

The Dirty Song

David Bowie

If a womans hips are ample
Then I want her in the hay
Skirt and stocking all a rample
Cheerfully
For that's my way
If the woman bites in pleasure
Then I wipe it clean with hay
My mouth, her lap together
Thoroughly
For that's my way
If a woman goes on loving
When I feel to tired to play
I'd smile and go off waving, Amiably
For that's my way