

The Drowned Girl

David Bowie

Once she had drowned and started her slow descent
Down the streams to where the great rivers broaden
Oh, the open sky chant most magnificent
As if it was acting as her body's guardian

Wreck and duck weed slowly increased her weight
By clasping her in their slimy grip
Through her limbs, the cold blooded fishes played
Creatures and plant life kept on, thus obstructing her last trip

And the sky that same evening grew dark as smoke
And it's stars through the night kept the brightness still soaring
But it quickly grew clear when dawn now broke
To see that she got one further morning

Once her pallid trunk had rotted beyond repair
It happened quite slowly that she gently slipped from god's thoughts
First with her face, then her hands, right at the last with her hair
Leaving those corpse-choked rivers just one more corpse