THE SONGS OF DAVID BOWIE

The words and music to the twenty-four essential David Bowie compositions including 'Changes', 'Life On Mars', 'The Man Who Sold The World', 'Space Oddity', 'Suffragette City' and 'Ziggy Stardust'. Arranged for piano/vocal with guitar chord boxes.
ALLTHEMADMEN

Words and music by David Bowie

Slow beat

1. Day after day, they send my friends away, to
2. Day after day, they tell me I can go, they
3. Day after day, they take some brain away, they

man-sions cold and gray, To the far side of town, where the
tell me I can blow, To the far side of town, and
turn my face around, To the far side of town, where

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thin men stalk the streets
point less to be high
'Cause it's such a long way down
While the sane stay underground

Tell me that it's real
Then ask me how I feel

So I tell them that 1. I can fly, I will scream,
2. (Instrumental)

I will break my arm
I will do me harm

1-2 Here I stand, foot in hand,
Talking to my wall, I'm not quite right at all, am I?

1. Don't set me free, I'm as heavy as can be. Just my liberum and me.
2. Don't set me free, I'm as helpless as can be. And my E.S.T. makes three.
   'Cause I'd libridum and me gibme some good ole lobotomy cause I'd

1-2 rather stay here with all the madmen than
Persist with the sad men roaming free
And I'd rather play here with all the mad men for I'm quite content they're all as sane as me

To Coda
(Spoken) Where can the horizon lie when a nation hides its organic minds in a cellar dark and grim they must be

very dim.

Zane, zane, zane,
ou - vre le chien...

repeat and fade

Zane, zane, zane,
ou - vre le chien...
ALLTHEYOUNGDUDGES
Words and music by David Bowie

Slowly

Well, Bill-y rapped all night about his suicide, how he'd kick it in the head when he was twenty five, speedjive don't wanna stay alive.

When you're twenty five and Wendy's stealing clothes from unlocked cars, and

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Fred-die'g got spots from rip-pin' off the stars from his face. (Spoken: fun-ky lit-tle boat race) The tele-vi-sion man is craz-y say-ing we're ju-ve-nile de-lin-quent wrecks oh man, I need T. V. when I got T. Rex. Oh bro-ther you guessed I'm a dude dad.
(Group) Ah
all the young dudes
singer (Hey! dudes)

boo-ga-loo-dudes
(Where are ya?)
(Stand up! Stop!)

carry the news

All the young dudes
(I wanna hear you!)

boo-ga-loo dudes
(I wanna see you!)

(I wanna talk to you! All of you!)

now!)
2. Lucy looking sweet 'cos he dresses like a queen, but he can kick like a mule it's a real mean team, but we can love— oh yes,

we can love. And my brother's back at home with his Beatles and his Stones, we never got it off on that revolution stuff
what a drag, too many snags. Now I

drunk a lot of wine 'n' I'm feel-in' fine, got to race some cat to bed oh is there

concrete all around or is it in my

head? Yeah! I'm a dude dad.
(Steady 2 beat)

Like to take a cement fix

be a standing cinema.

Dress my friends up just for show

see them as they really

are.

Put a peep-hole in

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my brain— Two new pence to have a go I'd like to be a
gallery— put you all inside inside my show.

Chorus

Andy Warhol looks a scream—

hang him on my wall; Andy Warhol
Verse 2.

Andy walking, Andy tired
Andy take a little snooze;
Tie him up when he's fast asleep
Send him on a pleasant cruise.
When he wakes up on the sea
be sure to think of me and you.
He'll think about paint and he'll think about glue -
What a jolly boring thing to do.

To Chorus  (Repeat & fade ad-lib).
THEBEWLAYBROTHERS
Words and music by David Bowie

Medium Beat

And so that

story goes they wore the clothes they said the things to make it seem improbable

The whale of a lie like they hope it was

And the goodmen tomorrow had their feet in the wallow and their
heads of brawn were nicer shm. And how they bought their positions with saccharin and trust

And the world was asleep to our latent fuss

Sighing, the swirl through the streets like the crust of the sun, The Bewlay Brothers

In our wings that bark
flashing teeth of brass standing tall in the dark
Oh, and we were gone

hanging out with your dwarf men
We were so turned on
by your lack of conclusions
I was stone and he was wax so he could scream and still relax unbelievable

And he frightened the small children away

And our talk was old and dust would flow thru our
veins and lo! It was mid-night — back o' the kitch-en door
Like the grim face on the cath-
ed-ral floor
And the sol-id book we wrote
can-not be found to-day

And it was stalk-ing time for the moon boys the Bew-lay Broth-ers
With our backs on the arch, in the devil may be here

but he can't sing about that. Oh, and we were gone.

Real cool traders we were so turned on.

You thought we were fakers.
Now the dress is hung the ticket pawned the factor max that proved the fact is melted down

Woven on the edging of my pillow

Now my brother lays upon the rocks he could be dead, he could be not, he
could be you. He's camel-lan, corn-e-di-an, cor-in-thi-an and car-i-ca-ture

Shooting up pie in the sky the Bew-lay

Brothers. In the fee-ble and the bad Bew-lay

brothers. In the bless-ed and cold
In the crutch hungry dark
was where we
flayed our mark.
Oh, and we were gone.

kings of Oblivion.
We were so tured
on
in the mind warp pavilion
Lay me place and bake me pie I'm
starving for me gravy Leave my shoes and
door unlocked I might just slip away Hey
just for the day, Hey! please come a
CHANGES

Moderate
Cmaj7

(Dm7)

Eb7

F

mf

(1.) I still don't know what I was

waiting for and my time was running wild. A million dead-end streets, and

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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. (Changes) Turn and face the stranger.
(Ch-ch-changes) Don't want to be a richer man.

(Ch-ch-ch-changes) Turn and face the stranger

(Ch-ch-ch-changes)

Just gonna have to be a different man.

Time may change me, but I can't trace time.
time.

strange fascination

fascinating me

Changes are taking the pace I'm going thru'.
Verse 2.

I watch the ripples change their size, but never leave the stream
Of warm impermanence and so the days flow 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'

(Chorus 2.)

(Ch-ch-ch-ch-Changes) Turn and face the stranger -
(Ch-ch-changes) Don't tell them to grow up and out of it,
(Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes) Turn and face the stranger
(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. (To Interlude)
CYGNET COMMITTEE

Words and music by David Bowie

I bless you madly, sadly as I tie my shoes. I love you badly,

just in time, at times, I guess. Because of you I need to rest,

Because it's you that sets the test.
So much has gone and little is new, And as the
sparrow sings dawn chorus for some-one else to hear,
sun-rise stream flick-er on me, My friends talk of glor-y,

sits a lone umbrella, growing old and God is so tired,
sits a lone dream, where all is God and God is just a word,
I gave them life, I gave them all. They drained my very
We had a friend, a talking man who spoke of man-y.
soul
powers
that
dry.
had.
I
crushed
my
heart
to
ease
their
pains.
No
thought
for
me
re-
mains
there.
Noth-
ing
can
they
spare.
What
of
me?
Who
praised
their
efforts
to
be
free?
Words
of
strength
and
care
and
sym-
path-
y.
I
opened
doors
that
would
have
blocked
their
way.
I
braved
their cause to guide, for little pay. I ravaged at my finance just for those.

Those whose claims were steeped in peace, tranquility. Those who

said a new world, new ways ever free. Those whose promises stretched in hope and grace for me.
D.S. al Coda

We used him, we let him use his powers.
We let him fill our needs now we are strong.

And the road is coming to its end.
Now the damned have no time to make a mends.
No purse of token fortunes stands in our way.
The

47
silent guns of love will blast the sky.

We broke the ruptured structures built of age

Our weapons were the tongues of crying rage.

Where money stood we planted seeds of rebirth.

And stabbed the backs of fathers sons of dust

Infested business cess pools, hating through our sleeves,

Yea, and we
slit the cath-lic throat stoned the poor on slo-gans such as: “Wish you could hear”, love is all you need.

“Kick out the jams”, “Kick out your moth-er”, “Cut up your friend”, “Screw up your broth-er or he’ll get you in the end”.

And we know the flag of love is from a-bove.

And we can force you to be free. And we can force you to be-lieve.
And I close my eyes and tighten up my brain, for I once read a book in which the lovers were slain. For they knew not the words of the free states refrain.

It said:

"I believe in the power of good, I believe in the state of love, I will fight for the right to be right, I will kill for the good of the fight for the right to be
right.

And I open my eyes to look around,

And I see a child laid slain on the ground.

As a love machine lumbers through desolation rows,

Ploughing down man, woman, listening to its command. But not hear
—ing any more, but not hearing any more.

Just the shrieks from the old rich.

And I want to believe — in the madness that calls

now. And I want to believe that a light's shining
through some-how... And I want to be-lieve... And you want to be-

-ieve, And we want to be-lieve, and we want to

live. Oh (1) we want to live, (1) we want to

Repeat ad lib. and fade

live. (1) we want to live. (1) we want to
DRIVE-INSATURDAY
Words and music by David Bowie

Let me put my arms a-round your head,
the man who prayed at work.

Gee it's hot, let's go to bed,
neither hands nor limbs would burst.
It's hard enough to keep formation
with this fallout saturation.

Pour me out another please,
I'll ring and see if your friends are home.
Car-sing at the Astro-nette
that stands in still by his cabinet.

Perhaps the strange ones in the doom
can crashing out with sylvian.

Lend us a book we can read a lone
and try to get it on like once before.

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Amaj7
-
shore

When people stared in Jagger's eyes and scored like the video films.

B

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-

C

-certain if she likes him. But she knows she really loves him. It's a
Pushing thru the market square,
So many mothers sighing,
News had just come over,
We had five years left to cry in.
News guy wept and told us Earth was really dying
Cried so much, his face was wet then I
knew he was not lying.
I heard telephones, opera house,
favorite melodies
I saw boys, toys, electric irons and T.
V's
My brain hurt like a warehouse, it had no room to spare. I had to cram so many things to store, everything in there and all the fat, skinny people.

And all the tall-short people. And all the nobody people

And all the somebody people. I never thought
I'd need so many people.

A girl my age went off her head,

tiny children

If the black had not pulled her off

I think she would have killed them.

A sold
dier with a broken arm, fixed his stare to the wheels of a

Cadillac, A cop knelt and kissed the feet of a priest. And a

queer threw up at the sight of that. I think I saw you in an

ice cream parlour drinking milk shakes cold and long.
Sitting and waving, and looking so fine
Don’t think you knew how you were in this song
And it was cold and it rained, so I felt like an actor, and I thought of Ma, and I wanted to get
back there, your face, your race, The way that you talk
kiss you, you're beautiful, I want you to walk, we got Five
years stuck on my eyes, Five years
what a surprise we got five years, my brain hurts a lot
stuck on my eyes we got five years, my brain hurts a lot

Repeat and fade
ad lib
Five years that's all we've got we've got
HANG ON TO YOURSELF

Words and music by David Bowie

Moderato

(SPOKEN) Oh she's a tongue twisting storm, she will come to the show to-night praying to the light machine.

She wants my honey, not my money, she's a
funky-thigh collector
Lay-in' on electric dreams

CHORUS

So come on,

We've really got a good thing going,
well, come on

Well, come on,
If you think we're gonna make it, you
2. We can't dance, don't talk much, just ball & play -
But then we move around like tigers on vaseline.
The bitter comes out better on a stolen guitar
You're the blessed, were the spiders from Mars.

(To Chorus)
THE JEANGENIE
Words and music by David Bowie

Moderato with a strong beat

(1) Small Jean Genie smacked off to the city.
(2) Sits like a man but smiles like a reptile. She
(3) So simple minded he can't drive his module. He

Strung out on lais-ers and
loves him, she love him, but
bites on a ne-on and
sleeps in a capsule

To Coda ♫

...talking 'bout Monroe and
walk ing on Snow-White
says he's a beau-ti- cian
Sells you nu-tri-tion and keeps all your dead hair for mak-ing up under-wear

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JOHN, I'M ONLY DANCING

Words and music by David Bowie

Fast rock tempo

Well, Annie's pretty neat she always eats her meat
Ah back street love is quick and clean Life's a well thumbed machine I

Joe is awful strong bet your life he's putting us on
saw you watching from the stairs you're every-one who ever cared Oh Lord-y

Oh Lord-y You know I need some lovin'

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LIFE ON MARS
Words and music by David Bowie

Moderato

It's a God awful small affair to the
girl with the mousy hair But her mummy is yelling "No"

And her daddy has told her to go But her

friend is nowhere to be seen Now she walks thru' her sunk'en dream.

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to the seat with the clearest view
And she's hooked to the silver screen
But the film is a sad-sounding bore

for she's lived it ten times or more,
'cause I wrote it ten times or more.
She could

as they ask her to focus on
as I ask her to focus on

spit in the eyes of fools
bought to be written again

79
sailors fighting in the dance hall oh man

look at those cave-men 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
It's on America'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 Ibeza to the Norfolk Broads.
Rule Britannia is out of bounds.

To my mother, my dog and clowns.

CODA

Molto rall.
THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD

Words and music by David Bowie

Medium beat

We passed up - on the stair,
I laughed and shook his hand,
We spoke of was - and when
And made my way - back home

Although I wasn't there,
I searched for form - and land,
For
said I was his friend
years and years I roamed
which came as some surprise
I gazed a gage-ly stare

I spoke into his eyes
At all the millions here
we must have died a-

lone,
A long, long time ago,

lone,
A long, long time ago,

1. Oh no,
2-3. Who knows?
not me,
not me,
we
neve'r lost con'trol
You're face
to face
with the
man who sold the world.
man who sold the world.

You're face
to face

man who sold the world.
MEMORY OF A FREE FESTIVAL

Words and music by David Bowie

Moderato

Gm7

The children of the summer's end

Dm7

gathered in the dampened

Grass.

We played our songs and felt the London sky

Resting on our hands, it was

God's land, it was rugged and naive

It was heaven.

Touch, we touched the very soul

Of holding each and every life

We

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claimed the very source of joy ran through it didn't, but it seemed that way. I
kissed a lot of people that day.

Oh to capture just one drop of all, all the ecstasy that swept that
afternoon. To paint that love upon a white balloon, and
fly it from the toppest top of all the tops that man has pushed be-
yond his brain. Sator I must be something just the same. We
scanned the skies with rainbow eyes and saw machines of every shape and
size. We talked with tall Venusians passing through. And
Peter tried to climb aboard but the Captain shook his head and away they soared

Climbing thru' the ivory vibrant cloud

Someone passed some bliss among the crowd;

And we walked back to the road, unchained.

Moderately slow

sun machine is coming down and we're gonna have a party Uh

Repeat ad lib and fade
Verse

(1) Wake up you sleepy head, put on some clothes shake up your bed,
(2) What are we coming to, there's no room for me no fun for you.

Put another log on the fire for me, I need some breakfast and coffee.
I think about a world to come, where the books were found by the golden ones.

Look out my window and what do I see, a crack in the sky and a hand reaching down to me.
Witten in pain, written in all by the puzzled man who questioned what we're here for.

To Coda

All your nightmares came today, and it looks as though they're here to stay.
All the strangers came today, and it looks as though they're here to stay.
Verse 3. Look at your children,
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 beast, 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.
QUEENBITCH

Words and music by David Bowie

(Semi spoken) I'm up on the eleventh floor... and I'm

watching the cruisers below. He's
down on the street, and he's tryin' hard to pull sister Flo-

Oh my hearts in the basement, my week-end's at an all time low,

'Cos she's hop-in' to score, so I can't see her letting him go.

Walk out of her heart, walk out of her mind.
Am

no, not her. She's so swish-y in her satin and tar-

D B

in her frock-coat and Bippo-ty hopper-ty hat, Oh God,

B

I could do bet-ter than that.

G0 F G0 F

(Semi spoken) (2) She's an old time ambas-sa-dor of
sweet talkin' night walkin' games,

And she's

known in the darkest clubs for pushin' ahead of the dames.

If she says she can do it, then she can do it she don't make false claims

For she's a queen, and such are queens that your
laughter is sucked in their brains, but now she's leading him on, and she'll lay him right down.

Now she's leading him on, and she'll lay him right down, but it could have been me.

Yes, it could have been me. Why didn't I say, why didn't I say.

No, no, no, no. She's so swishy in her satin and tat.
in her frock-coat and Bippety boppety hat, Oh God,

I could do better than that.

(Semi spoken) (ad lib.)

lay down a while and I gaze at my hotel wall,
Oh, the cot is so cold, it don't feel like no bed at all.

Yeah, I lay down a while.

look at my hotel wall.

But he's
down on the street, so I throw both his bags down the hall, and I'm phoning a cab.
'Cos my stomach feels small, there's a taste in my mouth and it's no taste at all.

It could have been me yes, it could have been me Why didn't I say,

why didn't I say no, no, no. She's so
QUICKSAND
Words and music by David Bowie

I'm

closer to the golden dawn,
immersed in Crowleys uniform

imagery

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living in a silent film portraying Himmlers sacred realm of dream.

reality.

frightened by the total goal, drawing to the ragged hole. and I ain't got the power anymore.

No, I
ain't got the pow - er an - y - more.

I'm the twist - ed name on Gar - bo's eyes.

liv - ing proof of Church - ill's lies — I'm des - tin - y

I'm torn be - tween the light — and dark — where
others see their target
divine symmetry

Should I kiss the viper's fang or

herald loud the death of man
I'm sinking in the quicksand of my

thoughts And I ain't got the power any

110
not a prophet or a stone-age man, just a mortal with potential of a

superman I'm living on.

I'm tethered to the logic of homo sapien,

Can't take my eyes from the great salvation of bullshit faith
If I don't explain what you ought to know. You can tell me all about it on the next Bar do— I'm sinking in the quicksand of my thoughts And I ain't got the power anymore.
Don't believe in yourself._

— don't deceive — with belief — knowledge comes — with death's release.

Ah

Ah
ROCK'N'ROLL SUICIDE
Words and music by David Bowie

Slow beat

Time takes a cigarette puts it in your mouth
You pull on your finger, then another finger, then your cigarette
The wall to wall is calling it lingers, then you for

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get
you're a rock 'n roll suicide...
You're too old to lose it
too young to choose it.
And the clock waits... so patiently on your song
You walk past a cafe... but you don't eat when you've lived too long
Oh no... no...
no you're a rock 'n' roll suicide

snarling as you stumble across the road

day breaks instead so you hurry home

sun blast your shadow don't let the milk floats ride your mind

Chev brakes are
natural religiously unkind Oh no love you're not alone

You're watching yourself but you're too unfair you got your head all tangled up but if I could only make you care Oh no love you're not alone no matter what or who you've been no matter
when or where you've seen all the knives seem to lacerate your brain
I've had my share, I'll help you with the pain, you're not alone.

Just turn on me you're not alone,
you're not alone, you're wonderful,
let's turn on me and be
gimme your hands gimme your hands
gimme your hands
Moderately slow

Ground control to Major Tom,

Take your protein pills and

Ground control to Major Tom:

Spoken Ten,

Nine,

Eight,

Seven,

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Com-men-cing count down: En-gines on.
Six, Five, Four, Three,

Check ig-ni-tion and may God's love be with you.
Two, One, Lift off!

Space craft lift off music
cresc.

This is ground con-trol to Ma-jor Tom;
This is Ma-jor Tom to ground con-trol;
I'm step-ping thro' the door,

And the And I'm

pa-pers want to know whose shirts you wear.
Now it's time to leave the cap-sule if you dare
float-ing in a most pe-cu-li-ar way.
And the stars look very different to day
2nd (For) here am I sitting in a tin can
Here am I floating round my tin can

Far above the world Far above the moon
Planet Earth is blue and there's nothing I can

do.  do.

Last time repeat ad lib. for Faded ending

Though I'm past one hundred thousand miles
I'm feeling very still And I think my spaceship knows which way to go

Tell my wife I love her very much. She knows.

SOULOVE
Words and music by David Bowie

Medium beat

1. Stone love she kneels before the grave
2. New love a boy and girl are talking
3. Soul love the priest that tastes the word
4. La la she kneels before the grave

A brave son who gave his life to save
New words that only they can share
And told of love and how my God is on high

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the slow
in new
is all

slogan
words
love

that hovers 'tween the head
a love so strong it tears
though reaching up my lone

stone and her
their heart to
lieness evolves

to sleep
for they penetrate
through the fleeting hour
by the blindness that

her grieving
of mourning
surrounds him

Am

Love is careless
in its choosing
sweeping over
cross a baby
Love descends on those defenseless
idiot love will

spark the fusion
Inspiration have I none just to touch the flaming dove

All I have is my love of love and

love is not loving

CODA | D.S. and fade
Did-n't know what time it was, and the
I had to 'phone some-one, so I

lights were low
I leaned back on my radio
picked on you
Hey, that's far out, so you heard him too

Some cat was lay-in' down some rock 'n' roll, "lot-ta soul" he said.
Switch on the T. V., we may pick him up on channel two.
Then the loud sound did seem to fa-a-ade came back like a slow voice on a
Look out your win-dow, I can see his ligh-light, if we can spark-le he may
wave of pha-ase That weren't no D. J. that was ha-zy cos-mic jive.
land this night-light, Don't tell your pop-pa or he'll get us locked up in fright.

CHORUS

There's a Star-man wait-ing in the sky, he'd

like to come and meet us, but he thinks he'd blow our minds, There's a Star-man
SUFFRAGETTECITY
Words and music by David Bowie

Medium beat

Hey man oh leave me alone, you know

Hey man oh Henry get off the phone, I gotta hey man I gotta

straighten my face This mel-low-thighed chick just put my spine out of place

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Hey man, my school days insane.
Hey man, my
work's down the drain.
Hey man, well she's a total 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 Suffrage City.
No don't...
lean on me man 'cause you ain't got time to check it
You know my Suffra-gette Cit-

To Coda ♠

...is ou-ta sight
She's al-right

Hey man, ah Hen-ry don't be un-kind, go a-way Hey man I can't take...
SUPERMEN
Words and music by David Bowie

Slow beat

When

all the world was very young and mountain magic heavy hung the
all were minds in unthought powers weird by mystics taught no

Supermen would walk in file guardians of a loveless isle and
pain, no joy, no power too great colossal strength to grasp a fate where

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gloom-y browed, with super-fear, Their tragic endless lives could heave nor
sad-eyed mer-men tossed in slumber night-mare dreams no mortal mind could

sigh in solemn, perverse seren-i-ty, Wondrous beings chained to
hold man would tear his brother's flesh a chance to die, to turn to

life mould Ah

Strange games they would play then no
Far out in the red sky no far
death for the perfect men
out from the sad eyes
Life strange.
rolls into one for them
mad celebration.

So softly a super-God cries,

So softly a super-God cries,

Ah

Ah where
ZIGGYSTARDUST
Words and music by David Bowie

Slow beat

Ziggy played guitar, jamming good with Wierd and

Gilly, The spiders from Mars. He played it left hand but made it too far,

became the special man. Then we were Ziggy's band.

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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

Came on so loaded, well hung and snow-white tan.

So where were the spies
Making love with his e-

does go
while the fly tried to break our balls
his mind.
with just the beer light to guide us. So we
like a leper mes si ah.

[Music]

bitched a bout his fans and should we crush his sweet hands?
kids had killed the man I had to break up the band

[Music]

To Coda

Ziggy played for time... jiv ing us that we were Voo
The kid was just crass, he was a naz... with God given ass... He took it all too far... but boy could he play gui...