STATION TO STATION
DAVID BOWIE
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STATION TO STATION

Moderately slow, in 2

Words and Music by DAVID BOWIE

The return of the thin white duke, throwing darts in lovers' eyes.
Here are we, one magical moment.
Here am I, flashing no colour.

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F  G  Am
Such is the stuff from where dreams are woven.

F  G  Am
Tall in this room overlooking the ocean.

F  G  Am
Bending sound; here are we, one

draging the ocean, lost in my circle.

magical movement from keth to mal kuth.
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,
Moderately, with a strong beat

Once there were mountains on mountains, and once there were sun-birds to soar with, and

once I could never be down.

Got to keep searching and searching, and, oh, what will I be believing, and who will connect me with
D          G
-
love?
-
Won-
der who, won-
der who, won-
der when.
-
-
F#m        F
-
-
Have you sought for-
tune, e-
va-
sive and shy?
-
-
G          F#m          F
-
-
Drink to the men who pro-
tect you and I.
-
-
G          F#m          F
-
-
Drink, drink; drain your glass. Raise your glass high.
-
-
It's
not the side effects of the cocaine.

must be only one in a million.

Should I believe that I've been struck?

Does I'm

thinking that it must be love.

won't let the day pass without her.

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.
It's too late.

It's too late.

It's too late.

The European cannon is here.
STAY

Moderately, with a funky beat

Words and Music by

DAVID BOWIE

This week dragged past me so slowly.

The days fell on their knees.

Maybe I'll take something to help me; hope someone takes after me.

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I guess there's always some change in the weather.
Heart-breaker, heart-breaker, make me delighted.
This time I know we could get it together.
If I did casually mention to-night, it brings someone new.
This time to-morrow I'll know what to do.

That would be crazy to-night.
I know it's happened to you.
Stay.

That's what I meant to say or do something.
But what I never say is
stay this time. I really meant to so badly this time.

'Cause you can never really tell when somebody wants something

you want too.

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
Up ev'-ry evenin' 'bout half eight or nine, I give my
Maybe if I pray ev'-ry, each night I sit there pleading,

complete attention to a very good friend of mine.
"Send back my dream-est baby. She's my main feature."

He's quad-ra-phonic; he's a, he's got more channels.
My TVC one five, he, he just stares back un-blink-ing.

So hol-o-gram-ic, oh my TVC one five.
So hol-o-gram-ic, oh my TVC one five.
I brought my baby home; she, she sat around forlorn.
One of these nights I may just jump down that rainbow way;

She saw my TVC one five; baby's gone, yeah.
Be with my baby. Then we'll spend some time together.

She crawled right in, oh my.

So hologramic, oh my TVC one five. My baby's in there someplace.

She crawled right in my,

So hologramic, oh my TVC one five.

Love's rating in the sky.

Oh so demonic, oh my TVC one five.
So hologramic, oh my TVC one five.
F7

Transition.

Transmission.

A7

Transition.

Repeat and fade

C

Transmission.

Oh, my TVC one five.

Repeat and fade

D7

C

Oh, TVC one five.
WILD IS THE WIND

Words by
NED WASHINGTON

Music by
DIMITRI TIOMKIN

Moderately

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{F/G} & \quad x & \quad x & \quad x \\
\text{G} & \quad 0 & \quad 0 & \quad 0 \\
\text{E} & \quad 0 & \quad 0 & \quad 0 \\
\text{Am} & \quad 0 & \quad 0 & \quad 0 \\
\text{Dm} & \quad 3 & \quad 3 & \quad 3 \\
\text{Dm7} & \quad 3 & \quad 3 & \quad 3 \\
\end{align*}
\]

Love me, love me, love me, love me; say you do.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad 0 & \quad 0 & \quad 0 \\
\text{Dm} & \quad 3 & \quad 3 & \quad 3 \\
\text{Dm7} & \quad 3 & \quad 3 & \quad 3 \\
\end{align*}
\]

Let me fly away with you.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{F/G} & \quad x & \quad x & \quad x \\
\text{G} & \quad 0 & \quad 0 & \quad 0 \\
\text{C} & \quad 0 & \quad 0 & \quad 0 \\
\end{align*}
\]

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

Give me more than one caress.

Satisfy this hunger.

Let the wind blow through your heart.
Am

For wild is the wind.

Wild is the wind.

C

You touch me;

Am

I hear the sound of mandolins.

F

E
with your kiss my life begins.

You're spring to me; all things to me.

Freely

Don't you know, you're life itself!

Tempo I

Like the leaf clings to a tree
oh, my darling, clinging to me.

For we're like creatures of the wind.

Wild is the wind.

Wild is the wind.
Wild is the wind.

Dm F/G G

E Am

Am/G F Dm

F G E

D. S. % (instrumental) and fade
GOLDEN YEARS

Words and Music by DAVID BOWIE

Moderately

F# E 0 00
F# E 0 00
F# E 0 00
F# E 0 00

mf

Gold - en years, gold, whop, whop, whop.

F# E 0 00
F# E 0 00
F# E 0 00

Gold - en years, gold, whop, whop, whop.

F# E 0 00
F# E 0 00
F# E 0 00

Gold - en years, gold, whop, whop, whop.

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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 soul.
Gold. whop, whop, whop. 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 fine.
Come get up, my baby.
I'll stick with you, baby, for a thousand years.
Nothing's gonna touch you in these golden years.
Gold, whop, whop, whop.
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 all right, but you gotta get smart. Wish upon, wish upon day upon day, I believe, oh Lord, I believe all the way. Run for the shadows.
Run for the shadows.
Run for the shadows in these
golden years.
There's my baby, that's all.

Once, I'm beggin' you, save her little soul.

Gold, whop, whop, whop.
Come get up, my baby.
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.

Repeat and fade

Golden years, gold, whop, whop, whop.

Repeat and fade

Golden years, gold, whop, whop, whop.
WORD ON A WING

Words and Music by DAVID BOWIE

Moderately, with a beat

In this age of grand delusion, you walked into my life out of my dreams.

I don't need another change. Still, you forced away into my

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scheme of things. You say we're growing, growing

heart and soul. In this age of grand delusion, you

walked into my life out of my dreams.

Sweet name, you're born once again for me.
Sweet name, you're born once again for me.

Oh, sweet name, I call you again; you're born once again for me. Just because I believe don't mean I don't think as well; don't have to question everything in heaven or hell.
Lord, I kneel and offer you my word on a wing. And I'm trying hard to fit among your scheme of things. It's safer than a strange land, but I still care for myself. And I don't stand in my own light.
Lord, Lord, my prayer flies like a word on a wing.

My prayer flies like a word on a wing. Does my prayer fit in with your scheme of things.

In this age of grand delusion, you walked into my life out of my dreams.

Sweet name, you're born once again for
me.

Just as long as I can see, I'll never stop this vision flowing.

I look twice, and you're still flowing. Just as long as I can walk, I'll walk beside you. I'm alive in you.

Sweet name, you're born once again for me. And I'm ready to shape the scheme of things.
Ooh, ready to shape the scheme of things.

Ooh, ready to shape the scheme of things. Ooh,

read-y to shape the scheme of things. Ooh,

read-y to shape the scheme of things. Ooh.

Ah.
Lord, I kneel and offer you my word on a wing.
Lord, Lord, my prayer flies like a word on a wing.

And I'm trying hard to fit among your scheme of things.

It's safer than a strange land, but I still care for myself.
And I don't stand in my own light. Oh,
own light. Lord, Lord, my prayer flies like a word on a wing. My prayer flies like a word on a wing.

Does my prayer fit in with your scheme of things.