A Small Plot of Land

David Bowie

Poor soul Spit upon that Poor soul He never knew what hit him And it hit him so Poor dunce He pushed back the pigmen The Barbs laughed The fool is dead Poor dunce He's less than within us The brains talk But the will to live is dead And prayer can't travel so far these days The talk of your life Standing so near To innocent eyes Poor dunce Swings through the tunnels And claws his way Is small life so manic Are these really the days Poor dunce Poor dunce Poor soul Poor soul Poor soul