

## Sue (Or in a Season of Crime)

David Bowie

Sue, I got the job  
We'll buy the house  
You'll need to rest  
But now we'll make it

Sue, the clinic called  
The x-ray's fine  
I brought you home  
I just said home

Sue, you said you wanted writ  
"Sue the virgin" on your stone  
For your grave

Why too dark to speak the words?  
For I know that you have a son  
Oh, folly, Sue

Ride the train I'm far from home  
In a season of crime none need atone  
I kissed your face

Sue, I pushed you down beneath the weeds  
Endless faith in hopeless deeds  
I kissed your face  
I touched your face  
Sue, Good-bye

Sue, I found your note  
That you wrote last night  
It can't be right  
You went with him

Sue, I never dreamed  
I'm such a fool  
Right from the start  
You went with that clown