

# I'd Rather Be High

David Bowie

Nabokov is sun-licked now  
Upon the beach at Gruenewald  
Brilliant and naked just  
The way that authors look

Clare and Lady Manners drink  
Until the other cows go home  
Gossip till their lips are bleeding politics and all

I'd rather be high  
I'd rather be flying  
I'd rather be dead or out of my head  
Than training these guns on those men in the sand  
I'd rather be high

The Thames was black, the tower dark  
I flew to Cairo, find my regiment  
City's full of generals  
And generals full of shit  
I stumble to the graveyard and I lay down by my parents,  
Whisper "Just remember duckies  
Everybody gets got"

I'd rather be high  
I'd rather be flying  
I'd rather be dead or out of my head  
Than training these guns of those men in the sand  
I'd rather be high

I'm seventeen and my looks can prove it  
I'm so afraid that I will lose it  
I'd rather smoke and phone my ex  
Be pleading for some teenage sex, yeah

I'd rather be high  
I'd rather be flying  
I'd rather be dead or out of my head  
Than training these guns on the men in the sand  
I'd rather be high,  
I'd rather be high...