you.

Lit-tele won-der, then; lit-tele won-der. You lit-tele won-der, lit-tele won-der you.
I'm Afraid Of Americans

Words by David Bowie.
Music by David Bowie & Brian Eno.

$\text{j} = 86$


John-n-y's in A-m-e-r-i-ca, low tech's at the wheel.

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No one needs anyone, they don't even just pretend.


Johnny's in America. I'm afraid of Americans,

I'm afraid of the world, I'm afraid I can't
Help it, I'm afraid I can't.
I'm afraid of America.

Help it, I'm afraid I can't.
I'm afraid of America.
Johnny's in America.

Johnny wants a brain, Johnny wants to suck on a coke.

Johnny wants a woman, Johnny wants to think of a joke.

Johnny's in America.
I'm afraid of America.

I'm afraid of Americans,
I'm afraid of the world,
I'm afraid I can't help it.

I'm afraid I can't
I'm afraid of America.

I'm afraid of Americans,
I'm afraid of the world,
I'm afraid I can't.
help it, I'm afraid I can't. I'm afraid of Americans.

N.C.

Johnny's in America, Johnny looks up at the stars.

Drum rhythm

Johnny's combs his hair and Johnny wants pussy in cars.


I'm afraid of Americans, I'm afraid of the world, I'm afraid I can't help it.
Slow Burn
Words & Music by David Bowie.

1. Here shall we live, in this terrible town.
2. These are the days, these are the strangest of all.

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But the price for our eyes shall squeeze them
These are the nights, these are the

right like a fist... And the walls know who
darkest to fall... But... who

eyes and the doors shall perish... But we'll
echoes in tenement halls...

dance in the dark... and they'll play... with their lives...
Who knows, though the years... slay them all...
And the slow burn, leading us
Like the slow burn, leading us
(§) the slow burn, leading us

on and on and on, and on and on,
And the slow burn,
Like the slow burn,
Like the slow burn,

turning us round and round and round,
And the slow burn,
Like the slow burn,
Like the slow burn,

But who are we,
small in times such as these?
here are we,
at the centre of it all.
Everyone Says "Hi"

Words & Music by David Bowie.

1. Said you took a big trip.
2. Said you sailed a big ship.

they said you moved away.
said you sailed away.

Happened oh so quietly they say.
Didn't know the right thing to say.
Am7
C
Em

Should've took a picture,
I'd love to get a letter,

Am
Em
F

something I could keep,
like to know what's what,
buy a little frame,
hope the weather's good,

G
Dm
G

something cheap
and it's not too hot
for you
for you

Dm
G
C

Everybody says hi
2.

Ev'ry one says hi,

ev'ry one says

Ev'ry one says hi,

ev'ry one says don't stay in a sad

__ place. Where they don't care how you are,

ev'ry one says
hi.

If the money is lousy,
If the food gets you lary,
you can always come,
you can always phone.

home...

We can do the old things,
We could do all the good things.

we can do all the bad things...
we could do it, we could do it, we could do it.
bad place, where they don't care how you are.

hi,

And the girl next door,

And the guy upstairs,

And your mum and dad,

And your big fat dog.